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IRISH LITERATURE

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THE IRISH DRAMA.

IN an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1901, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the eminent critic, told the story of the Irish Literary Theater. We present here his account of the Irish National Dramatic Society, written in December, 1902. With regard to the first named he says:—

Its work may be summed up in a sentence: It produced in Ireland, with English actors, seven plays written in English on Irish subjects. These were: two by Mr. Yeats, 'The Countess Cathleen' and 'The Land of Heart's Desire'; two by Mr. Martyn, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maeve'; one by Miss Milligan, 'The Last Feast of the Fianna'; one by Mr. Moore, 'The Bending of the Bough'; and one, 'Diarmuid and Grania,' by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore in collaboration. At the time when the last was produced by Mr. Benson, a troupe of amateurs played Dr. Hyde's 'Casadh an t-Sugáin,' and the advantage that Irish amateurs had, even over good English professionals, for the purpose in hand was obvious. I suppose that this occurred to Mr. Fay, for it was after this that he and some friends—all of them people earning their bread by daily labor—banded together to devote their leisure to the acting of Irish plays; and the new experiment was inaugurated last Easter, when this company of Irish actors played two Irish plays, "A. E.'s" 'Deirdre' and Mr. Yeats' 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' It was renewed on a much larger scale this Samhain-tide, when in the course of a week some plays (including one short farce in Gaelic) were given; the subjects ranging from poetic handling of the oldest mythology down to contemporary satire on the town corporation. The whole thing was absolutely and entirely uncommercial. Authors and actors alike gave their services for the benefit of Cumann na Gael, under whose auspices the plays were produced, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company.

The more one thinks about it, the plainer one sees that for full enjoyment of drama the auditor must be one of a sympathetic crowd. For instance, a comedy of Mr. Shaw's

played before the Stage Society is infinitely more enjoyable than when it is played in Kennington or Notting Hill. But the Stage Society, which makes an ideal audience for wit, is perhaps too sophisticated for poetry; too much under the domination of modern comedy. In Dublin Mr. Yeats and the rest had a hall full of people not less intelligent but less over-educated, less subservient to the critical faculty; in a word, more natural. This audience had all the local knowledge necessary to give dramatic satire its point (and that is scarcely possible in a place so big as London), and had also a community of certain emotions arising out of distinctive ideas. And, above all, the people composing it came to the theater much as they might have gone to church or to a political meeting, ready to be moved by grave emotions or by serious ideas. Two of the plays could, I think, have held their own with any audience. But without that special audience 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan' and 'The Laying of Foundations' would have been by far less dramatic than they were.

It should be said at once that these plays were for the most part extremely modest in scope. Only one had so many as three acts or required a change of scene; and two or three were at best "curtain raisers." In this class must be put Mr. McGinley's 'Eilis agus an Bhean Déirce' ('Eilish and the Beggar Woman'), which I cannot criticise, as no text was procurable and my Gaelic was not equal to following the dialogue closely. I do not think that a higher rank can be claimed for Mr. Yeats' farce, 'A Pot of Broth,' which, however, afforded Mr. W. G. Fay the chance for a capital piece of broad comic acting. The story is one, common among Irish peasants, of a beggar, who comes to a churlish woman's house, and knowing well that asking will get him neither bite nor sup, plays on her credulity by displaying a wonderful stone which will make the best of broth. All he asks is the use of a pot and water in it, and while the miserly housewife listens to his praise of the saving to be effected by such a stone, he dilates upon its other qualities—its effect on a chicken if you put it in with it, or on a ham-bone or the like—till gradually one eatable after another slips into the pot, and the beggar in a fit of generosity presents the stone to the housewife, taking in return merely the broth and a few unconsidered trifles.

That was all, and it was little enough. But it was interesting to find Mr. Yeats as a purveyor of laughter—for the little piece was genuinely droll, and interesting too—to notice how, for his comedy as for his tragedy, he went to folk lore and the peasant's cottage.¹

I may dismiss at once Mr. Seumas O'Cuisin, author of two of the plays. His 'Racing Lug' was a little story of sea-faring folk, apparently so cut down as to be barely intelligible. This was in prose; his other production, 'The Sleep of the King,' was simply a poetic tableau, showing how Connla, son of Conn the Hundred-fighter, left a proffered throne to follow after a fairy woman.

"He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son."

Mrs. Chesson has put the gist of it into the haunting little poem from which I quote these two lines, and put it much more effectively than Mr. O'Cuisin. Still, his little piece in verse—and very creditable verse—gave the troupe their one opportunity of showing how they spoke what was written in meter. They spoke verse not as actors generally do, but as poets speak it, in a kind of chant, which I confess seems to me the natural and proper manner.

It was just this quality—the absence of all stage mannerisms, the willingness to speak poetry simply as poetry, to speak it for its own sake, and not to show the actor's accomplishments—that rendered possible the production of 'Deirdre;' and it would have been a pity for work so good not to have been produced. Nevertheless I cannot regard 'Deirdre' as a good or successful piece of drama. The author, "A. E.," ranks high in my judgment as a lyrical poet, but even as a lyrical poet his appeal must necessarily be to the few. Mystic in the blood and bone, he stands habitually apart, and moves in ways of thought and emotion where it is difficult to follow him. And yet it was striking to observe how well the audience responded to his interpretation of the famous and beautiful story, and to the thoughts that he wove into its fabric. The first act tells how the sons of Usnach found Deirdre in the secret abode where the High King Conchobar had secluded her

¹ The story is told in Griffin's 'The Collegians,' see Volume IV.

fatal beauty, and how she fled with Naisi, obedient to the voice of a new wonder; and in this act I could see little or nothing to praise. But in the second, which shows Deirdre in the kingdom that Naisi and his brother had won on the shore of Loch Etive, there was work of a very different quality. In a passage of singular beauty the poet—for the play, though written in prose, is sheer poetry—shows Deirdre looking out on a glorious sunset. It is the sunset not of one but of many days, she says, and the stars that had lost each other in the mists and heat of the sun, know again their friends' faces across the firmament. And so, too, she and Naisi, awaking at last from the long swoon of sunshine, see at last into each other's hearts, and she sees in him a regret. It is the regret of pride that he has fled without confronting King Conchobar; the regret of chivalry that he has broken the rules of the Red Branch Order. It is, indeed, for comradeship in the Red Branch that he pines, not knowing it; and on the top of this discourse comes the shout of a man of Erin from his galley in the loch. And Deirdre, who has Cassandra's gift, foreknows the whole; so that when Fergus enters, the dearest of Naisi's friends, with pledge of forgiveness and of restoration to the Red Branch, she has no heart to greet him. She can only implore Naisi to stay, and her sorrow angers him, till her love and her knowledge yield to his pride.

I thought the whole of this act very well planned and full of beauty, and, even when the beauty was recondite, it conveyed itself surprisingly well. Deirdre in her lament says that the Gods have told her her love and happiness are ended, and are yet immortal, for they are destined to live forever as a memory in the minds of the Gael! and one felt that slight stir run through the silent audience which tells of a point gone home. And the spectacular beauty, even on that mean stage, was considerable; the figures moving behind a gauze veil in costumes designed by the author, who is artist as well as poet, and moving no more than was essential for the action. It was a great relief to see actors stand so still, and never to have attention distracted from the person on whom it naturally fell. But the whole thing was too literary, depended too much on the accidental beauties of thought or phrasing, and not enough on a strong central emotion. I do not think that "A. E."

achieved more than to demonstrate the possibility of a drama on an Irish heroic subject which should appeal to an Irish audience. But such a drama would have to be written by a most skillful dramatist.

The other two plays of which I have to speak had their way, as it seemed, made almost absurdly easy for them; so directly did they spring out of the mind of the audience. And yet these things are not quite so easy as they appear, and Mr. Ryan succeeded when Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn had failed. Mr. Moore's 'Bending of the Bough' was a dramatic satire on Irish politicians: so was Mr. Martyn's 'Tale of a Town.' But though Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn knew well how Ibsen had done that sort of thing, they were not familiar at first-hand with local politics; they did not show that perfect knowledge of local types which gave a value to 'The Laying of Foundations.'

The action of this comedy passes in the house of Mr. O'Loskin, town councilor (and patriot), immediately after a municipal election. To him come his friends, Alderman Farrelly and another, for a discussion of prospects. The alderman and his ally have their own little game to play; to secure for a building syndicate in which they are concerned the contract for erecting a new asylum. Mr. O'Loskin, on his part, desires the post of city architect for his son Michael. There is an obvious fitness in the arrangement by which Mr. O'Loskin will back the one job, while Mr. Farrelly completes the other; indeed, the only obstacle to this and all other good plans lies in one Nolan, the editor of a plaguy print, who has succeeded in capturing one of the wards, and will have a new means of annoyance—as if his *Free Nation*, with his rancorous comment on the private arrangements of public men, were not troublesome enough already. "And the worst of it is," says Alderman Farrelly, with pious indignation, "that I don't believe the fellow can be squared." Needless to say, the *Free Nation* has its counterparts in real life: the *United Irishman*, and another clever paper, *The Leader*, have been for some time back making things very unpleasant for patriot publicans and others. Nor was this all. Even the *obiter dicta* of prominent men found a new publicity given to them on the stage. "This fellow Nolan," says Alderman Farrelly, "is never done putting absurd no-

tions into poor people's heads. He says a working man ought to get twenty-four shillings a week. Twenty-four shillings!" (They all roar with laughter.) "Eighteen shillings is plenty for any laboring man. What would they do with more if they had it? Drink it!" And he slaps his thigh, leans back, and drains his tumbler of monstrosously stiff whisky and water. This trait did not lose any of its pungency before an audience which remembered how a certain Lord Mayor had recently fixed eighteen shillings as the highest wage any working man should look for.

After the opening dialogue the action begins to develop. Michael, the future city architect, is an almost incredibly ingenuous youth. He only knows his father as the prominent patriot, the liberal subscriber to charities. And he is vastly overjoyed at the prospect, but he does not see how it is to be accomplished. How exactly is Alderman Farrelly going to secure favors from Alderman Sir John Bull, the leading Unionist? How is he, Michael, going to consent to receive them? Mr. O'Loskin has to explain that Sir John Bull is a large employer of labor, and, no matter what his politics, which is the better patriot, the man who gives the means of livelihood to hundreds, or one of your starveling fellows who goes about making trouble and stirring up ill-will? Michael yields easily, for Michael is engaged, and this will mean marriage; but the young lady, Miss Delia, is not so sanguine. She has been infected with the venom of Nolan, she distrusts Mr. O'Loskin, she warns Michael against a trap. Nevertheless, Michael accepts.

Two months later finds him installed, and coming gradually face to face with facts. Alderman Farrelly is righteously indignant because Michael has pedantically reported that the foundations of the new asylum are being laid with four feet of concrete instead of the stipulated eight. Worse still, Michael has condemned, root and branch, certain slum tenements—not knowing that they are the joint property of Alderman Farrelly and his own father. Here again one may observe that the audience bore in mind how a rickety tenement owned by a prominent and patriotic member of the Corporation had finally collapsed, killing some of the inmates. Michael's eyes are finally opened completely by an interview with Mr. Nolan, and,

Delia backing him, he takes his stand. In vain does Alderman Farrelly inclose a check for £500 as "a wedding present." In vain does Mr. O'Loskin tear his paternal hair. "Michael, I always thought you would take after me. See what comes of giving a boy a good education." (That, I will be bold to say, is a stroke of irony worthy of Swift himself.) Michael is obdurate, and the curtain falls on his righteous protestations.

Up to a certain point, as will be evident, the thing is purely analogous to Ibsen's work—but might have been written by one who had never read a line of that master. Only, if Ibsen had drawn Michael as Mr. Ryan drew him, and as Mr. Kelly represented him, there would certainly have been a third act, showing, in a bitter sequel, Michael's surrender. This is a defect in the art, for Michael is ill-drawn; and Miss Delia is rather a needlessly aggressive young lady. But whatever Mr. O'Loskin and Mr. Farrelly have to say and do is excellent, and the sentence which I have quoted is a fair illustration of the irony which pervades the whole. And a wholly subordinate character, Mrs. Macfadden, wife of the third town councilor, has an admirable scene in which she speaks her mind of Miss Delia and her extraordinary notions and goings on. Nothing could be better played than this was by Miss Honor Lavalley; she was the Dublin Catholic bourgeoisie to the life.

I do not say that the play was a masterpiece. I do say that it was live art; and that here was a new force let loose in Ireland: the clear sword of ridicule, deftly used from the point of greatest vantage, striking home again and again. Here there was no reference to the stranger; here was Ireland occupied with her own affairs, chastising her own corruption. I wish I could have been present on the Saturday night when the programme began with 'The Laying of Foundations' and ended with 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' That would have been to see drama pass from its cauterizing the ignoble to its fostering the noble in national life: from the comedy of municipal corruption to the tragedy, brief, indeed, but drawing centuries into its compass of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

It is necessary to explain for English readers that "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" was one of the names which poets in the eighteenth century used to cloak, in the disguise of love-

songs, their forbidden passion for Ireland; that the "Shan Van Vocht," or "Poor Old Woman," was another of these names; and that Killala, near which, in 1798, is laid the scene of Mr. Yeats' play, is the place where Humbert's ill-starred but glorious expedition made its landing. But there was no need to tell all this to the Dublin audience.

The stage shows a peasant's house, window at the back, door on the right, hearth on the left. Three persons are in the cottage, Peter Gillane, his wife Bridget, and their second son Patrick. Outside is heard a distant noise of cheering, and they are wondering what it is all about. Patrick goes to the window and sees nothing but an old woman coming toward the house; but she turns aside. Then on a sudden impulse he faces round and says, "Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other day about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?" But the father and mother are too busy with other thoughts to attend to such fancies; for Bridget is spreading out her son Michael's wedding clothes, and Peter is expecting the boy back with the girl's fortune. A hundred pounds, no less. Things have prospered with the Gillanes; and when Michael, the fine young lad, comes in with the bag of guineas he is radiant with thinking of the girl, Delia Cahel, and Bridget is radiant with looking at him, and Peter with handling the gold and planning all that can be done with it. And through it all again and again breaks the sound of distant cheering. Patrick goes off to learn the cause, and Michael goes to the window in his turn. He, too, sees the old woman, but this time she is coming to the house, and her face is seen for a moment, pale like a banshee's, through the thick glass of the window. And Michael shivers a little. "I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding." But his mother bids him open the door, and in walks the old wayfarer.

Miss Maud Gonne, as every one knows, is a woman of superb stature and beauty; she is said to be an orator, and she certainly has the gifts of voice and gesture. To the courage and sincerity of her acting I can pay no better tribute than to say that her entrance brought instantly to my mind a half-mad old-wife in Donegal whom I have

always known. She spoke in that sort of keening cadence so frequent with beggars and others in Ireland who lament their state. But for all that, tall and gaunt as she looked under her cloak, she did not look and she was not meant to look like a beggar; and as she took her seat by the fire, the boy watched her curiously from across the stage. The old people question her and she speaks of her travel on the road.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed, you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

BRIDGET. Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to Bridget*). Do you think, could she be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to Old Woman*). Did you hear a noise of cheering and you coming up the hill?

OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

“ I will go cry with the woman,
For yellow-haired Donough is dead,
With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth,
And a white cloth on his head.”

The sound of her strange chant draws the boy over to her as if by a fascination; and she tells him of the men that had died for love of her.

“ There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow.”

The boy draws nearer to her, and plies her with questions, and the old people talk pityingly of the poor crea-

ture that has lost her wits. They offer her bread and milk, and Peter, under his wife's reproaches, offers her a shilling. But she refuses.

"If any man would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all."

And Michael starts to go with her, to welcome the friends that are coming to help her. But his mother interposes sharply, with a note of terror, and she reminds him whom it is he has to welcome. Then turning to the stranger—

Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to Bridget*). Who is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen ni Hoolihan.

It sounds flat and cold when you write it down; it did not sound cold when it was spoken. And the audience felt, too, in a flash, all that lay in Peter's comment, "I think I knew some one of that name once. It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy."

The stranger goes out then, chanting an uncanny chant, after she has told them what the service means that she asks of men. "They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid." And she leaves the boy in a kind of trance, from which his mother tries to waken him with talk of his wedding clothes. But as Bridget speaks the door is thrown open, Patrick bursts in with the neighbors: "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala!"

Delia Cahel may come with him, may cling about Michael; but the chant is heard outside and the bridegroom flings away the bride and rushes out, leaving them all silent. Then old Peter crosses to Patrick and asks, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" And the lad answers, "I did not; but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

The actors played the piece as it was written; that is, they lessened instead of heightening the dialect and the brogue; they left the points unemphasized. But they had

the house thrilling. I have never known altogether what drama might be before. Take a concrete instance. Few things in modern literature seem to me so fine as the third act in 'Herod'; few pieces of acting have pleased me better than Mr. Tree's in that scene. But I have never felt in reading it over that I missed anything by lacking the stage presentment, and I felt obscurely glad to be spared the sense of an audience only half in sympathy. 'Herod' came to the audience from outside; Mr. Yeats put before them in a symbol the thought of their own hearts. He had such a response as is only found in England by the singers of patriotic ditties in the music halls. "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" is the Irish equivalent for the "Absent-minded Beggar" or the "Handy Man." It is superfluous to do more than suggest the parallel.

I do not for a moment mean to imply that these Irish plays are worthy the attention of English managers. There is no money in them. They will be played, no doubt, a few times in Dublin, where Mr. Fay and his fellows have taken a small house for occasional performances. They will be played up and down through the country to people paying sixpences and pennies for admission. Some of them will, I hope, be produced by the Irish Literary Society in London for an Irish audience. But wherever they are played they will represent a wholly different order of dramatic art from that which prevails in the English theater; and the difference will lie chiefly in their intention, first, in the fact that they are not designed to make money.

Wherever they are played I hope they may find performers so good as Mr. W. G. or Mr. F. J. Fay, or Mr. Digges—an actor of extraordinary range, who played the parts of Naisi, of Michael Gillane, and of Alderman Farrelly, with equal success. The ladies of the company were hardly equal to the men, but Miss M. Quinn and Miss M. nic Shiubhlaigh both acted with fine intelligence. And the whole company, by their absence of stage tricks, showed the influence of Mr. Yeats, who is President of the company.

Part of the propaganda was an address delivered by him on the scheme which he has so much at heart for establishing a fixed manner by means of notation for speaking verse.

I was unable to be present, but have heard his views before, and have heard Miss Farr speak or chant verse on his method, accompanying herself on a queer stringed instrument.

The important thing is the deliberate attempt to re-establish what has never died out among Irish speakers—a tradition of poetry with a traditional manner of speaking it. Put briefly, it comes to this: Mr. Yeats and many others wanted to write for Ireland, not for England, if only because they believed that any sound art must address itself to an audience which is coherent enough to yield a response. The trouble was that Ireland had lost altogether the desire to read, the desire for any art at all, except, perhaps, that of eloquent speech—and even in that her taste was rapidly degenerating. What the Gaelic League has done is to infuse into Ireland the zeal for a study which, as Dr. Starkie says, “is at heart disinterested.” What Mr. Yeats and his friends have done is to kindle in Ireland the desire for an art which is an art of ideas. No matter in how small a part of Ireland the desire is kindled, nothing spreads so quick as fire.

It is noticeable that Mr. Fay’s company has more and more limited its efforts to two types of play—the prose idyll, tragic or comic, of peasant life, and the poetic drama of remote and legendary subjects. In the former kind a new dramatist has revealed himself, Mr. J. M. Synge, whose little masterpiece, ‘Rivers to the Sea,’ was the most successful of five plays produced by the company at the Royalty Theater in London in the spring of 1904. Mr. Synge had not been heard of before, but his work in prose is no less accomplished and complete than that of Mr. Yeats in poetry, in the days of poetic plays. “A. E.’s” ‘Deirdre’ has been succeeded by Mr. Yeats’ Morality ‘The Hornglass,’ written like it in cadenced prose, and this by ‘The King’s Threshold’ and ‘The Shadowy Waters.’ In both of these plays we have heard Frank Fay and Maire nic Shiubhaigh speak beautiful and dramatic verse as it is seldom spoken, and in ‘The Shadowy Waters,’ especially, what the piece lacked in dramatic quality was made up by the mounting, which showed how much solemn beauty could be achieved with little cost from common materials handled by an artist.

It is satisfactory to add that a theater has been arranged in Dublin where these players will in future have the advantages of a proper stage, however modest its dimensions.

Yours truly
Stephen Gwynn

In September, 1903, we learn from an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats in *Samhain* that the movement, the beginnings of which Mr. Stephen Gwynn has chronicled in the foregoing, has grown to such an extent that the year's doings could not be described in detail.

Father Dineen, Father O'Leary, P. Colum, and Dr. Hyde produced new plays which, with those by "A. E.," Mr. Cousins, Mr. Ryan, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Lady Gregory, etc., were witnessed not only by thousands throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but by large and appreciative audiences in London as well. The Irish Literary Society of New York also has been active in presenting several of these plays, and the effect of the new-born Irish drama is being strongly felt in this country also.

Let Lady Gregory say the last word on this subject:

"There has always, on the part of the Irish people, been a great taste for dramatic dialogue. The 'Arguments of Oisín and Patrick' are repeated by peasants for hours together with the keenest delight and appreciation. Other dramatic 'arguments' appeal to them—the 'Argument of Raftery with Death,' the 'Argument of Raftery with Whisky,' or the argument between a Connaught herd and a Munster herd as to the qualities of the two provinces. These old pieces are recited and followed with excitement, showing how naturally the dramatic sense appeals to the Celtic nature. It is curious, therefore, that only now should Irish drama be finding its full expression, and not at all curious that it has taken such a hold upon the country. The dramatic movement has made really an enduring impression upon the life and intellectual activity of the people."—[C. W.]

FOLK TALES, FOLK SONGS, RANNS,
sean-sgeuluisgeacht, sean-abrúin, rann;

HISTORICAL SKETCH,
blúire as stair na h-Éireann,

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS,
sgeolta, dánta, agus drama;

BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.

le h-úghdaraib an lae nua.

AN NUAD-LITRIBEACHT I NGAEBEILS.

Ciódaimis inrian imleabair deiridh reo, romplairde ar Shnáct-
 Šaebeils na ndaoine, mar do bí sí aca in rian dá céad bliadan
 ro do énaid éarriainn, agus mar tá sí aca anois. Níl aet nuad-
 Šaebeils le págail ann ro, 7 caiteir an leigsteoir a bpeiteammar
 féin déanam ar an tpean-Šaebeils le congnam na n-airtrungad
 béarla do tógamar inna h-imleabair eile. Ní tógamaois an
 tpein-Šaebeils ann ro, oir ir ró deacair a tuigrint do aon duine
 nae ndearna ruidéaraet ppeirialta innti.

Tá rgealta, abrain, 7 páirde na ndaoine féin, le págail inrian
 leabair ro, 7 tá cuio mór oib ro rgníobta ríor le ríoláirib ó
 beal na pean-daoine i n-Éirinn nár tuig a tteanga féin do
 rgníobad ná do léigead. Aet tá cuio eile dé, agus ir obair na
 rgníobnoir ir clirde i obair na rgníobnoir atá as déanam litrib-
 eacta nuairde do muinntir na h-Éireann inoiú, mar atá an t-Ádair
 Peadar O Laochair, Seumas O Dúbhail, Conán Maol (Mac uí
 Šeagda), Pádraig O Laochair, Tomás O h-Dotha, an t-Ádair
 O Duinnín, Una ní Šearghail, "Tóina" 7 daoine eile.

Ir an-deacair an puo é béarla ceart blarad do cup ar Šae-
 eils, oir ir é mo baramail nae bpuil aon dá teanga ar éalam na
 Críortugeacta ir mó dífir eatorra féin 'ná iad. Agus eir go
 bpuilid a com fáda rin 'na fearam ar an aon oileán, taob le
 taob, ir ríor-beas an lorig d'fag ceann aca ar an gceann eile,
 agus ir ríor-beasán d'fógluim na daoine labhar iad ó n-a céile.

Tá ríolte na h-Éireann, faraoir! Pá rtiúruagad daoine d'a
 otus an Ríagaltar Sacranac an rtiúruagad oirra, agus bí na
 daoine reo i gcóinnuird i n-áir na nŠaebeal agus i n-áir
 teangad na tíre. Níl eolair as duine ar bit aca uirri aet oirad
 le arat no le bulóis. Tá ceatnar de na daoine reo 'na mbpeiteam-
 naib ó cúirteannaib an oirge, nae bpuil ploc eolair aca ar
 oirdeacair, aet ó'r gnáct-obair leó daoine cionntaca do daorad,
 daorann riad muinntir na h-Éireann, 'gá gcuir pa bpeiteammar
 aineolair, pad a mbeacta, i otaob na neite bainear leó féin 7
 le na oirí. Tá fear eile aca 'na uactarain ar éolairte na
 Tríonóide—ir fuat na nŠaebeal an áit rin—agus tá cuio mór

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

We shall see in this last volume specimens of the ordinary Irish language of the people, as they have had it for the last couple of hundred years, and as they have it now. There is nothing but modern Irish to be found in this volume, and hence the reader must form his own opinion of the old Irish literature by the help of the English translations that have been given in the other volumes. We give here no old Irish, because it is too difficult to understand for any person who has not made a special study of it.

There are stories, songs and sayings of the people themselves to be found in this book, and a great many of these have been written down by scholars from the mouths of old people in Ireland who did not know how to read and write their own language. But there is another portion of the book which is the work of the cleverest writers, the work of writers who are making a modern literature for the people of Ireland to-day, such as Father Peter O'Leary, James Doyle, Conan Maol (O'Shea), Patrick O'Leary, Thomas Hayes, Father Dinneen, Miss O'Farrelly, Tadhg O'Donoghue, and others.

It is a very difficult thing to put correct tasteful English upon Irish, for it is my opinion that there are no two languages in the lands of Christendom which differ more between themselves than they do. And although they have been so long standing side by side upon one island, very little is the trace that either of them has left upon the other, and it is very little that the people who speak them have learned from one another either.

The schools of Ireland also, are, alas, under the dominance of people to whom the English Government has given the control over them, and these people have always been against the Irish, and against the language of the country. Not one

eile aca na ndaoimib-uairle raióbhe gan don eólar rpeirialta aca ar rgoiltib ná ar rgoilúigeact; agus do choimears ríad Gaeheilge do múnad inna rgoiltib, no do labairt leir na rgoiláirib, go dtí trí no ceathar de bliadantaib ó foin. Tá atriúad ann anoir, 7 go, dtugaid Dia dúinn go mbéid ré buan! Ní meafaim go raib don tír eile ar talam na Crioirtuigeacta riam, a raib a leitéir rin de rgannail le feicint innti agus do bí i n-Éirinn—máigi-rtirde 7 máigi-rtreara rgoile nac raib focal Gaeheilge aca, as “múnad”! páirtide nac raib focal béarla aca! Ní h-iongnad gur oibreáð amac rriorad na Litirdeacta ar na daoimib, agus gur ruaisead arta gac oidear, gliocar, críonaact, agus rtuaim do táinig anuar euca ó n-a rinnrearaib pompa. Act anoir,—mar gheall ar Connrad na Gaeheilge—tá an Gaeheilge, as teact cuici féin air; agus ir roiléir é anoir, do’n doiman ar fad, má tá Éire le beic ’na náiriún ar leic, no le beic ’na ruo ar bit act ’na condae gíánna Sacpanais, (agus i as déanam aicir go faon fann fuar an nóraib na Sacpanac) go gcaicid rí iompóð ar a teangaid féin air 7 Litirdeact nuad ceap. ó innti.

Agus tá Éire as toruad ar rin do déanam ceana féin, agus tá pomplaide ar a bfuil rí v’á déanam inran leabair ro. Ní l ionnta ro go léir (obair na ndeic mbliadan ro cuaid tarrainn) act céad-bláta an earraige. Tá an Samrad le teact fóir le congnam Dé.

RÍG AN FÁSADIS Dúib:

Labráir O ftoinn, ó beul-áit-na-muice (Swinford i mbeurla) v’innir an rgeul ro do phríoniar O Concúbaire i mb’Uachtuain, ó a bfuair mire é.

Nuair bí O Concúbaire ’na rí ar Éirinn bí ré ’na cóinnuide i Ráit-éruacáin Connaect. Bí don mac amáin aige, act nuair v’fár ré ruar, bí ré ríadáin, agus níor feud an rí rmaect do cup air, mar beirdeá a toil féin aige inr gac uile mío:

of them knows anything about it, more than so many asses or bullocks. Four of these men are judges from the courts of law, who have no particle of knowledge about education; but since their ordinary work is to condemn the guilty, they condemn the people of Ireland, sentencing them to life-long ignorance about the things that concern themselves and their country. Another of them is the Provost of Trinity College, that place that is Fuath na nGaedheal, and a great number more of them are wealthy country gentlemen, without any special knowledge of schools or scholarship; and these men practically forbade the Irish language to be taught in the schools or to be spoken to the scholars until three or four years ago. A change has come now. God grant that it may be a lasting one!

I do not think that there was ever any other country in the lands of Christendom in which such a scandal was to be witnessed as in Ireland—masters and mistresses of schools who did not know a word of Irish, “teaching” (!) children who did not know a word of English! It is no wonder that the spirit of literature was banished out of the people, and that all instruction, intelligence, wisdom and natural ability, that had come down to them from their ancestors before them, were driven out of them. But now—thanks to the Gaelic League—the Irish language is coming to itself again, and it is evident at last to the whole world that if Ireland is to be a nation apart, or anything at all except an ugly English county, (imitating, in a manner lifeless, feeble, and cold, the manners of the English), she *must* turn to her own language again, and create herself a new literature in it.

And Ireland is beginning to do this, even already, and there are specimens of what she is doing in this book. These—the works of the last ten years—are yet nothing but the first spring blossoms. The summer is to come with the help of God.

THE KING OF THE BLACK DESERT.

This story was told by one Laurence O’Flynn, from near Swinford, in the County Mayo, to my friend, the late F. O’Conor, of Athlone, from whom I got it in Irish. It is the eleventh story in the “Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach.”—Douglas Hyde.

When O’Conor was king over Ireland, he was living in Rathcroghan of Connacht. He had one son, but he, when he grew up, was wild, and the king could not control him, because he would have his own will in everything.

Don mairdin amáin cuairé pé amac,

Δ εὐ le na coir
Δ ῥεαδac ap a doir
Δ'p a capall bpeáz ouð o'á ioméap,

asur o'iméiz pé ap aḡair, aḡ sabáil paimn abpáin oó péin zo
btáinis pé com pao le rḡeatac móp oó bí aḡ fáp ap bpuadé
gleanna. Bí rean-ouine liat 'na fúide aḡ bun na rḡeide, asur
oubairt pé: “Δ míc an puz, má tiz leat imipt com maic Δ'p
tiz leat abpán oó sabáil, buð maic liom cluice o'imipt leat.”
Saoil mac an puz sup rean-ouine mi-céilliré oó bí ann, asur
cuipling pé, caic prian tar ḡeuz, asur fúir pior le taoib an
crean-ouine liat. Tapraing reirean paca cárhoiré amac asur
o' fíapruiz: “An o'tiz leat iao po o'imipt?”

“Tiz liom,” ap ran mac-puz.

“Créao imeópamaoiré ap?” ap ran rean-ouine liat.

“Níð ap bíc ip mian leat,” ap ran mac-puz.

“Maic zo leóp, má ḡnótaizim-pe caicpíð tupa níð ap bíc Δ
iarpfap mé ðeunam ðam, asur má ḡnótaizéann tupa, caicpíð
mipe níð ap bíc iarpfap tupa oim ðeunam ðuitre,” ap ran rean-
ouine liat.

“Tá mé pápta,” ap ran mac-puz.

O'imip riao an cluice asur buail an mac puz an rean ouine
liat. Ann rin oubairt pé, “Créao oó buð mian leat mipe oó
ðeunam ðuit, Δ míc an puz?”

“Ní iarpfaið mé oit níð ap bíc oó ðeunam ðam,” ap ran
mac-puz, “paoilim nac bpuil tú ionnánn mópán oó ðeunam.”

“Ná bac leip rin,” ap ran rean ouine, “caicpíð tú iarpfaið
oim puo éigin oó ðeunam, níð cáil mé ḡeall apam náð feuo
mé Δ ioc.”

Mari oubairt mé, paoil an mac puz sup rean ouine micéilliré
oó bí ann, asur le na fápuzao oubairt pé leip?

“Bain an ceann oé mo leapmátaip asur cuip ceann sabair
uipri ap feað reactmaine.”

“Deunpao rin ðuit,” ap ran rean ouine liat.

Cuairé an mac puz aḡ mapcuizéact ap Δ capall,

Δ εὐ le na coir
Δ ῥεαδac ap a doir,

asur tuz pé Δ aḡair ap áit eile, asur níð cuimniz pé níð mó
ap an rean ouine liat, zo o'táinis pé Δ-baile.

Fuair pé ḡáip asur bpión móp in ran ḡcaipleán: O'innip na
reapbópóḡantairé oó zo o'táinis o'paoiréao'óip arteac 'ran reompá
'n áit Δ paib an bainpióḡan asur sup cuip pé ceann sabair uipri
i n-áit Δ cinn péin:

One morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
And his hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he went forward, singing a verse of a song to himself, until he came as far as a big bush that was growing on the brink of a glen. There was a gray old man sitting at the foot of the bush, and he said, "King's son, if you are able to play as well as you are able to sing songs, I should like to play a game with you." The King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and he alighted, threw bridle over branch, and sat down by the side of the gray old man.

The old man drew out a pack of cards and asked, "Can you play these?"

"I can," said the King's son.

"What shall we play for?" said the gray old man.

"Anything you wish," says the King's son.

"All right; if I win, you must do for me anything I shall ask of you, and if you win I must do for you anything you ask of me," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," says the King's son.

They played the game, and the King's son beat the gray old man. Then he said, "What would you like me to do for you, King's son?"

"I won't ask you to do anything for me," says the King's son, "I think that you are not able to do much."

"Don't mind that," said the old man. "You must ask me to do something. I never lost a bet yet that I wasn't able to pay it."

As I said, the King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and to satisfy him he said to him—"Take the head of my stepmother and put a goat's head on her for a week."

"I'll do that for you," said the gray old man.

The King's son went a-riding on his horse

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand—

and he faced for another place, and never thought more about the gray old man until he came home.

He found a cry and great grief before him in the castle. The servants told him that an enchanter had come into the room where the Queen was, and had put a goat's head on her in place of her own head.

“Dap mo lām, ip ionġantaċ an nio é rin,” ap ran mac riġ,
 “dā mberōinn ’ran mbaile do bainfinn an ceann dē le mo claiō-
 eam.” Ūi bṛōn mōr ap an riġ aṣur cūp rē rior ap cōmairleōip
 cṛiona aṣur o’fiarriuis rē dē an riab rior aige cia an cāoi cāpla
 an nio reo do’n bainriōḡain. “Ġo deiimin nī cīs liom rin inn-
 reaċt duit,” ap reipean, “ip obair oṛmaoirdeāċta é.”

Nioṛ leiġ an mac riġ aip fēin ġo riab eōlar ap biċ aige ap an
 ġcūip, āċt ap maiōin amāriac o’imcīs rē amāc,

Δ εὐ le na cōip
 Δ fēabac ap Δ dōip
 ’S Δ cāpall bṛeāġ dūb o’ā iomcāip,

aṣur nioṛ cārraiis rē rriian ġo oṛāinis rē cōm fāda leiṛ an
 rṣeic mōip ap bṛuac an ġleana. Ūi an rean duine liaċ ’na fūrde
 ann rin fāoi an rṣeic aṣur dūbairc rē: “Δ mīc an riġ, mbēiō
 cluiċe aḡaō andiū?” Cūipliis an mac riġ aṣur dūbairc:
 “Bēiō.” Leiṛ rin, cāit rē an rriian cāp ġeū, aṣur fūiō rior le
 taoib an cṛean duine. Cārraiis reipean na cāpōaiō amāc, aṣur
 o’fiarriuis dē’n mīc riġ an bṛuair rē an nio do ġnōcāis rē andē:
 “Cā rin ceairc ġo leōip,” ap ran mac riġ.

“Imeōriamaoiō ap an nḡeall ceuona andiū,” ap ran rean
 duine liaċ.

“Cā mē rāṛta,” ap ran mac riġ:

O’imip riāo, aṣur ġnōcāis an mac riġ. “Cṛeāo do buō mīan
 leat mipe do dēunam duit an t-am ro?” ap ran rean duine
 liaċ. Smuāin an mac riġ aṣur dūbairc leiṛ fēin, “Deurpāiō mē
 obair cṛuāiō dō an t-am ro.” Ann rin dūbairc rē: “Cā pāip
 reaċt n-acra ap cūl cāipleāin m’ācāp, biōō rī lionta ap maiōin.
 amāriac le baċ (buaib) ġan don beipc āca do beit ap don dāċ, ap
 don āipde, no ap don doip amāin.”

“Bēiō rin dēunta,” ap ran rean duine liaċ:

Cūaiō an mac riġ āḡ maircuiḡeāċt ap Δ cāpall,

Δ εὐ le na cōip
 Δ fēabac ap Δ dōip,

aṣur cūḡ aḡaiō a-baile. Ūi an riġ ġo bṛōnac i oṛaoib na bain-
 riōḡna. Ūi doċtūipō ap h-uile āit i n-ġipinn, āċt nioṛ fēuō
 riāo don māit do dēunam dī.

Ap maiōin, lā ap na mārāc, cūaiō maop an riġ amāc ġo moċ,
 aṣur cōnnairc rē an pāip ap cūl an cāipleāin lionta le baċ
 (buaib) aṣur ġan don beipc āca dē ’n dāċ ceuona no dē’n doip
 fēuona, no dē’n āipde ceuona. O’imcīs rē arṛeāc, aṣur o’innip
 cē an rṣeul ionġantaċ do’n riġ: “Teirriis aṣur tiomāin iāo
 amāc,” ap ran riġ. Fūair an maop fip, aṣur cūaiō rē leō āḡ

"By my hand, but that's a wonderful thing," says the King's son. "If I had been at home I'd have whipped the head off him with my sword."

There was great grief on the King, and he sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know how the thing happened to the Queen.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," said he, "it's a work of enchantment."

The King's son did not let on that he had any knowledge of the matter, but on the morrow morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein until he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was sitting there under the bush and said, "King's son, will you have a game to-day?" The King's son got down and said, "I will." With that he threw bridle over branch and sat down by the side of the old man. He drew out the cards and asked the King's son did he get the thing he had won yesterday.

"That's all right," says the King's son.

"We'll play for the same bet to-day," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," said the King's son.

They played—the King's son won. "What would you like me to do for you this time?" says the gray old man. The King's son thought and said to himself, "I'll give him a hard job this time." Then he said, "there's a field of seven acres at the back of my father's castle, let it be filled to-morrow morning with cows, and no two of them to be of one colour or one height or one age."

"That shall be done," says the gray old man.

The King's son went riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and faced for home. The King was sorrowful about the Queen; there were doctors out of every place in Ireland, but they could not do her any good.

On the morning of the next day the King's herd went out early, and he saw the field at the back of the castle filled with cows, and no two of them of the same color, the same age, or the same height. He went in and told the King the wonderful news. "Go and drive them out," says the King. The herd got men, and went with them driving out the cows,

tiomáine na mbó amac, aċt nì luaithe cùirpeaò pé amac ar don taobh iad 'nà cùirpeaò ríad arteac ar an taobh eile. Cuiarò an maor do'n riġ arí, aġur dubairt leir nac bpeurpeaò an méad pear bí i n-éirinn na bač rin do bí ran bpaire do cùr amac. "Ir bač tpaorídeacra iad," ar ran riġ.

Nuair cónnaire an mac-riġ na bač, dubairt pé leir péin: "Béir cluice eile aġam leir an pear duine liač andiú." O'imčis pé amac an mairin rin,

A cù le na cùir
A fpaac ar a boir
A'r a čapall bpeāġ dub o'á iomčar,

aġur nior čarraing pé rrian ġo tčáinis pé cōm pava leir an rgeic mōir ar bpuac an ġleanna. Bì an pear duine liač ann rin poime aġur o'iarri pé ar an mbeirdeac cluice čapraò aġe.

"Béir," ar ran mac riġ; "aċt tč fíor aġao ġo maic ġo tčis liom tč bualaò aġ imiřt čapra." "

"Béir cluice eile aġainn," ar ran pear duine liač. "Ar imiř tč liačrōio ariam?"

"O'impear ġo veimin," ar ran mac riġ; "aċt paolim ġo bpuil tura pō pear le liačrōio o'imiřt, aġur čor leir rin n'íl don ait aġainn ann po le n'imiřt."

"Mč tč tura úmal le h-imiřt, ġeobair mipe ait," ar ran pear duine liač.

"Tčim úmal," ar ran mac riġ.

"Lean mipe," ar ran pear duine liač.

Lean an mac riġ é tpiř an ngleann, ġo tčāngavař ġo cnoč bpeāġ ġlar. Ann rin, čarraing pé amac plaitin tpaorídeacra, aġur dubairt poela nár čuiġ mac an riġ, aġur paol čeann mōimio, o'orġail an cnoč aġur cuiarò an beirč arteac, aġur cuiarò ríad tpiř a lán ve hállaiř bpeāġa ġo tčāngavař amac i nġáirvōin. Bì ġac uile niř nior bpeāġa 'nà čéile in ran nġáirvōin rin, aġur aġ bun an ġáirvōin bí ait le liačrōio o'imiřt.

Čait ríad pīora ariġio ruar le feicřnt cia aca mbeirdeac lām-artiġ aġe, ġ ruair an pear duine liač rin.

Čoraiġ ríad ann rin, aġur nior rčao ar pear duine ġur ġnōčaiġ pé an cluice. Nì paib fíor aġ an 'nac riġ čpéao do đeunpao pé. Paol đeoir o'fíarpuis pé ve'n tpean-duine čpéao do buř mair leir é do đeunam đō.

"Ir mipe Riġ ar an bpařac Dub, aġur čaitpiř tura mé péin aġur m'ait-cōmnuirde o'pāġail amac paol čeann lá aġur bliadain, nō ġeobair mipe tura amac aġur čailpiř tč do čeann."

Ann rin čuiġ pé an mac riġ amac an bealac čeudna a nveacair pé arteac. Opuir an cnoč ġlar 'na điaiġ aġur o'imčis an pear duine liač ar amare.

but no sooner would he put them out on one side than they would come in on the other. The herd went to the King again, and told him that all the men that were in Ireland would not be able to put out these cows that were in the field. "They're enchanted cows," said the King.

When the King's son saw the cows he said to himself, "I'll have another game with the gray man to-day!" That morning he went out,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein till he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was there before him, and asked him would he have a game of cards.

"I will," says the King's son, "but you know well that I can beat you playing cards."

"We'll have another game, then," says the gray old man. "Did you ever play ball?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "but I think that you are too old to play ball, and, besides that, we have no place here to play it."

"If you're contented to play, I'll find a place," says the gray old man.

"I'm contented," says the King's son.

"Follow me," says the gray old man.

The King's son followed him through the glen until he came to a fine green hill. There he drew out a little enchanted rod, spoke some words which the King's son did not understand, and after a moment the hill opened and the two went in, and they passed through a number of splendid halls until they came out into a garden. There was everything finer than another in that garden, and at the bottom of the garden there was a place for playing ball. They threw up a piece of silver to see who would have hand-in, and the gray old man got it.

They began then, and the gray old man never stopped until he won out the game. The King's son did not know what he would do. At last he asked the old man what would he desire him to do for him.

"I am King over the Black Desert, and you must find out myself and my dwelling-place within a year and a day, or I shall find you out and you shall lose your head."

Then he brought the King's son out the same way by which he went in. The green hill closed behind them, and the gray old man disappeared out of sight.

Ċuairò an mac nìġ aġ marcuġeacēt ar a ċapall;

A ċú le na ċoir,
A feaċac ar a boir,

aġur é bñónac ŝo leōr.

An tñácnóna rin, ʻoo bñeaċnuisġ an nìġ ŝo niaib bñón aġur buairòñeaċ mōr ar an mac óġ, aġur nuair ċuairò ré ʻna ċoñlaċ, ċualairò an nìġ aġur ŝac uile ʻuine ʻoo bi in ran ŝcairleán tñom-
opnaoñl aġur nāmalañ uairò. ʻBi an nìġ faoi bñón ceann ŝabair ʻoo beñ ar an mbainñioġain, aċt buċ mēara é reaċt n-uairē nuair ʻoʻinnir an mac ʻoo an rġeul, mar ċāpla ó ċúr ŝo ʻeñreaċ.

Ċuairé ré fñor ar ċōmañpleōñ epñona, aġur ʻoʻñapñuisġ ré ʻoē an niaib fñor aġe ċia an aċt a niaib an Riġ ar an bñārac ʻOuib ʻna ċōmnuiċe.

“Nīʻl, ŝo ʻeñmñn,” ar reñean; “aċt ċōm ċinnñe aʻr ċā nubañl (eapñall) ar an ŝcaċ muna bñāġairò an t-oñōre óġ an ʻñraoñr-
eaċōñr rin amaċ, ċaillñrò ré a ċeann.”

ʻBi bñón mōr i ŝcairleán an nìġ an lā rin. ʻBi ceann ŝabair ar an mbainñioġain, aġur an mac-nìġ ʻoul aġ tōñuisġeacēt ʻñraoñr-
eaċōñra, ŝan fñor an ʻññuēfaċ ré ar air ŝo ʻeō.

Tar ēñ reaċtmāine [ʻoo] bañeaċ an ceann ŝabair ʻeʻn bañ-
ñioġain, aġur ċuñreaċ a ceann fēñ uññr. Nuair ċualairò rñ an ċaoi ar ċuñreaċ an ceann ŝabair uññr, ċāñis fuaċ mōr uññr anaġairò an mñc nìġ, aġur ʻoubairñc rñ: “Nāñ ċaġairò ré ar air beō nā marñb.”

Ar marñoin, ʻDia luain, ʻoʻfāġ ré a ʻbeannaċt aġ a aċair aġur aġ a ŝaol, ʻbi a māla-rñūbañl ceanŝaillñe ar a ʻññuim, aġur ʻoʻmññisġ ré,

A ċú le na ċoir
A feaċac ar a boir
Aʻr a ċapall bñeaġ ʻoñb ʻoʻā ñmċar.

ŝñūbañl ré an lā rin ŝo niaib an ŝñian mññisġñe faoi rġāñle na ŝcñoc, aġur ŝo niaib ʻññāññar na h-oñōce aġ teaċt, ŝan fñor aġe ċiaʻn aċt a bññisġñeaċ ré lōñññ. ʻBñeaċnuisġ ré ċoññ mōr ar ċaoñb a lāññe ċlē, aġur ċaññāñisġ ré uññr ċōm tapan aġur ʻoʻfēñr ré, le rñññ an oñōce ʻoo ċaññeam faoi fāñŝaċ na ŝcñann. ŝñūr ré fñor faoi ʻññññññ mōñr ʻññāc, ʻoʻfōñŝaill ré a māla-
rñūbañl le bñāċ ʻñ ʻeōc ʻoo ċaññeam, nuair ċōññāññc ré ñolañ mōr aġ teaċt ċñisġe.

“Nā bñōċ fāññññññ oññ rñōmāñ-ra, a mñc nìġ. Añññññññ ċú, ñr ċú mac ʻñ ċōññññññ nìġ ēññeann. ʻñr ċapairò mē, aġur mā ċññann ċú ʻoo ċapall ʻñññ-ra le tabaññc le nʻññe ʻoo ċeñññe ēañññññ oċñācā

The King's son went home, riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and he sorrowful enough.

That evening the King observed that there was grief and great trouble on his young son, and when he went to sleep the King and every person that was in the castle heard heavy sighing and ravings from him. The King was in grief—a goat's head to be on the Queen; but he was seven times worse when they told him the (whole) story how it happened from beginning to end.

He sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know where the King of the Black Desert was living.

"I do not, indeed," said he, "but as sure as there's a tail on a cat, unless the young heir finds out that enchanter he will lose his head."

There was great grief that day in the castle of the King. There was a goat's head on the Queen, and the King's son was going searching for an enchanter, without knowing whether he would ever come back.

After a week the goat's head was taken off the Queen, and her own head was put upon her. When she heard of how the goat's head was put upon her, a great hate came upon her against the King's son, and she said, "That he may never come back alive or dead!"

Of a Monday morning he left his blessing with his father and his kindred, his traveling bag was bound upon his shoulder, and he went,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him.

He walked that day until the sun was gone beneath the shadow of the hills and till the darkness of the night was coming, without knowing where he could get lodgings. He noticed a large wood on his left-hand side, and he drew towards it as quickly as he could, hoping to spend the night under the shelter of the trees. He sat down at the foot of a large oak tree, and opened his traveling bag to take some food and drink, when he saw a great eagle coming towards him.

"Do not be afraid of me, King's son; I know you, you are the son of O'Conor, King of Ireland. I am a friend, and if you grant me your horse to give to eat to four hungry birds

atā aġam, bēaḥḥaiṛō mipe nīor furoe 'nā ōo bēaḥḥaiṛō ōo ʕapall tū, aḡur b'ēroir ōo ōcuirḥinn tū ar loḥṣ an tē atā tū 'tōḥuiṣ-eaēt.

“Tis leat an ʕapall ōo beit aḡaṛ aḡur fāilte,” ar ran mac piṣ, “erō ōur bḥōnāc mē aṣ ḥṣaḥamaint leir.”

“Tā ōo maiṛ, bēirō mipe ann ro ar maidin amāḥac le h-ēirṣe na ṣḥēine.” Ann rin ō'fōḥṣail rī a ṣob mōir, ḥuṣ ṣḥeim ar an ṣcapall, buail a ōā ʕaoib anaḡaiṛō a ʕēile, leaṛḥuiṣ a ḥṣiaṛān, aḡur ō'imēiṣ ar amāḥe.

Ō'it aḡur ō'ōl an mac piṣ a fāit, ʕuir an māla-ḥiḥbail faoi na ʕeann, aḡur nīor bḥaṛa ōo ḥaiḥ rē 'na ʕoṛlaṛō, aḡur nīor ōūirṣ rē ōo ōṛāiniṣ an ṛ-iolai aḡur ōur ōubaiṛ: “Tā rē i n-am ōūinn beit 'ṣ imṛeaēt, tā aiṛṛeai faṛa ḥōḥainn, beir ṣḥeim ar ōo māla aḡur lēim ruar ar mo ōḥuim.”

“Aēt, mo bḥōn!” ar ḥeirean, “ʕaiṛḥiṛō mē ḥṣaḥamaint le mo ʕū aḡur le mo ḥeabāc.”

“Nā bioṛ bḥōn oṛṛ,” ar ḥipe; “bēirō ḥiaṛ ann ro ḥōḥaṛ nuaiṛ ʕiucḥar tū ar aiṛ.”

Ann rin lēim rē ruar ar a ōḥuim, ṣṛac ḥipe ḥṣiaṛān, aḡur ar ōo bḥāṛ lēite 'ran aēr. Ṭuṣ rī ē ʕar ʕnocaib aḡur ṣṛeannṛaiḥ, ʕar ḥuiṛ mōir aḡur ʕar ʕoillṛib, ōur faoil rē ōo ḥaiḥ rē aṣ ōeireāṛ an ōoḥain. Nuaiṛ bi an ṣḥian aṣ ōul faoi ḥṣāile na ṣenoc, ʕāiniṣ rī ōo ṛalaḥ i lāri fāḥaiṣ mōir, aḡur ōubaiṛ leir: “lean an ʕapān ar ʕaoib ōo lāime ōeire, aḡur bēaḥḥaiṛō rē tū ōo ṛeaṛ ʕapaṛ. ʕaiṛḥiṛō mipe ḥilleaṛ ar aiṛ le ḥolāṛai ōo m'ēanlaiṛ.”

lean ḥeirean an ʕapān, aḡur nīor bḥaṛa ōo ōṛāiniṣ rē ōo ōṛi an ṛeaṛ, aḡur ʕuaiṛ rē aṛṛeaṛ. Bi ḥeian-ṛuine liaṛ 'na ḥiṛōe 'ran ṣoṛḥneull; ō'ēirṣ rē 7 ōubaiṛ, “Ceṛō mile fāilte ḥōḥaṛ, a ḥiṛ Riġ ar Rāṛ-ʕḥuaṛān ʕonnaēt.”

“Ni'l eṛlai aḡam-ḥa oṛṛ,” ar ran mac piṣ.

“Bi aiṛne aḡam-ḥa ar ōo ḥeian-aṛaiṛ,” ar ran ḥeian ṛuine liaṛ; “ḥiṛō rīor; ir ōōiṣ ōo bḥuil ʕaṛṛ aḡur oṕḥur oṛṛ.”

“Ni'l mē ḥaor uata,” ar ran mac piṣ. Buail an ḥeian ṛuine a ōā bōir anaḡaiṛō a ʕēile, aḡur ʕāiniṣ beirṛ ḥeirḥiṛeāc, aḡur leaḡ-aṛar bōḥo le maiṛṛ-ḥeōil, ʕaoir-ḥeōil, muic-ḥeōil aḡur le neaṛṛ aḥāin i lāṛaiṛ an ḥiṛ piṣ, aḡur ōubaiṛ an ḥeian ṛuine leir: “it aḡur ōl ōo fāit, b'ēroir ōo mḥuṛ faṛa ōo bḥuiṣḥiṛō tū a leirṛero aḥiṛ.” Ō'it aḡur ō'ōl rē oḥeāṛ aḡur buṛ ḥian leir, aḡur ʕuṣ buirṛeaṛ ar a ḥon:

Ann rin ōubaiṛ an ḥeian ṛuine, “tā tū ōul aṣ ṛōḥuiṣeaēt Riġ an f'Ħaraiġ Ōuib; ṛeḥiṣ aṣ ʕoṛlaṛō anoir, aḡur ḥaṛaiṛ mipe ṛḥe mo leaḥḥaiḥ le ḥeūcaint an ōṛiṣ liom āiṛ-ʕōḥḥuiṛō an piṣ

that I have, I shall bear you farther than your horse would bear you, and, perhaps, I would put you on the track of him you are looking for."

"You can have the horse, and welcome," says the King's son, "although I am sorrowful at parting from him."

"All right, I shall be here to-morrow at sunrise." With that she opened her great gob, caught hold of the horse, struck in his two sides against one another, took wing, and disappeared out of sight.

The King's son ate and drank his enough, put his traveling bag under his head, and it was not long till he was asleep, and he never woke until the eagle came and said, "It is time for us to be going, there is a long journey before us; take hold of your bag and leap up upon my back."

"But my grief!" says he, "I must part from my hound and my hawk."

"Do not be grieved," says she, "they will be here before you when you come back."

Then he leaped up on her back; she took wing, and off and away with her through the air. She brought him across hills and hollows, over a great sea, and over woods, till he thought that he was at the end of the world. When the sun was going under the shadow of the hills she came to earth in the midst of a great desert, and said to him, "Follow the path on your right-hand side, and it will bring you to the house of a friend. I must return again to provide for my birds."

He followed the path, and it was not long till he came to the house, he went in. There was a gray old man sitting in the corner. He rose and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you, King's son, from Rathcroghan of Connacht."

"I have no knowledge of you," said the King's son.

"I was acquainted with your grandfather," said the gray old man. "Sit down; no doubt there is hunger and thirst on you."

"I am not free from them," said the King's son.

The old man then smote his two palms against one another, and two servants came and laid a board with beef, mutton, pork, and plenty of bread before the King's son, and the old man said to him, "Eat and drink your enough. Perhaps it may be a long time before you get the like again."

He ate and drank as much as he desired, and thanked him for it.

Then the old man said, "You are going seeking for the King of the Black Desert; go to sleep now, and I will go

rin o'fáġail amad." Ann rin, buail ré a bora ; táinig reibiread, aġur dubairt ré leir "Tabair an mac riġ ġo o'tí a feompa." Ċuġ ré ġo feompa breáġ é, aġur nioi bpaða ġur ċuit ré 'na coolað.

Ar maioin, lá ar na márac, táinig an rean duine aġur dubairt : "Éiriġ, tá airtear faða riómað. Caiċpið tú cúġ ceuo mile ðeunam riom meaðon-lae."

"Ní feuořamnn é do ðeunam," ar ran mac riġ:

"Má'r marcad maiċ tú, béarřaio mire capall duic béarřar tú an t-airtear."

"Deunřaio mari béarřar ċura," ar ran mac riġ.

Ċuġ an rean duine neart le n'ite aġur le n'ól oð, aġur nuair bi ré rátað, ċuġ re ġearřán beaġ bán oð, aġur dubairt : "Tabair ceao a ċinn do'n ġearřán, aġur nuair rtopřar ré, feað ruar 'ran aéř aġur feicpið tú ri ealaide coř ġeal le rneacća. Ir iao rin ri ingeana Riġ an f'áraiġ Ōuib. Béio nairicín ġlar i mbeul eala aca, rin i an ingean ir óġe, aġur ní'l neað beo o'feuořað tú do ċabairt ġo riġ Riġ an f'áraiġ Ōuib aćt i. Nuair rtopřar an ġearřán, béio tú i nġar do loć ; ċiucřaio na ri ealaide ġo talař ar bpuac an loća rin, aġur ðeunřaio riur mna (ban) óġ oioð fein, aġur řaćaio řiað arteað 'ran loć aġ řnař aġur aġ řinc. Conġbaġ do řuil ar an nairicín ġlar aġur nuair ġeořar tú na mna óġa 'ran loć, řeiriġ aġur řáġ an nairicín aġur ná řġar leir. řeiriġ i bpołac řaoi ċřann aġur nuair řiucřaio na mna óġa amad, ðeunřaio beiri aca ealaide oioð fein aġur imteoćaio řiað 'ran aéř. Ann rin, béarřaio an ingean ir óġe, "Deunřaio mé nið ar bić do'n té béarřar mo nairicín oam." Ċar i láćair ann rin, aġur tabair an nairicín oi, ġ aćair nać bpuil nið ar bić aġ řeartál uait, aćt do ċabairt ġo riġ a h-aćar, aġur innir oi ġur mac riġ tú ar ri ċuřaććaġ."

Rinne an mac riġ ġać nið mari dubairt an rean duine leir, aġur nuair ċuġ ré an nairicín o'ingin Riġ an f'áraiġ Ōuib, dubairt ré : "Ir mire mac Uł Conćubair, Riġ Connaćt. Tabair mé ġo o'tí o'aćair : řaða mé o'a ċořuiġeacć."

"Nář břearřar duic mé nið éġin eile do ðeunam duic ? " ar řire.

"Ní'l don nið eile aġ řeartál uaim," ar řeirean.

"Ma řairbéanam an řeac duic nać mbéio tú řárća ? " ar řire.

"Béioeao," ar řeirean.

"Anoir," ar řire, "ar o'anam ná h-innir do m' aćair ġur mire do ċuġ ċum a řiġe-rean tú, aġur béio mire mo ćařaio maiċ duic ; aġur leiġ ořt fein," ar řire, "ġo bpuil móř-ćuřać ċřað."

"Deunřaio mari řeiri tú," ar řeirean.

through my books to see if I can find out the dwelling-place of that King." Then he smote his palms (together), and a servant came, and he told him, "Take the King's son to his chamber." He took him to a fine chamber, and it was not long till he fell asleep.

On the morning of the next day the old man came and said, "Rise up, there is a long journey before you. You must do five hundred miles before midday."

"I could not do it," said the King's son.

"If you are a good rider I will give you a horse that will bring you over the journey."

"I will do as you say," said the King's son.

The old man gave him plenty to eat and to drink and, when he was satisfied, he gave him a little white garran and said, "Give the garran his head, and when he stops look up into the air, and you will see three swans as white as snow. Those are the three daughters of the King of the Black Desert. There will be a green napkin in the mouth of one of them, that is the youngest daughter, and there is not anyone alive except her who could bring you to the house of the King of the Black Desert. When the garran stops you will be near a lake, the three swans will come to land on the brink of that lake, and they will make three young women of themselves, and they will go into the lake swimming and dancing. Keep your eye on the green napkin, and when you get the young women in the lake go and get the napkin, and do not part with it. Go into hiding under a tree, and when the young women will come out two of them will make swans of themselves, and will go away in the air. Then the youngest daughter will say, 'I will do anything for him who will give me my napkin.' Come forward then and give her the napkin, and say that there is nothing you want but to bring you to her father's house, and tell her that you are a king's son from a powerful country."

The King's son did everything as the old man desired him, and when he gave the napkin to the daughter of the King of the Black Desert he said, "I am the son of O'Connor, King of Connacht. Bring me to your father. Long am I seeking him."

"Would not it be better for me to do something else for you?" said she.

"I do not want anything else," said he.

"If I show you the house will you not be satisfied?" said she.

Ann rin ħinne ri eala Ȯi řein aġur Ȯubairt: "Léim ruar ar mo ħuin, aġur cui ri Ȯo láma řaoi mo ħuinéal, aġur congħaġ ġreim cřuairȮ."

Rinne řé amłarȮ, aġur éřaġ ři a řġiaćána, ȡ ar řo ħřáć léiće ċari énocairȮ a' ř ċari ġleanntairȮ, ċari ħui ri aġur ċari řléiřćiř, řo Ȯćániř ři řo talam ħari Ȯo ři an ġřian aġ Ȯul řaoi. Ann rin Ȯubairt ři lei ř: "An ħřeiceann tȡ an teac ħȮri řin ċall? Sin teac ħ'atari. Slán teat. Am ar ħić řeirićar ħaoġal orić, řeiri ħire le Ȯo ċairȮ." Ann rin Ȯ'imćiř ři uairȮ.

ĆuairȮ an ħac řiř ċum an řiře, ćuairȮ arćeac, aġur ċia Ȯ'řeic-řeac řé ann rin 'na řuiće i řćaćairȮ orić, acć an řeān Ȯuine liać Ȯ'imiri na ćářairȮ aġur an liaćřirićo lei ř.

"řeicim, a ħic řiř," ar řeřeān, "řo ħřuair tȡ ħé amac řoi ħ lá aġur ħiaćairȮ. Cā řao Ȯ Ȯ'řář tȡ an ħaile?"

"Ar ħairȮin anoiȡ, nuairȮ ři ħé aġ éřiře ar mo leabuirȮ, ćonn-airć ħé řuař-ćeacć, ħinne ħé léim, řřar ħé mo Ȯá ćoir airȮ, aġur řleā ħniāġ ħé ćom řaoa lei ř řeo."

"Ȯari mo lá ħ, ir ħȮri an řairřirićeacć Ȯo ħinne tȡ," ar řan řeān řiř.

"Ȯ'řeurićainn řuȮ ħiř iongāntairiře 'na řin Ȯo řeunam, Ȯā ħ-Ȯřřićain," ar řan ħac řiř.

"Cā řři neiće aġam Ȯuit le řeunam," ar řan řeān řiř, "ȡ ħā' ř řeiri řeac iao Ȯo řeunam, řeiri řoġa mo řřui ri iņġeān aġao ħari ħiāoi, aġur ħuna Ȯriř leac iao Ȯo řeunam, ćailřirić tȡ Ȯo ćeān ħari ćail ćuiř ħairȮ ře řaoiriř Ȯġa řó ħao."

Ann rin Ȯubairt řé, "ħi řionn iće nā Ȯl in mo řiř-ře, acć aon uairȮ amāin řan řreacć ħain, aġur ři řé aġainn ar ħairȮin anoiȡ."

"Ir ćuma ħiom-řa," ar řan ħac řiř; "riř ħiom řřoriřacć Ȯo řeunam ar řeacć ħiřora Ȯā ħřeirićeacć cřuairȮȮř orić."

"Ir Ȯoiř řo Ȯriř leac Ȯul řan ćořlao ħari an řćeurića?" ar řan řeān řiř.

"řiř ħiom řan amřar," ar řan ħac řiř:

"řeiri leabuirȮ cřuairȮ aġao anocć ħari řin," ar řan řeān řiř; "ćari ħiom řo řćairřeānřairȮ ħé Ȯuit é." řuř řé amac ann rin é, ȡ řairřeān řé ȮȮ cřian ħȮri aġur řablȮř airȮ, ȡ Ȯub-airć: "řeiriř řuar ann rin aġur ćořail in řan řřablȮř, aġur ři řeiri le ħ-éřiře na řřeine."

ĆuairȮ řé ruar in řan řřablȮř, acć ćom ľuać aġur ři an řeān řiř 'na ćořlaoć, ćániř an iņġeān Ȯř aġur řuř arćeac řo řeomřa ħřeāř é, aġur ćongħaġ ři ann rin é řo řairȮ an řeān řiř ar ři éřiře: Ann rin ćui ři é amac airȮ i řřablȮř an ćřainn:

Le ħ-éřiře na řřeine, ćániř an řeān řiř ćuiře aġur Ȯubairć;

"I will be satisfied," said he.

"Now," said she, "upon your life do not tell my father that it was I who brought you to his house, and I shall be a good friend to you, but let on," said she, "that you have great powers of enchantment."

"I will do as you say," says he.

Then she made a swan of herself and said, "Leap up on my back and put your hands under my neck, and keep a hard hold."

He did so, and she shook her wings, and off and away with her over hills and over glens, over sea and over mountains, until she came to earth as the sun was going under. Then she said to him, "Do you see that great house yonder? That is my father's house. Farewell. Any time you are in danger I shall be at your side." Then she went from him.

The King's son came to the house and went in, and whom should he see sitting in a golden chair but the gray old man who had played the cards and the ball with him.

"King's son," said he, "I see that you found me out before the day and the year. How long since you left home?"

"This morning when I was rising out of my bed I saw a rainbow; I gave a leap, spread my two legs on it and slid as far as this."

"By my hand, it was a great feat you performed," said the old King.

"I could do a more wonderful thing than that if I chose," said the King's son.

"I have three things for you to do," says the old King, "and if you are able to do them you shall have the choice of my three daughters for wife, and unless you are able to do them you shall lose your head, as a good many other young men have lost it before you."

Then he said, "there be's neither eating nor drinking in my house except once in the week, and we had it this morning."

"It's all one to me," said the King's son, "I could fast for a month if I were on a pinch."

"No doubt you can go without sleep also," says the old King.

"I can, without doubt," said the King's son.

"You shall have a hard bed to-night, then," says the old King. "Come with me till I show it to you." He brought him out then and showed him a great tree with a fork in it, and said, "Get up there and sleep in the fork, and be ready with the rise of the sun."

“Tair anuar anoir, 7 tair liom-ra go dtairbéanfair mé òuit an nìò atá agha le deunam anòiu.”

Èus ré an mac muis go bhuac loca 7 cairbéar ré òó rean-cairleán, agus dubhairt leir, “Cait zac uile cloc ’ran scairleán rin amac ’ran loc, 7 bíod ré deunta agha real má tceideann an grian faoi, tráchnóna.” D’iméig ré uair ann rin:

Torais an mac muis as obair, aet bí na cloca greamuighe o’a éile com cnuair rin, náir feud ré don cloc aca do tógbáil, agus dá mberdear ré as obair go dtí an lá ro, ní berdear cloc ar an scairleán. Suid ré ríor ann rin as rmuaineaó creao do buó éoir oó deunam, agus níor bpaó go dtáinig inéan an tpean-muis éuige, 7 dubhairt, “Cao é pát do bpoín?” D’innir ré ói an obair do bí aige le deunam. “Na cuiread rin bpoín ort; deunfair mipe é,” ar ríre. Ann rin èus rí arán, mairtfeóil 7 fíon oó, càrraings amac plaitín opraoréacá, buail buille ar an tpean-cairleán, agus faoi éann móimio bí zac uile cloc oé ar bun an loca. “Anoir,” ar ríre, “ná h-innir do m’áirir sup mipe do pinne an obair òuit.”

Nuair bí an grian as dul faoi, tráchnóna, táinig an rean muis agus dubhairt: “Feicim go bfuil d’obair laé deunta agha.”

“Tá,” ar ran mac muis, “cis liom obair ar bit do deunam.”

Saol an rean muis anoir go raib eúmaet mói opraoréacá as an mac muis, agus dubhairt leir, “Sé d’obair laé amárac na cloca do tógbáil ar an loc, agus an cairleán do éur ar bun map bí ri éana.”

Èus ré an mac muis a-baile agus dubhairt leir, “Teimig do éolad ’ran áit a raib tú an oirde aréir.”

Nuair éuair an rean-muis na éolad táinig an inéan ós agus èus arcead é cum a reompa réin, agus éongbais ann rin é go raib an rean muis ar tí éirge ar maidin; ann rin éur rí amac aríir é i ngablóis an crainn.”

Le h-éirge na gréine, táinig an rean muis 7 dubhairt: “Tá ré i n-am òuit dul. Gcionn d’oibre.”

“Ní’l deirir ar bit orm,” ar ran mac muis, “map tá ríor agha go dtis liom m obair laé deunam go réir.”

Éuair ré go bhuac an loca ann rin, aet níor feud ré cloc d’feiceál, bí an t-uirge com dub rin. Suid ré ríor ar càrraig; agus níor bpaó go dtáinig fionnguala, buó h-é rin ainm inéine an tpean muis, éuige, agus dubhairt: “Cao tá agha le deunam anòiu?” D’innir ré ói, agus dubhairt rí: “Ná bíod bpoín ort; cis liom-ra an obair rin deunam òuit.” Ann rin èus rí oó arán, mairtfeóil, agus caoirfeóil agus fíon. Ann rin càrraings rí amac an tplaitín opraoréacá, buail uirge an loca léite, agus

He went up into the fork, but as soon as the old King was asleep the young daughter came and brought him into a fine room and kept him there until the old King was about to rise. Then she put him out again into the fork of the tree.

With the rise of the sun the old King came to him and said, "Come down now, and come with me until I show you the thing that you have to do to-day."

He brought the King's son to the brink of a lake and showed him an old castle, and said to him, "Throw every stone in that castle out into the loch, and let you have it done before the sun goes down in the evening." He went away from him then.

The King's son began working, but the stones were stuck to one another so fast that he was not able to raise one of them, and if he were to be working until this day, there would not be one stone out of the castle. He sat down then, thinking what he ought to do, and it was not long until the daughter of the old King came to him and said, "What is the cause of your grief?" He told her the work which he had to do. "Let that put no grief on you, I will do it," said she. Then she gave him bread, meat, and wine, pulled out a little enchanted rod, struck a blow on the old castle, and in a moment every stone of it was at the bottom of the lake. "Now," said she, "do not tell my father that it was I who did the work for you."

When the sun was going down in the evening, the old King came and said, "I see that you have your day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son; "I can do any work at all."

The old King thought now that the King's son had great powers of enchantment, and he said to him, "Your day's work for to-morrow is to lift the stones out of the loch, and to set up the castle again as it was before."

He brought the King's son home and said to him, "Go to sleep in the place where you were last night."

When the old King went to sleep the young daughter came and brought him into her own chamber and kept him there till the old King was about to rise in the morning. Then she put him out again in the fork of the tree.

At sunrise the old King came and said, "It's time for you to get to work."

"There's no hurry on me at all," says the King's son, "because I know I can readily do my day's work."

He went then to the brink of the lake, but he was not able to see a stone, the water was that black. He sat down on a rock, and it was not long until Finnuala—that was the name

faoi ceann móimíó bí an sean-éirleán ar bun mar bí ré an lá roimhe. Ann rin dúbairt rí leir: “Ar d’anam, ná h-innir do m’áitir go ndearnaíó mire an obair reo dúit, nó go bfuil eólar ar bit aSao orm.”

Tráchnóna an laé rin, táinig an sean rúg aSao dúbairt, “Feicim go bfuil obair an laé deunta aSao.”

“Tá,” ar ran mac rúg, “obair fíó-deunta i rin!”

Ann rin faoil an sean rúg go raib níor mó cúmáct oíaoir-eácta aS an mac rúg ‘ná do bí aise féin, aSao dúbairt ré: “Ní’l áct don ruo eile aSao le deunam.” Tús ré a-baile ann rin é, 7 éuir ré é le coolaó i ngablóis an érainn, áct táinig fionnguala 7 éuir rí in a reompa féin é, aSao ar maidin, éuir rí amac arii ar an gcraon é. Le h-éirge na gréine, táinig an sean rúg éuirge aSao dúbairt leir: “Tar liom go dtairbéanfaíó mé dúit d’obair laé.”

Tús ré an mac rúg go gleann mói, aSao tairbéan do tobar, 7 dúbairt: “Cail mo máitir-móir fáinne in ran tobar rin, aSao fás dam é real má dtéir an grían faoi, tráchnóna.”

Anoir bí an tobar ro ceo trois ar doimne aSao ríce trois timéioil; aSao bí ré líonta le h-uirge, aSao bí arm ar ipuonn aS faise an fáinne.

Nuair d’iméig an sean rúg, táinig fionnguala aSao d’fiarpuis, “Caó tá aSao le deunam anóú?” D’innir ré dí, aSao dúbairt rí, “Ir deacair an obair i rin, áct deunfaíó mé mo dtéioil le do beata do fábaí.” An rin tús rí do maiteóil, arán, aSao fíon. Rinne rí ruéac* dí féin aSao éuarí ríor ‘ran tobar. Níor bpaó go bpaíó ré deatac aSao tinnéac aS teáct amac ar an tobar, aSao topan ann mar toirnéac áro, aSao duine ar bit do beiréac aS éirteáct leir an topan rin faoilféac ré go raib arm ipuinn aS troio.

Faoi ceann tamail, d’iméig an deatac, éoirge an tinnéac aSao an toirnéac, aSao táinig fionnguala aníor leir an bfaíinne: Seacáio rí an fáinne do mac an rúg, aSao dúbairt rí: “Gnótaig mé an cat, 7 tá do beata fábáíta, áct feuc, tá lairóicín mo láime deire bpipte. Áct b’éoirge gur ábamaí an níó gur bpipte é. Nuair tiucpar m’áitir, ná tabair an fáinne do, áct bagair é go cruair. Déirfaíó ré tú ann rin le do bean do togaó, aSao reó an éaoi deunpar tú do roga. Déir mire aSao mo deirbpiupaó i reompa, beir poll ar an doir, 7 cuirpimíó uile ar láma amac mar éruimirsín. Cuirpíó tupa do lám trío an bpoll, aSao an lám cóngbócar tú gréim uirri nuair fórgólaíó

* Ruéac no ruéac = “Crotac máib,” róit éin uirge.

of the old King's daughter—came to him and said, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "Let there be no grief on you. I can do that work for you." Then she gave him bread, beef, mutton, and wine. After that she drew out the little enchanted rod, smote the water of the lake with it, and in a moment the old castle was set up as it had been the day before. Then she said to him—"On your life, don't tell my father that I did this work for you, or that you have any knowledge of me at all."

On the evening of that day the old King came and said, "I see that you have the day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son, "that was an easy-done job."

Then the old King thought that the King's son had more power of enchantment than he had himself, and he said, "You have only one other thing to do." He brought him home then, and put him to sleep in the fork of the tree, but Finnuala came and put him in her own chamber, and in the morning she sent him out again into the tree. At sunrise the old King came to him and said: "Come with me till I show you your day's work."

He brought the King's son to a great glen, and showed him a well, and said, "My grandmother lost a ring in that well, and do you get it for me before the sun goes under this morning."

Now, this well was one hundred feet deep and twenty feet round about, and it was filled with water, and there was an army out of hell watching the ring.

When the old King went away Finnuala came and asked, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "That is a difficult task, but I shall do my best to save your life." Then she gave him beef, bread, and wine. Then she made a sea-bird of herself, and went down into the well. It was not long till he saw smoke and lightning coming up out of the well, and (he heard) a sound like loud thunder, and anyone who would be listening to that noise he would think that the army of hell was fighting.

At the end of a while the smoke went away, the lightning and thunder ceased, and Finnuala came up with the ring. She handed the ring to the King's son, and said, "I won the battle, and your life is saved. But, look, the little finger of my right hand is broken; but perhaps it is a lucky thing that it was broken. When my father comes do not give him the ring, but threaten him stoutly. He will bring you then to choose your wife, and this is how you shall make your choice. I and my sisters will be in a room, there will be a

m'atari an doqar, ir i rin lām an té beirdear aġaw mar mnaas:
Tis leat mire o'atne ar mo lairiccin burti."

"Tis liom, aġur spaw mo epirde tū, a fionnguala," ar ran
mac iuġ:

Trātnōna an lae rin, tāinis an reat iuġ aġur o'fappuit: "An
bruar tū fāinne mo mātari mōne?"

"Fuairdear zo deiimin," ar ran mac iuġ; "bi arim 'gā cūmōac
ar ipponn, aēt buail mire iaw, aġur buailfinn a reat n-oireaw.
Nāc bfuil fīor aġaw sur Connaētaē mē?"

"Tabair dām an fāinne," ar ran rean iuġ.

"Zo deiimin, nī tiubraw," ar reirean; "ēpōio mē zo cūairō
ar a fon; aēt tabair dām-ra mō bean. Teartais' uaim beir aġ
imētaēt."

Tuġ an rean iuġ arteaē ē, aġur duhairt, "Tā mo tūūir inġean
'ran reomra rin iō' lātari. Tā lām gāc aoin aca rinte amac,
aġur an té cōngbōcār tū spēim uirri zo bporġōlari mire an
doqar, rin i oō bean."

Cuir an mac iuġ a lām trīo an bpoil oō bi ar an doqar, aġur
fuair pé spēim ar lām an lairiccin burti, aġur cōngbais spēim
cūairō air, sur fōrġail an rean iuġ doqar an treomra:

"S i reō mo bean," ar ran mac iuġ; "tabair dām anoir rppē
o'ingne."

"Nīl oē rppē aici le fāġail aēt caoil-eac donn le riō oō
ēairt abaitē, aġur nār ēaġarō riō ar air, beō nā marō, zo
oēō!"

Cūairō an mac iuġ 7 fionnguala ar marcuigēaēt ar an gcaoil-
eac donn; aġur nīor brawa zo wāngawari zo wti an coill 'n ar
fāg an mac iuġ a cū aġur a fēabac. Bi riaw ann rin pōime, mar
aon le na ēapall breaġ oūb. Cuir pé an t-eac caol donn ar
air ann rin. Cuir pé fionnguala aġ marcuigēaēt ar a ēapall,
aġur lēim ruar, ē fēin,

Δ cū le n-a coir
Δ fēabac ar a boir,

aġur nīor rawa pé zo wāinis pé zo Rāt ēruacāin:

Bi fāilte mōr pōime ann rin, aġur nīor brawa sur pōraw ē
fēin aġur fionnguala. Cāt riaw beata fawā fēunmāri,—aēt ir
beaġ mā tā loġs an trean-ēairlēin le fāġail anōiū i Rāt. ēruac-
āin Connaēti:

hole in the door, and we shall all put our hands out in a cluster. You will put your hand through the hole, and the hand that you will keep hold of when my father will open the door that is the hand of her you shall have for wife. You can know me by my broken little finger."

"I can; and the love of my heart you are, Finnuala," says the King's son.

On the evening of the day the old King came and asked, "Did you get my grandmother's ring?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "there was an army out of hell guarding it, but I beat them; and I would beat seven times as many. Don't you know I'm a Connachtman?"

"Give me the ring," says the old King.

"Indeed I won't give it," says he; "I fought hard for it; but do you give me my wife, I want to be going."

The old King brought him in and said, "My three daughters are in that room before you. The hand of each of them is stretched out, and she on whom you will keep your hold until I open the door, that one is your wife."

The King's son thrust his hand through the hole that was in the door, and caught hold of the hand with the broken little finger, and kept a tight hold of it until the old King opened the door of the room.

"This is my wife," said the King's son. "Give me now your daughter's fortune."

"She has no fortune to get, but the brown slender steed to bring you home, and that ye may never come back, alive or dead!"

The King's son and Finnuala went riding on the brown slender steed, and it was not long till they came to the wood where the King's son left his hound and his hawk. They were there before him, together with his fine black horse. He sent the brown slender steed back then. He set Finnuala riding on his horse, and leaped up himself.

His hound at his heel,
His hawk on his hand,

and he never stopped till he came to Rathcroghan.

There was great welcome before him there, and it was not long till himself and Finnuala were married. They spent a long prosperous life; but it is scarcely that (even) the track of this old castle is to be found to-day in Rathcroghan of Connacht.

A ÓGÁNAIS AN CÚIL ÓEANGAILTE

A ógánaig an cúil óeangailte
 Le a maib mé real i n-éinfeacht;
 Cuaid tu 'péir, an bealaí ro,
 'S ní táinig tu do m'feucaint.
 Saoil mé nac n-deunfaíde dochar duit
 Dá dtiocfa, a' r mé d' iarraid,
 'S sur b'í do phóigín tabairfead rólár
 Dá mbeidinn i lár an fíadhair:

Dá mbeidfead maoin agam-ra
 Agus airgead ann mo póca
 Deunfaínn bóitín aic-giorraí
 So dochar tige mo rtoirín,
 Mar fúil le Dia so g-cluinnfinn-re
 Torann binn a b'póige,
 'S ir fad an lá ó éodail mé
 Aic ag fúil le blar do phóige:

A' r faoil me a rtoirín
 So mburó gealaí agus spian tu;
 A' r faoil mé 'nna diaig rin
 So mburó rneacta ar an trliab tu;
 A' r faoil mé 'nn a diaig rin
 So mburó lócrann o Dia tu,
 No sur ab tu an feult-eólaí
 Ag dul rómam a' r mo diaig tu:

Seall tu ríoda 'r raicín dam
 Callaíde 'r b'póga áirí,
 A' r seall tu tar éir rin
 So leanfá ríto an trnáim mé:
 Ní mar rin acá mé
 Aic mo rgead i mbeul beapna;
 Saé nóm a' r saé maroin
 Ag feucaint tige m' acáir:

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]]

Ringleted youth of my love,
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
 You passed by the road above,
 But you never came in to find me ;
 Where were the harm for you
 If you came for a little to see me ;
 Your kiss is a wakening dew
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
 I would make a nice little boreen
 To lead straight up to his door,
 The door of the house of my storeen ;
 Hoping to God not to miss
 The sound of his footfall in it,
 I have waited so long for his kiss
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
 And I thought after that you were snow,
 The cold snow on top of the mountain ;
 And I thought after that you were more
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
 And satin and silk, my storeen,
 And to follow me, never to lose,
 Though the ocean were round us roaring ;
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall
 I am now left lonely without thee,
 And this house, I grow dead of, is all
 That I see around or about me.

COIRNÍN NA h-AITINNE.*

A b'ead ó roim, in ran t-pean-aimeir, bí baintreabac d'ar⁹ ainm b'pígeo ní g'rádaig, 'na cómnuidé i gConradé na Gaillimhe: Bí don mac amáin aici d'ar b'ainm Taòs. Rugaó é mí tar éir báir a d'ar i lár coille bige aitinne do bí ag fáir ar taoib énuic i ngar do'n tíg. Ar an dóbair rin, gáir na daoine Coirnín na h-Aitinne mar lear-ainm air. Táinig tinnear obann ar an mnaoi boict nuair bí sí ag reólad na mbó ruar ar taoib an énuic.

Nuair rugaó Taòs bí pé 'na naoirdeanán b'eadg, agus méadaig pé go maic go maib pé ceit're bliadhna d'aoir, aet ó'n am rin amac níor fáir pé orolac go maib pé t'ri bliadhna deus, no níor cuir pé cor faoi le coirceim do fíubal, aet d'fheuraó pé imteaet go tapa go leór ar a d'á láim agus ar a taoib fíar, agus d'á geluinpeaó pé don duine ag teaet cum an tíg, do buailpeaó pé a d'á láim faoi, agus do iacaó pé d'áon léim amáin ó'n teine go dtí an dorar; agus do cuirpeaó ceud míle fáilte roim an té táinig. Bí sean móir ag aoir óis an baile air, mar do geibeáó ríad spreann móir ar, gac uile oirde: Ó'n am bí pé reaet mbliadhna d'aoir, bí pé dearlámac agus úráideac d'á mátair, agus d'á mátair-móir do bí 'na cómnuidé i n-aon tíg leir. In ran b'pógmar, téirdeáó pé ar a lámáib agus ar a taoib-fíar ruar ar taoib an énuic, 7 bíod ag ite blac na h-aitinne mar gábar. Bí abann beag ann, roir an teaó agus an cnoc, agus do iacaó pé de léim tar an abainn com h-aepeac le geirpíad:

Buó pean-gogairde an mátair-móir. Bí sí boóar agus beag-nac balb, agus b'iomda t'poid do bíod aici péir agus ag Taòs.

Don lá amáin, dubairt an mátair le Taòs, "Caitpíó mé, a táirgín, tóin leatair cur ar do b'pírtib; tá mé r'gmuorta ag ceannac b'píroin, agus nuair béirdear pé deunta agam caitpíó tú dul go táillíur le ceirto d'fógluim."

"D'ar m'focal," ar ra Taòs, "ní h-é rin an ceirto béirdear agam: Níl in ran táillíur aet an naomaó cur d'fear. Má tugann tú ceirto ar bit dam, deun píobairt díom—tá r'péir móir agam in ran gceól."

"Bíod mar rin," ar ran mátair:

An lá 'na d'iaig rin, cuairt sí cum an baile móir leir an leat'ar d'fágail, agus nuair fuair buacailíro beaga an baile go maib an mátair imtígte, fuarad'ar poc gabair do bí ag páirín bacac O Ceallag, agus cuir ríad Coirnín ag marcuigeaet air. Ar go

* Ó p'píntiar O Connéubair do fuair mé an r'géal ro.

COIRNIN OF THE FURZE

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

LONG ago, in the olden time, there was a widow, whose name was Bridget O'Grady, living in the County Galway. She had an only son, whose name was Teig. He was born a month after his father's death in a little wood of furze that was growing on the side of a hill near the house. For that reason the people called him "Coirnin* of the Furze" as a nickname. The poor woman was suddenly taken ill as she was driving the cows up the side of the hill.

When Teig was born he was a fine infant, and grew well till he was four years of age, but from that time on he did not grow an inch until he was thirteen, nor did he put a foot under him to walk a step, but he was able to go quickly enough on his two hands and his back, and if he would hear anyone coming to the house he would strike his two hands under him, and would go of a single leap from the fire to the door, and he would put a hundred thousand welcomes before whoever came. The youth of the village liked him greatly, for they used to get great amusement out of him every night. From the time he was seven years of age he was handy and useful to his mother, and to his grandmother who was living in the one house with him. In the harvest time he used to go on his hands and his back up the side of the hill, and he used to be eating the furze blossoms like a goat. There was a little river on it there, between the house and the hill, and he used to go over the river of a leap, as airy as a hare.

The grandmother was a silly old woman; she was deaf and almost dumb, and many was the fight herself and Teig used to have.

One day the mother said to Teig, "Teigeen, I must put a leather seat on your breeches; I'm destroyed buying frieze, and as soon as I have it done, you must go to a tailor to learn a trade."

"By my word," says Teig, "that is not the trade I'll have. A tailor is only the ninth part of a man. If you give me a trade at all, make a piper of me. I've a great liking for the music."

"Let it be so," says the mother. The day after that she went to the town to get the leather, and when the little lads of

* Pronounced "Curneen."

briát leir an bpoc, a5 meigilt éom h-áir agur o'feud ré, 7 Coirpnín ar a muin a5 r5neadaoil marí duine ar a céil, le faicéoir 5o o'cuirfead ré, agur buacailiú an baile 'na diais. Tug an poc t5aíú ar bočán páirín, agur nuair éonairc páirín an poc 7 a márcac a5 teacé. faoil ré gur b'é an rean-buacailiú do bí a5 deacé 'na éoinne. Níor riúbail páirín coirpcéim le reacé mbliad-anaibí roimé rin, acé, nuair éonairc ré an poc a5 teacé arceac ar an dorar, éuairé ré o'aon léim amac ar an bfuinneóis, agur 5áir ré ar na cómarpannaibí é do fábail o'n diabail do bí 'na diais:

Bí na buacailiú a5 5áiríde 7 a5 5neadaú bor gur éuir riad an poc ar mipe, agur amac áir leir ar an teac. Nuair éonairc páirín é a5 teacé an dapa uair, ar 5o briát leir, agur an poc agur Coirpnín ar a muin 'na diair. Bí adarca fada ar an bpoc, agur bí 5neim an rir báirde a5 Coirpnín oirpa. Tug páirín a5aíú ar 5aillim, agur an poc o'a leanamaint. O'éirig an 5áir agur táinig dooine na mbailte ar 5ac taoibí de'n bótar amac, agur a leicéir de 5áiréoil ní riabí ariam 1 5conacé na 5aillime. Níor rtao páirín 5o n'eadairé ré arceac 1 5catair na 5aillime agur an poc 7 a márcac le na fálaibí. Búó lá mar5aíú é agur bí na rriádeanna lionta le dooinibí. Tóraig páirín a5 5laodac agur a5 5áiréoil ar na dooinibí é do fábail agur bí riad-ran a5 deunam magairé faoi. Éuairé ré ruar rriáir agur anuar rriáir eile agur bí a5 iméacé 5o riabí an 5rian a5 dul faoi 'ran tráétnóna:

Conairc Coirpnín úbla breága ar élar, agur rean-bean anaice leó, agur táinig dúil móir, air, cuir de na n-úblaibí do beir aige: 5gaoil ré a 5neim ar adarcaibí puic agur éuairé ré de léim ar élar na n-úball. Ar 5o briát leir an t-rean-bean agur o'fás rí na n-úbla 'na diais, óir bí rí leac-mairí leir an r5annraó:

Níor b'ada bí Coirpnín a5 ite na n-úball nuair táinig a mátar 1 látar, agur nuair éonairc rí Coirpnín, 5earr rí lois na cpoire uirri réin, 7 dubairt, "1 n-ainm Dé, a Coirpnín, cao do tug ann ro tá?"

"Fiarruig rin de páirín O Ceallais agur o'a poc 5abair; tá an t-áó oir, a mátar, nac bfuil mo muineul bpirce."

Éuir rí Coirpnín arceac in a rriáirge agur tug a5aíú ar an mbailé:

Acé ir arceac an níú tárla do páirín O Ceallais. Nuair r5ar Coirpnín leir an bpoc, lean ré páirín amac ar an mbótar móir, táinig ruar leir, éuir a o'a adairc faoi, éair ar a bpuim é, agur níor fear 5o o'táinig ré a-baile. Cuirpings páirín a5 an dorar, agur éuir an poc marí ar an tairrig: Éuairé páirín 'na córlad; óir bí ré leac-mairí agur bí ré mall 'ran oirde, agur

the village found that the mother was gone, they got a buck goat that belonged to lame Paddy Kelly, and they put Coirnin riding on it. Off and away with the buck, bleating as loud as he could, and Coirnin on his back screeching like a person out of his senses, with fear lest he should fall, and the boys of the village after him. The buck faced for Paddy's cottage; and when Paddy saw the buck and his rider coming he thought that it was the old boy that was coming for him. Paddy had not walked a step for seven years before that, but when he saw the buck coming in at the door he went of a single leap out through the window, and called on the neighbors to save him from the devil that was after him.

The boys were laughing and clapping their hands till they set the buck mad, and off again with him, out of the house. When Paddy saw him coming the second time, off and away with him, and the buck with Coirnin on his back after him. There were long horns on the buck, and Coirnin had the "drowning man's grip" on them. Paddy faced for Galway, with the buck following him. The cry rose, and the people of the villages on each side of the road came out, and such shouting there never was before in the County Galway. Paddy never stopped till he came into the City of Galway, and the buck and his rider at his heels. It was a market day, and the streets were filled with people. Paddy began crying and yelling on the people to save him, and they were making a mock of him. He went up one street and down another street, and he was going until the sun was setting in the evening.

Coirnin saw fine apples on a board, and an old woman near them, and there came a great wish on him to have a share of the apples. He loosed his grasp on the buck's horns, and went with a leap on the board of apples. Away for ever with the old woman, and she left the apples behind her, for she was half dead with the fright.

It was not long that Coirnin was eating the apples, when his mother came by, and when she saw Coirnin she cut the sign of the Cross on herself, and she said—"In the name of God, Coirnin, what brought you here?"

"Ask that of Paddy Kelly and his buck goat; there's luck on you, mother, that my neck is not broken."

She put Coirnin into her apron and faced for home.

But it's curious the thing that happened to Paddy Kelly. When Coirnin parted with the buck, the animal followed Paddy out on the high road, came up with him, put his two horns under him, threw Paddy upon his own back, and never stood still

nuair d'éiríx ré ar maidin, ní raib an poc le fáigail beó ná marb ; agus dubhairt na daoine uile go mbeo poc d'raoibeadta do bí ann. Ar éaoi ar bí eus ré coiribeadt do ráioin O Ceallais, puo nac raib aise le peact mbliadnais iomhe rin.

Cuair an rgeul trío an tír, go scuair d'ac uile fear, bean, 7 páirde 1 gconadé na Saillim é, agus ir iomda cur-pior do bí air, iomh trádóna an laé rin. Dubhairt cuir sup poc d'raoibeadta do bí 1 bpoc ráioin, 7 go raib ré iannpáirteac leir ; dubhairt cuir eile go mbeo fear ríde Coirnnín, agus go mbeo cóir a dógad.

An oirde rin, d'innir Coirnnín h-uile níó 1 d'raoib na caoi do eus an poc go Saillim é, 7 táinix na buacailiú go teac Úrígto Ní Sradais, agus bí greann móir aca as éirteact le Coirnnín as innrint 1 d'raoib na marcuigeacta do bí aise go Saillim ar muin puic ráioin Uí Ceallais, agus d'ac níó tápla leir ar fear an laé.

An oirde rin, nuair cuair Coirnnín ar a leaburó, táinix brón éigin air, agus 1 n-ait coadta corais ré as reitpil. D'fiarpuig a mátair d'é creao do bí air. Dubhairt reirean nac raib pior aise. "Ní'l oir acé reafóir," ar ríre ; "rtop do cuir reitpil, 7 leir d'inn coislaó." Acé níoir rtop ré go maidin.

Ar maidin níoir feud ré greim d'ite, agus dubhairt ré le na mátair, "Racao amac, go bpeirio mé an ndunpao an t-áer mait dam." "D'éiríx go ndunpao," ar ríre.

Leir rin, buail ré a d'á láim faoi, agus cuair d'áon leim amáin go d'á an d'orap, agus amac leir. Eus ré d'áir ar na h-aitéanais, 7 níoir rtao go ndeacair ré ar teac 'na mearg: Sín ré é féin ioir d'á rgeac agus níoir b'rao go raib ré 'na coislaó. Bí b'ionglóir aise go raib an poc le n-a taoib, as iarrair caint do cur air. D'uirix ré, acé 1 n-ait an puic bí fear breas g'ruasac taoib leir, 7 dubhairt ré, "A Coirnnín, ná bío eagra oir iómamra: Ir capair mé, 7 tá mé ann ro le cómarple do leapa do tabhairt duit, má glacann tú uaim í. Tá tú do cláirineac ó ruasó tú, 7 do cuir-magair as buacailiú an baile. Ir mire an poc gabair do eus go Saillim tú, acé tá mé árpúghe anoir go d'á an puoc in a b'iceann tú mé. Ní feudpáinn an t-árpúgadó d'fáigail go d'ugpáinn an marcuigeact rin duit, agus anoir tá cúmaet móir agam. D'feudpáinn do learpúgadó ar ball, acé d'earpao na cómarpanna go raib tú iannpáirteac leir na ríde, agus ní feudpá an b'araimail rin baint díob. Tá tú do fúirde anoir go díreac in ran áit ar ruasó tú, 7 tá pota óir 1 b'oisgreact troighe doo' taoib-fiar, acé ní'l tú le baint leir go fóil, mar ní feudpá úráir mait do deunam d'é. Teirix a-baile anoir agus ar maidin amárac, abair le do mátair go raib b'ionglóir breas

till he came home. Paddy came off at the door, and the buck fell dead at the threshold. Paddy went to sleep, for he was half dead and it was late in the night, and when he arose in the morning the buck was not to be got alive or dead; and all the people said that it was an enchanted buck that was in it. Anyway it gave power to walk to Paddy Kelly, a thing he had not had for seven years before that.

The story went through the country till every man, woman, and child in the County of Galway heard it, and many was the version that was on it before the evening of that day. Some said it was an enchanted buck that Paddy had, and that he was in league with it; others said that Coirnin was a fairy man, and that it would be right to burn him.

That night Coirnin told everything about the way the buck took him to Galway, and the boys came to Bridget O'Grady's house, and they had great fun listening to Coirnin telling about the ride that he had to Galway on the back of Paddy Kelly's buck, and everything that happened him throughout the day.

That night when Coirnin went to bed some sorrow came over him, and instead of sleeping he began sighing. His mother asked him what was on him. He said that he did not know.

"There's nothing on you but nonsense," says she. "Stop that sighing and let us sleep." But he did not stop till morning.

In the morning he was not able to eat a morsel, and he said to his mother—

"I'll go out till I see if the air will do me good."

"Maybe it would," says she.

With that he struck his hands under him and went of one leap to the door, and out with him. He faced for the furze, and he did not stop till he came in amongst it. He stretched himself between two bushes, and it was not long till he was asleep. He had a dream that the buck was beside him trying to make him talk. He awoke, but instead of the buck there was a fine wizard man beside him, and he said, "Coirnin, don't be afraid of me; I'm a friend, and I'm here to give you profitable counsel if you will take it from me. You are a cripple since you were born, and a laughing-stock to the boys of the village; I am the buck goat that took you to Galway, but I am changed now to the form in which you see me. I was not able to get the change till I should have given you that ride, and now I have great power. I would have cured you on the spot, but the neighbors would have said that you were in

asao go faib luid as fár le coir na h-aibne do bheirfadh riúbal asur lút duit; abair an puo ceoona léi trí maidin anois a céile, asur crieoiríó pí go bfuil pé fíor. Nuair pacar tú as córuigeacht na luibe geobair tú i as fár taob-fíor de'n éloic móir nigeacáin atá as bhuac na h-aibne; tabair leat i asur bhuic i, asur ól an rúg, asur béir tú ionnán pára do pu anaáir buacail ar bit in ran bparpáirte. Béir iongantap ar na daoineib i uorac, aet ní máirpíó rin a-bfao. Béir tú trí bliadhna déas an lá rin. Tap 'ran oirde cum na h-áite peo; béir an pota óir cósta asam-ra, aet ar do beata congbaig 'oinninn asao féin, asur ná h-innir do duine ar bit go bpacar tú mire. Imtis anoir: Slán leat."

Seall Coirínín go ndéunfadh pé sac níó dubairt an sruasac beas leir, 7 táinig pé a-baile, lútgáireac go leor. Breatnaig an mátair nac faib pé com sruamac asur bí pé pul má ndeacair pé amac, asur dubairt pí, "Saoilim, a mic, go ndearnaid an t-aer maí duit."

"Rinne go deimín," ar reirean, "asur tabair puo le n'ite dam anoir."

An oirde rin, i n-áit do beir as reirpíl, cóvail pé go bpeas, asur ar maidin dubairt pé le n-a mátair, "Bí bpionglóir bpeas asam aéir, a mátair."

"Ná tabair don áir ar bpionglóir," ar ran mátair; "Ior conpáilta tuiteann riad amac."

Cait Coirínín an lá as rmuáinead ar an gcómpad do bí aige leir an sruasac beas, 7 ar an raibhnear móir do bí le págail aige: Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, dubairt pé le n-a mátair, "Bí an bpionglóir bpeas rin asam aéir arí."

"Go méadaigir Dia an maí, 7 go lagdaigir Sé an t-olc," ar ran mátair; "cuair mé go minic dá mbeidead an bpionglóir céadna as duine trí oirde anois a céile, go mbeidead pí fíor."

An tríomad maidin, o'éirig Coirínín go mod asur dubairt pé le n-a mátair, "Bí an bpionglóir bpeas rin asam aéir arí, asur, ó tárla go tainig pé eugam trí oirde anois a céile, pacar mé le feucaint bfuil don fírin innti. Connairc mé luid in mo bpionglóir do beirfadh mo riúbal asur mo lút dam."

"An bpacar tú in ran mbpionglóir cá faib an luid as fár?" ar ran mátair.

"Connairc go deimín," ar reirean; "tá pí as fár taob leir an gclóic móir nigeacáin atá ar bhuac na h-aibne."

"Go deimín, ní'l don luid as fár anaice leir an gclóic nigeacáin," ar ran mátair; "bí mé 'ran áit rin go minic, asur ní feuradh pí beir ann a-san-fíor dam."

league with the fairies, and you would not have been able to take that opinion from them. You are seated now in exactly the same spot you were born in, and there is a pot of gold within a foot of your back, but you are not to touch it yet, because you would not be able to make a good use of it. Go home now, and to-morrow morning tell your mother that you had a fine dream, that there was a herb growing beside the river that would bring walk and activity to you. Tell the same thing to her three mornings after each other, and she will believe that it is true. When you go seeking the herb, you will find it growing down from the big washing stone that is on the edge of the river. Take it with you, and boil it, and drink the juice, and you will be able to run a race against any boy in the parish. There will be wonder on the people at first, but that won't last long. You will be thirteen years old that day. Come in the night to this place. I will have the pot of gold lifted, but for your life keep your intentions to yourself, and don't tell any person at all that you saw me. Go now; farewell."

Coirnin promised that he would do everything the little wizard man told him, and he came home joyous enough. The mother observed that he was not so gloomy as he was before he went out, and she said—

"I think, son, the air did you good."

"It did, indeed," says he, "and give me something to eat now."

That night, instead of being sighing, he slept finely, and in the morning he said to his mother—"I had a fine dream last night, mother."

"Don't give any importance to a dream," says the mother, "it's contrary they fall out."

"Coirnin spent the day thinking on the discourse he had with the little wizard man and of the great riches he was to get. In the morning the next day he said to his mother—"I had that fine dream again last night."

"May God increase the good and may He decrease the bad," says his mother. "I often heard that if a person had the same dream three nights after other, it would be true."

The third morning Coirnin got up early and said to his mother, "I had that fine dream again last night, and since it chanced that it came to me three nights after other I'll go to see if there is any truth in it. I saw an herb in my dream that would give my walk and my activity to me."

“B'éiríonn sup fár rí ann ó foín,” arsa Coirínín, “asur pacáir mife d'a córaigeaé.”

Buail ré a d'a láim faoi, asur éuaíó d'aon léim amáin go dtí an doras, asur amac leir. Níor b'fada go raib ré as an gcloic nígeadáin, asur fuair ré an luib. Tug ré léimeanna mar fíad a mbeirdeas gadaí 'gá leanamaint, as teacé a-baile le teann-lútáire:

“A mátaí,” ar reirean, “b'fíor d'am mo b'ionglóir: fuair mé an luib. Cuir ríor d'am an pota asur b'uit d'am é.”

Cuir an mátaí an luib 'ran b'ota, asur timcioll cáta uirge leir, asur nuair bí rí b'uite asur an rúg fuar, d'ól Coirínín é. Ní raib ré móimio in a bolg nuair fear ré fuar ar a coraib asur coraig ré as rí fuar asur anuar. Bí iongantár mór ar a mátaí. Coraig rí as tabairt míle glóir asur altugad do Dia; ann rin gáir rí ar na cómarpannaib asur d'innir dóib b'ionglóir Coirínín, asur an éaoi a b'fuair ré úráio a cor. Bí lútáire mór oppa uile, mar bí b'úgíó Ní g'rádaig 'na cómarpan mait asur bí meaf aca uile uirri.

An oirde rin, éruinnig buacailiú an baile arteaé le lútáire do deunam le Coirínín asur le n-a mátaí. Nuair b'odair uile as cómpad cia ríubalpaé arteaé acé páirín O Ceallais. Bí raio uile as caint faoi an gcaoi a b'fuair Coirínín a ríubal asur lút a énam:

“Go deimín ir dam-ra buó cóir d'ó beir buirdeac; 'ré an crataó do tug mo poc-gabair-pe d'ó do pinne an obair, asur tá fíor as h-uile duine go dtug an marcuigeaé do pinne ré, úráio mó cor ar air dam féin. Oé, mo b'ón! go b'fuair mo poc b'eadg báp!”

“Tug tá h-éiteac,” ar Coirínín, “'rí an luib do léigearaig mé: Rinne mé b'ionglóir trí oirde anraig a céile go leigreócaó an luib mé, asur tís le mo mátaí a épotugad go raib mé mo cláir-ineac tar éir mo teacé' ó gailim, sup ól mé rúg na luibe.”

“D'feutrainn mo mionna tabairt go b'uil mo mac as innrin na rípinne glaine,” ar ran mátaí:

Ann rin coraig cáé as deunam madaí faoi páirín, sup imtís ré amac:

Éuaíó gac uile níó go mait le Coirínín asur le n-a mátaí 'na díais reó. Don oirde amáin nuair éuaíó an mátaí asur na cómarpanna 'na gcólaó, éuaíó Coirínín cum na h-Aitínne. Bí a éaraio, an g'ruasac beas, ann rin foime, asur bí an pota óir réir d'ó:

“Seó d'uit anoir an pota óir; cuir i dtairge é i n-ait ar bit ir toil leat. Tá an oirde ann asur deunfar d'uit fao do beata.”

"Did you see in your dream where the herb was growing?" says the mother.

"I did, indeed," says he; "it's growing beside the big washing stone that's at the edge of the river."

"Indeed there's no herb growing near the washing stone," says his mother. "I was in that place often, and it could not be in it unbeknownst to me."

"Maybe it grew in it since," says Coirnin, "and I'll go to look for it."

He struck his two hands under him, and went at one leap to the door, and out with him. It was not long till he was at the washing stone, and he found the herb. He gave leaps like a deer that a hound would be following, coming home with excessive joy.

"Mother," says he, "my dream was true for me. I got the herb. Put down the pot for me, and boil it for me."

The mother put the herb in the pot and about a quart of water with it, and when it was boiled and the juice cold, Coirnin drank it. It was not a moment inside him when he stood upon his feet and began running up and down. There was great astonishment on his mother. She began giving a thousand glories and praises to God. Then she called the neighbors and told them Coirnin's dream and how he got the use of his feet. There was great joy on them all, for Bridget O'Grady was a good neighbor, and they all had a regard for her.

That night the boys of the village gathered in to make rejoicing with Coirnin and his mother. When they were all discoursing who should walk in but Paddy Kelly! They were all talking of how Coirnin got his walk, and the activity of his bones.

"Indeed, it's to myself he has a right to be thankful; it's the jolting my buck goat gave him that did the work, and everyone knows that the ride he took gave me back the use of my feet again. Och! my grief that my fine buck died!"

"You lie!" says Coirnin; "it's the herb that cured me. I had a dream three nights after other that the herb would cure me, and my mother can prove it that I was a cripple after coming from Galway till I drank the juice of the herb."

"I'd take my oath that my son is telling the clean truth," says his mother. Then each of the people began mocking Paddy, till he went out.

Everything went well with Coirnin and his mother after that. One night, when his mother and the neighbors went

“Saoilim go b’áirdear mé é in ran bpoll a maib ré ann,” ar ra Coirinnín “aet béairdear mé poinn dé a-baile liom.”

“Ná tabair leat fóir é, aet bíod b’ionglóir eile a’as mar bí a’as ceana, agus, ’na diais rin, tís leat poinn dé do tabairt leat. Ceannais an talam ro agus cuir teac ar bun in ran mball ar iugad tú, agus ní feicfid tú féin ná don duine i n-aon tís leat, lá boet fad do beata. Slán leat anoir—ní feicfid tú mé níor mó.”

Cuir Coirinnín an pota ríor in ran bpoll, agus c’earfós or a cionn, agus táinig ré a-baile.

Ar maidin, d’ubairt ré le n-a máair: “Bí b’ionglóir eile a’as aréir arí,” 7 an t’ear maidin, d’ubairt ré léi, “Tá mo b’ionglóir ríor anoir san amhar, bí rí a’as aréir go d’íreac mar bí rí a’as an d’á uair eile; rin t’rí uaire an d’iar a céile, agus tís liom é reo innreac duit nac b’feicfid tú lá boet fad do beata; aet ní tís liom don iud eile do fad leat d’á taob.”

An oirde rin, cuairt ré cum an .ota óir, 7 tug lán r’poráin dé a-baile leir, agus ar maidin tug ré do’n máair é: “Tá níor mó,” d’eir ré, “in ran áit a d’áinig rin ar, agus geobair mé duit é nuair b’íreac ré a’as teartál uair, aet ná cuir don ceirt oim d’á taob.”

Níor b’ada ’na diais reo, gur ceannais b’ríor ní f’áirdeis bó bainne 7 cuir ar feurac í. Cuairt rí féin agus Coirinnín ar a’as go maí, agus nuair bí ré ríce bliadan d’aoir, ceannais ré gab-áit ar móir talman timcíoll na h-aitinne, agus cuir teac b’ead ar bun ar an mball ar iugad é. Seal gearr ’na diais rin fóir ré bean. Bí muiugín móir aise, agus nuair fuair re b’ar le rean-aoir, d’fás ré óir agus a’ríor a’as a cionn, agus ní f’acair don duine do c’innais in ran tís rin lá boet a’as

to sleep, Coirnin went to the furze. His friend the little wizard was there before him, and the pot of gold was ready for him. "Here now is the pot of gold for you, stow it away in any place you like; there's as much in it as will do you throughout your life."

"I think I'll leave it in the hole where it was," says Coirnin, "but I'll bring a share of it home with me."

"Don't take it with you yet, but have another dream like the one you had already, and after that you can take a share with you. Buy this ground and set up a house on the spot where you were born, and neither you yourself nor anyone in the same house with you will ever see a day's poverty during your life. Farewell to you now; you shall see me no more."

Coirnin put the pot down in the hole and clay on the top of it, and came home.

In the morning he said to his mother—"I had another dream last night, but I won't tell it to you till I see if I will have it again three nights after other."

"The second morning he said—"I had the dream again last night;" and the third morning he said to her—"My dream is true now without doubt. I had it last night just as I had it the two other times, that's three times after one another, and I can tell you this—that you won't see a poor day during your life, but I cannot tell you anything else about it."

That night he went to the pot of gold, and brought the full of a purse of it home with him, and in the morning he gave it to his mother. "I have more," says he, "in the place where that came from, and I'll get it for you when you'll be wanting it, but ask no question of me about it."

It was not long after this till Bridget O'Grady bought a milch cow and put her on grass. She herself and Coirnin went on well, and when he was twenty years of age he bought a large holding of land round the furse, and set up a fine house on the spot where he was born. A short time after that he married a wife. He had a large family, and when he died of old age he left gold and silver to his children, and not a person who lived in that house saw a poor day ever.

béan an fíor ruair:

Tá ríad o'á ríad
 Sur tu páilín rocair i mbhóis,
 Tá ríad o'á ríad
 Sur tu béilín tana na bhóis.
 Tá ríad o'á ríad
 A míle ríad go dtug tu dam cúl;
 Cíod go bfuil fear le fáil
 'S leir an táilliúr Béan an fíor Ruair:

'Do tugar naoi mí
 I bhfíorán, ceangailte cruair,
 Boitair ar mo éolair
 Agus míle glar ar rúo ruar,
 Tabairfaimn-re ríde
 Mar tabairfá eala coir cuain;
 Le fonn do beir rínte
 Síor le Béan an fíor Ruair.

Šaon mife a ceur-fearc
 Go mbeir' don tigeir roir mé 'r tu
 Šaon mé 'nna déig-rin
 Go mbreugrú mo leand ar do glúin
 Maillac Ríš Neime
 Ar an té rin bain díom-ra mo clú;
 Sin, agus uile go léir
 Luic breige cuir roir mé 'r tu.

Tá crann ann ran ngáirín
 Air a bparann duilleabair a'f blac buide;
 An uair leagaim mo lám air
 Ir láirín nac mbuireann mo éiríde;
 'S é rólár go báir
 A'f é o'fáil o flaitear anuar
 Don póigin amáin,
 A'f é o'fáil o Béan an fíor Ruair:

Acé go dtis lá an traošail
 'Nna feubpar enuic agus cuain,
 Tiocair ríuic ar an ngéin
 'S beir na neultá com duib leir an ngual;
 Béir an fáirge ríin
 A'f tiocair na bhónta 'r na truaig'
 'S beir an táilliúr as ríreac
 An lá rin faoi Béan an fíor Ruair:

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

'Tis what they say,
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe,
 'Tis what they say,
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue;
 That the tailor went the way
 That the wife of the Red man knew.
 Nine months did I spend
 In a prison closed tightly and bound;
 Bolts on my smalls*
 And a thousand locks frowning around;
 But o'er the tide
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,
 Could I once set my side
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.
 I thought, O my life,
 That one house between us love would be;
 And I thought I would find
 You once coaxing my child on your knee;
 But now the curse of the High One
 On him let it be,
 And on all of the band of the liars
 Who put silence between you and me.
 There grows a tree in the garden
 With blossoms that tremble and shake,
 I lay my hand on its bark
 And I feel that my heart must break.
 On one wish alone
 My soul through the long months ran,
 One little kiss
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.
 But the day of doom shall come,
 And hills and harbors be rent;
 A mist shall fall on the sun
 From the dark clouds heavily sent;
 The sea shall be dry,
 And earth under mourning and ban;
 Then loud shall he cry
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.

* There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

RÍOIRE NA SCLEAS.*

Bí feilméar [no duine-uapal] ann san tír, agus ní raib aige aet don mac amáin. Táinig ré seo [Ríoire na sclear] cuise ardeac traidhóna oibhe, agus d'iarr ré lóirtin do féin agus do'n d'á-r'eus do bí i n-éinfeacht leir.

"Suapac liom mar tá ré agam le t'asaid," ar san feilméar, "aet tiúbhairt mé duit é agus do d' d'á-r'eus." Fuit ruipear péir d'óib com maic d'r bí ré aige, agus nuair bí an ruipear caite, d'iarr an Ríoire ar an d'á-r'eus ro éirise ruar agus píora gairgídeacta do deunam do'n fear ro, as cairbeant na ngníomairtá bí aca.

D'éirigh an d'á-r'eus agus pinneadar gairgídeacta d'ó, agus ní fáca an duine seo ariam píora gairgídeacta mar iad rin, "mairead," aoir an duine-uapal, fear an tíse, "níor bfeair liom an oirpad ro [de fadóir] 'ná d'á mbeirdeat mo mac ionnán rin [do] deunam."

"Leis liom-ra é," ar Ríoire na sclear, "go ceann lá agus bliadain, agus beir ré com maic le ceactar de na buacailib seo atá agam."

"Leisfead," ar san duine-uapal, "aet go d'tiúbhairt tu ar air eugam é i gceann na bliadna."

"O tiúbhairt," ar Ríoire na sclear, "ar air eugad é."

Fuit bneacparc ar maidin, lá ar na márac, d'óib, nuair bíodar as dul as imteact, agus leis an duine-uapal an mac leó, agus d'fán ríad amuis lá agus bliadain:

I gceann d' lá agus bliadain táinig ríad ariar a-baile cuise, agus a mac féin i n-éinfeacht leó. Bí ré [as] faise oirra, agus bí fáilte pompa aige, agus bí oibhe maic aca. Nuair bíodar taréir a ruipeir, d'bhairt Ríoire na sclear leir an d'á-r'eus éirise ruar ariar agus gairgídeact do deunam do'n duine-uapal do bí tabairt an ruipeir d'óib. Anoir bí a mac féin ann, ffeirin, agus bí ré i ngar do beir com maic le ceactar aca: "Ní'l ré 'na gairgídeac f'óir com maic le mo cuir-re fear, aet leis liom-ra é," ar Ríoire na sclear, "ar fead lá agus bliadain eile."

"Leisfead," ar ffeiran, "aet go d'tiúbhairt tu ar air eugam é i gceann an lá agus bliadain." D'bhairt ré go d'tiúbhairt.

D'iméir ríad leó, an lá ar na márac 'féir bíd na maidne, agus d'fánadar amuis lá agus bliadain eile. Agus i gceann an lá agus bliadain donnaire an duine-uapal an comliadar as ceact

* Tá an rgeul ro focal ar focal go díreac mar do fuairear agus mar do rgeibdar ríor é ó beul márcain Ruairt bí Shollarnáit (fóirde i mbeurla), i gConrad na Gaillimhe.

THE KNIGHT OF THE TRICKS.

Written down word for word by me from the dictation of Martin Rua O Gillarna, or "Forde," near Monivea, Co. Galway (a small farmer, about 50 years old, Irish-speaking only).—DOUGLAS HYDE.

THERE was a farmer [*read* gentleman] in the country, and he had only one son. And this man [the Knight of the Tricks] came in to see him, on the evening of a night, and asked lodgings for himself and the twelve who were along with him.

"I think it miserable how I have it for you," said the gentleman, "but I'll give it to you and to your twelve." Supper was got ready for them, as good as he had it, and when the supper was eaten, the knight asked these twelve to rise up and perform a piece of exercise for this man, showing the deeds [accomplishments] they had.

The twelve rose up and performed feats for him, and this man had never seen any feat like them. "Musha," says the gentleman, the man of the house, "I wouldn't sooner [own] all this much riches, than that my son should be able to do that."

"Leave him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "till the end of a year and a day, and he will be as good as any of these boys that I have."

"I will," says the gentleman, "but [on condition] that you must bring him back to me at the end of the year."

"Oh, I will bring him back to you," said the Knight of the Tricks.

Breakfast was got for them in the morning, of the next day when they were going a-departing, and the gentleman let the son with them, and they remained away a day and a year.

At the end of the day and the year, they came home again to him, and his own son along with them. He was watching for them, and had a welcome for them, and they had a good night. When they were after their supper, the Knight of the Tricks told the twelve to rise up and perform feats for the gentleman who was giving them the supper. Now his own son was there also, and he was near to being as good as any of them.

"He is not yet a champion as good as my men are, but let him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "for another day and a year."

"I will," said he, "but that you will bring him back to me at the end of the day and a year." He said he would bring him.

cuise arís. Tug ré fáilte agus ruipéar dóib, le lútgáiríe iad do bheir ar ais arís agus a mac leó.

Caitheadar an ruipéar, agus nuair bíodar 'réir a ruipéir, tuidairt ré le n-a cúir fear éiríge ruar agus píora gairgídeacta do deunam do'n duine-uapal do bí tabairt na gnaomhúileact (?) dóib. D'éiríge ríad ruar, trí ríu deus, agus ba é a mac an fear do b'fear de'n méad rín. Ní faib fear ar bít ionnánann ceart do baint de áct Ríoripe na gcleair féin.

Deir an duine-uapal, "ní'l fear ar bít aca ionnánann gairgídeacta do deunam le mo mac féin."

"Ní'l, go deimhin," ar Ríoripe na gcleair "don fear ionnánann a deunam áct mire; agus má leigean tu d'am-ra é lá agus bliadain eile, béró ré 'na gairgídeacta com maít liom féin."

"Mairead, leigread," ar ran duine-uapal, "leigfíó mé leat é," aoiré ré.

Aníor, níor iarr ré air, an t-am ro, a tabairt ar ais arís, mar sinne ré na h-amannata eile, agus níor cúir ré ann a gearaib é.

1 gceann an lá agus bliadain, bí an duine-uapal ag fanamaint agus ag rúil le n-a mac, áct ní táinig an mac ná Ríoripe na gcleair. Bí an t-áair, ann rín, faoi imníde móir nac faib an mac ag teact a-baile cuise, agus tuidairt ré: "ré b'é áit de'n domhan a bfuil ré, caitfíó mé a fágail amad."

D'imtíge ré ann rín agus bí ré ag imteact gur áit ré trí oirde agus trí lá ag ríubal. Táinig ann rín arteaé i n-áit a faib áir b'reá, agus amuig anagair an doirir móir bí trí ríu deus ag bualaó báirí ann; agus fear ré ag feuctaint ar na trí fearaib deus d'á bualaó, agus bí don fear amáin d'á bualaó le d'á-r'eus aca. Táinig ré 'ran áit a rabadair arteaé ann a mearg ann rín, agus 'ré a mac féin bí ag bualaó an báirí leir an d'á-r'eus eile.

Cúir ré fáilte noim an áair ann rín: "O! a áair," aoiré ré, "ní'l don fágail agad oim. Ní sinne tura," aoiré ré, "do gnaeta (gnó) ceart; nuair bí tu [ag] deunam margair leirían níor iarr tu air; mire [do] tabairt ar ais agus."

"I ríor rín," aoiré an t-áair:

"Aníor," aoiré an mac, "ní bfuigfíó tu feuctaint oim anocht, áct deunfar trí colaim deus oinn agus caitfíóear gána coirce ar an uplár agus deurfair Ríoripe na gcleair má áitnigean tu do mac oim rín [= ann a mearg-ran] go bfuigfíó tú é. Ní béró mire ag ite don gáin agus béró na cinn eile ag ite. Béró mire oul anonn 'r anall 'r ag bualaó píoca ann ran-gcúir eile

They went away with themselves the next day, after their morning's meal, and they remained away for another day and a year. And at the end of the day and a year the gentleman saw the company coming to him again. He gave them a welcome and a supper, for joy them to be back again and his son with them.

They ate their supper, and when they were after their supper he said to the men to rise up and perform some feats for the gentleman who was showing them this kindness. They rose up, thirteen men, and his son was the best man of all the lot. There was no man at all able to take the right from him [overcome him] but the Knight of the Tricks himself.

Says the gentleman then, "There's not a man of them able to perform feats with my own son."

"There is not indeed one man," says the Knight of the Tricks, "able to do it but me, and if you leave him to me for another day and a year he will be a champion as good as myself."

"Musha, then I will," says the gentleman, "I'll let him with you," says he.

Now this time he did not ask him to take him back, as he had done the other times, and he did not put it in his conditions.

At the end of the day and the year the gentleman was waiting and hoping for his son, but neither the son nor the Knight of the Tricks came. The father was then in great anxiety lest his son was not coming home at all to him, and he said, "whatever place in the world he is in, I must find him out."

He departed then, and he was going until he spent three days and three nights traveling. He then came into a place where there was a fine dwelling, and outside of it, over against the great door, there were thirteen men playing hurley, and he stood looking at the thirteen men playing, and there was a single man hurling against twelve of them. He came in amongst them then, to the place where they were, and it was his own son that was playing against the other twelve.

He welcomed his father then. "Oh, father," says he, "you have no getting of me, you did not do," says he, "your business right: when you were making your bargain with him you did not ask him to bring me back to you."

"That is true," says the father.

"Now," said the son, "you won't get a sight of me to-night, but thirteen pigeons will be made of us, and grains of oats thrown on the floor, and the Knight of the Tricks will say that

de na colamaib: Seobair tu do poğan agus déapfair tu leir gur b'é mé tógfar tu. Sin é an comairte beirim duit, i pioct go n-aicneócair tu mire amearg na scolam eile, agus má tógann tu go ceart, béir mé agao an uair rin."

D'fás an mac é ann rin, agus táinig ré arteaó ann ran teac, agus éir Ríoripe na gcleap fáilte noime. Dubairt an duine-uair go dtáinig ré ag iarraid a mic nuair nac dtug an Ríoripe ar air leir é i gceann na bliadna. "Níor éir tu rin ann ran margaó," ar ran Ríoripe, "aé ó táinig tu com fada rin o'a iarraid, caiteir ré beir agao, má 'r féidir leat a tógao amac." Rug ré arteaó ann rin é go reomra a faib trí colaim deus ann, agus dubairt ré leir, a poğa colaim do tógao amac, agus dá mbuó h-é a mac féin do tógfaó ré go dtuicfaó leir a congbaíl. Bí na colaim uile ag piocaó na ngrána coirce de'n uirlár, aé aon ceann amáin do bí gabail éirt agus ag bualaó prioca ann ran gcuid eile aca. Do tóg an duine-uair an ceann rin. "Tá do mac gnótaigte agao," ar ran Ríoripe.

Cait riad an oirde rin buil (?) a céile, agus o'iméig an duine-uair agus a mac an lá ar na máraó agus o'fágaóar Ríoripe na gcleap. Nuair bí riad ag dul a-baile ann rin, táinig riad go baile-mór, agus bí donac ann, agus nuair bíodar dul arteaó ann ran donac o'iarri an mac ar a átair rreang do ceannac agus do deunam adartair oó. "Deunfair mire rtail díom féin," aóeir ré, "agus díolfair tu mé ar an donac ro. Tuicfair Ríoripe na gcleap éugao ar an donac—tá ré do o' leanamaint anoir—agus ceannócair ré mire uait. Nuair béirdear tu 's am' díol, ná tabair an t-adartair uait aé congbaig éugao féin é, agus [ir] féidir liom-ra teac ar air éugao—aé an t-adartair do congbaíl."

Rinne an mac rtail oé féin ann rin, agus fuair an t-átair adartair agus éir ré air é. Tarraing ré ruar ann rin ar an donac é, agus ir gearr do bí ré 'na fearam ann rin, nuair táinig Ríoripe na gcleap éir agus o'iarri ré cia méao do beirdeó ar an rtail aige. "Trí ceo púnta" deir an duine-uair. "Tiúbhair mire rin duit," deir Ríoripe na gcleap—tiúbhair ré ruo ar bit oó ag rúil go bfuigfeao ré an mac ar air, mar bí fíor aige go maíó gur b'é do bí ann ran rtail. "Tiúbhair mire duit é ar an airtioó rin," ar ran duine-uair, "aé ní tiúbhair mé an t-adartair." "Buó ceart an t-adartair do tabairt," ar ran Ríoripe.

O'iméig an Ríoripe ann rin agus an rtail leir, agus o'iméig an duine-uair ar a bealaó féin ag dul a-baile. Aé ní faib ré aé amuig ar an donac 'ran am a dtáinig an mac ruar leir air.

if you recognise your son amongst those, you shall get him. I will not be eating my grain, but the others will be eating. I will be going back and forwards and picking at the rest of the pigeons. You shall get your choice, and you will tell him that it is I you will take. That is the sign I give you now, so that you may know me amongst the other pigeons, and if you choose right you will have me then."

The son left him after that, and he came into the house, and the Knight of the Tricks bade him welcome. The gentleman said that he was come looking for his son, since the Knight did not bring him back with him at the end of the year. "You did not put that in the bargain," said the Knight, "but since you are come so far to look for him you must have him if you can choose him out." He brought him in then to the room where the thirteen pigeons were, and told him to choose out his choice pigeon, and if it was his own son he should choose that he might keep him. The other pigeons were picking grains of oats off the floor, all but one, who was going round and picking at the others. The gentleman chose that one. "You have your son gained," said the Knight.

They spent that night together, and the gentleman and his son departed next day and left the Knight of the Tricks. When they were going home then, they came to a town, and there was a fair in it, and when they were going into the fair the son asked the father to buy a rope and make a halter for him. "I'll make a stallion of myself," said he, "and you will sell me at this fair. The Knight of the Tricks will come up to you on the fair—he is following you now—and he will buy me from you. When you will be selling me don't give away the halter, but keep it for yourself, and I can come back to you—only you to keep the halter."

The son made a stallion of himself then, and the father got the halter and put it on him. He drew him up after that on the fair, and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him, and asked him how much would he be wanting for the stallion. "Three hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," said the Knight of Tricks—he would give him anything at all hoping that he might get the son back, for he knew well that it was he that was in the stallion. "I'll give him to you at that money," said the gentleman, "but I won't give the halter." "It were right to give the halter," said the Knight.

The Knight went away then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman departed on his own road going home, but he

“A áchair,” a deir sé, “tá mé ar páigil an tOidú agao, aet tá donac ann a leiteir peo d’ait amárac agus macamaoio arteaé ann.”

An lá ar na márac, nuair bíodar ag dul arteaé ann ran donac eile, dubairt an mac: “Deunpar mé rtail oíom féin agus tiucpar Rioidhe na gcleap air dom’ ceannac. Tiúbpar pé airgid ar bit oim a iarpar tu, aet cuir ann ran margaé nac otiúbpar tura an t-adartar do.” Tarraingeadar ruar ar an donac ann rin, agus pinne pé rtail de féin agus cuir an t-áchair adartar air agus ir gearr do bí pé ann, ‘na fearam, nuair éainis Rioidhe na gcleap cuise agus o’fiarpuis pé de cia méao do beiteao ar an rtail aige. “Sé ceo púnta,” ar ran duine-uapal. “Tiúbpar mire rin duit,” a deir sé. “Aet ní tiúbpar mé an t-adartar duit.” “Duo éairt an t-adartar tabairt arteaé ran margaé,” ar an Rioidhe, aet ní bfuair pé é.

O’imtis Rioidhe na gcleap ann rin agus an rtail leir, agus o’imtis an duine-uapal ar a beataé ag dul a-baile, aet ní raib pé i mbearna a’ coruim ag dul amac ar an donac am [nuair] a oéainis an mac air ruar leir.

“Tá go maic, áchair” a deir sé, “tá an uair peo gnócaigte agaim, aet ní’l fiór agam ceuo deunpar an lá-amárac linn. Tá donac ann a leiteir peo d’ait amárac agus tarroingamaoio ann.”

Cuadair mar rin ar an donac an lá ar n-a márac, agus pinne an mac rtail de féin, agus cuir an t-áchair adartar air, agus ir gearr do bí pé ‘na fearam ar an donac i n-am éainis Rioidhe na gcleap air cuise. O’fiarpuis an Rioidhe cia méao do beiteao pé ag iarpar ar an rtail breá rin do bí aige ann ran adartar. “Naol gceuo púnta tá mire ag iarpar air,” ar ran duine-uapal. Níor faoil pé go otiúbpar pé rin do. Aet ní congboéao airgid ar bit an rtail o’n Rioidhe. “Tiúbpar mé rin duit,” a deir sé. Cuir pé a lámh ann a póca agus tug pé an naol gceuo púnta do, agus rug pé ar an rtail leir an lámh eile, agus o’imtis pé leir com luac rin gur dearmao an duine-uapal é do cur ann ran margaé an t-adartar tabairt ar air do.

O’fan pé ag rúil go bfillpeao an mac, aet níor fill pé. Tug pé ruar é ann rin agus dubairt pé nac raib don maic do trupón (?) [beir ag rúil] go bráé leir, ná le n-a éeact ar air air go bráé.

Tug Rioidhe na gcleap ann rin an mac leir, agus bí pé tabairt ‘é uile fóirt pionnúir agus o’poc-upáide do, agus ní leispeao pé é ar bor do le don duine ag ite a beata, aet bí pé ann rin ceangailte, agus an lá leispeao pé na gairgíois eile amac, ní leispeao

was only just out of the fair when the son came up to him again. "Father," says he, "you have got me to-day, but there is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we'll go to it."

The next day when they were going into the other fair, the son said, "I will make a stallion of myself, and the Knight of the Tricks will come again to buy me. He'll give you any money that you may ask for me, but put it in the bargain that you will not give him the halter." They drew up on the fair then, and he made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him; and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came to him and asked him how much he'd be wanting for the stallion. "Six hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," says he; "but I won't give you the halter," said the gentleman. "It were only right to give the halter into the bargain," said the Knight, but he did not get it.

The Knight of the Tricks departed then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman went on his way, going home; but he was not as far as the custom-gap, going out of the fair, when the son came up with him again.

"It is well, father," says he, "we have gained this time, but I don't know what will to-morrow do with us. There is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we will go down to it."

They went to the fair accordingly next day, and the son made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him, and it was short he was standing on the fair when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him again. The Knight asked how much he would be wanting for that fine stallion that he had there by the halter. "Nine hundred pounds I'm asking for him," says the gentleman. He never thought he would give him that. But no money would keep the stallion from the Knight. "I'll give you that," says he. He put his hand in his pocket and gave him the nine hundred pounds, and with the other hand he seized the stallion and went off with him so quick that the gentleman forgot to put it into his bargain that he should give him back the halter.

He waited, hoping the son would return, but he did not. He gave him up then, and said that there was no good for him to be expecting him for ever, or expecting him to ever come back again.

The Knight of the Tricks then took away the son with him, and was giving him all sorts of punishment and bad usage, and would not let him [sit down] at table with anyone to eat

ré eipean leó: bí ré real fada mar rin, agus Ríoripe na gcleap as cur oíoc-mear air agus as tabairt uile fíor pionnúr dó.

Tuit ré amac gur iméig Ríoripe na gcleap an lá ro ar baile, agus d'fásbair ré eipean ann ran bpuinneóis ir áirde 'ran teac, 'n áit nac raib ruo ar bit le fásail aige; agus é ceangailte ann rin, fuar i n-áirde. Agus nuair bí 'é uile duine iméigte ann rin, agus gan ar an t-ríad aót é féin agus an cailín, d'iair ré deó uirge i n-ainm Dé, ar an gcailín. Dubairt an cailín go mberdeas fátéior uirru dá b'fásad a máigirtir amac í, go mar-bócad ré í.

"Ní cloirfid duine ar bit go deó é," aoiré ré, "ná bíod fátéior ar bit oit, ní mire innreócar [= inneópar] dó é." Tug sí fuar an deó uirge éirge ann rin, agus nuair éir ré a cloir-ionn ann ran uirge, as ól an uirge, rinne ré earcon dé féin agus éir ré ríor ann ran poiteac. Bí ríotán beas uirge taob amuis de 'n doirur bí [as] iú go n'eadair ré arteac ann ran abainn, agus éir sí amac ann ran ríotán sac a raib d'fúigleac 'ran poiteac aici. Bí reipean as iméac ann rin agus é 'na earcuin ann ran abainn, as carraigte a-baile.

Nuair táinig Ríoripe na gcleap a-baile, éir ré fuar go bfeicfead ré an fear d'fás ré ceangailte, agus ní bfuair ré é poime ann. D'faiaruis ré de 'n cailín ar airis sí é as iméac. Dubairt an cailín náir airis, aót go deus sí féin braon uirge fuar éirge:

"Agus cá 'r éir tu an fúigleac do bí asad?" aoiré ré.

"Éir mé 'ran ríotán amac é," ar ríre.

"Tá ré iméigte 'na earcuin ann ran abainn," aoiré ré, "gleur-aigir fuar," aoiré ré, leir an dá-r'eus gairgideac, "go leanfamaoio é."

Rinneadar dá m'adair deus uirge díob féin agus leanadar ann ran abainn é; agus nuair bíodar as teac fuar leir ann ran abainn d'éir ré 'na eun ar an abainn ann ran aéir:

Nuair fuair ríad rin amac gur iméig ré ar an abainn, rinneadar dá feabac deus díob féin agus d'iméigeadar anoiris an éin—uiréas do rinne ré dé féin—agus bíodar as teac fuar leir.

Nuair fuair ré iad as teannad leir, agus nac raib ré ionnán dul uata, bí fátéior móir air. Bí bean as cácad amuis ar páirce báin: Cuirling ré 'nuair ar an aéir, ó beir 'na eun, i ngar do'n coirce, agus rinne ré gána coirce dé féin.

Cuirling ríad féin 'na díais agus rinneadar dá éaric-francac

his food, but he was there tied, and the day he would let the other champions out he would not let him out with them. He was like this for a long time and the Knight of the Tricks putting dishonor on him, and giving him every kind of punishment.

It fell out that on this day [of which we are going to tell] the Knight of the Tricks went from home, and left him at the window that was highest in the house, where he had nothing at all to get, and him tied there, up on high. And then when everybody was gone away and nobody left on the street (*i.e.*, about the place) but himself and a servant-girl, he asked the girl, in the name of God, for a drink of water. The girl said that if her master were to find it out he would kill her.

"Nobody shall ever hear it," says he: "don't be a bit afraid, it's not I who'll tell him." She brought up the drink of water to him then, and when he put his head into the water, drinking the water, he made an eel of himself, and he went down into the vessel. There was a little streamlet of water beside the door, that was running until it went into the river, and she cast out into the little stream all the remains that she had in the vessel. He kept going, then, and he an eel, in the river, drawing towards home.

When the Knight of the Tricks came home, he went up to see the man he had left bound, and he did not find him there before him. He asked the girl if she felt [perceived] him going, or if she perceived anything that gave him leave to go. The girl said that she perceived nothing, but that she herself brought a drop of water up to him.

"And where did you put the leavings that you had?" says he.

"I threw it out into the little stream," says she.

"He's gone as an eel into the river," says he. "Prepare yourselves," says he to the twelve champions, "till we follow him."

They made twelve water-dogs of themselves, and they followed him in the river, and when they were coming up with him in the river, he rose up as a bird, out of the river into the air.

When they found this out, that he had gone out of the river, they made twelve hawks of themselves, and pursued after the bird—it was a lark he made of himself—and they were coming up to him.

When he found them closing on him, and that he was not able to escape from them, there was great terror on him.

deus díobh féin, [agus bí an Ríoripe 'na coileac-francaic]. Tóraig-eadaibh ag ite an coirce ann rin agus faoil ríad é beit itte aca, aet ní maib. Bí ríad ag ite an coirce go maib ríad i ngar do beit rátaic.

Nuair mear peirean go maib a páit itte aca, agus nac maibadaibh ionnán mórán eile do deunam, o'éirig ré ruar agus pinne ré rionnac de féin, agus bain ré an cloigíonn de'n dá francaic deus agus de'n coileac:

Bí ceo aige dul a-baile o'á acaibh ann rin nuair bíodab uile maib aige. Agus rin deirpe Ríoripe na gcleap.

There was a woman winnowing [oats] out in a bare field. He descended out of the air from being a bird, near to the oats, and he made a grain of oats of himself.

They themselves descended after him, and made twelve turkeys of themselves, and the Knight was the turkey cock. They began eating the oats, and they thought that they had him eaten, but they had not. They were eating the oats until they were near to being satiated.

When he considered that they had enough eaten and that they were not able to do much more, he rose up and made a fox of himself, and took the heads off the twelve turkeys and turkey cock.

He had leave to go home to his father then, when he had them all killed And that is the end of the Knight of Tricks

MO BHRÓN AIR AN BRATHRIS.

Mo bhrón air an brathris
 Is é tã mór,
 Is é sabail roir mé
 'S mo míle rtor.

O'pádao 'ran mbaile mé
 Deunam bhrón,
 San don trúil tar páile liom
 Coróce ná so deó.

Mo léun nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo múirín bán
 I s-cúige laigean
 No i s-con'adae an Chláir.

Mo bhrón nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo míle grá
 Air bopó loingse
 Truall so 'Meiricá.

Leaburó luácha
 Bí fúm aréir,
 Agus éait mé amac é
 Le tear an lae.

Éaimis mo gráda-ra
 Le mo taeb
 Suata air suatain
 Agus beul ar beul.

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.*

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

My grief on the sea,
 How the waves of it roll!
 For they heave between me
 And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,
 To grief and to care,
 Will the sea ever waken
 Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!
 Would he and I were
 In the province of Leinster
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
 Oh, heart-bitter wound!—
 On board of the ship
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
 All last night I lay,
 And I flung it abroad
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
 He came from the South;
 His breast to my bosom.
 His mouth to my mouth.

* *Literally:* My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever and aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moorreen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth. ["Love Songs of Connacht."]

AN BUACAILL DO BÍ A BPAO AR A MÁTAR.*

A bpaó ó foir bí lánamain póirta dar b' ainm páorais agur Nuála ní Ciaraéain. Bídeadar bliadain agur fíce póirta gan don éiann do beic aca, agur bí brón móir orra, mar nac raib don oirde aca le na gcuro raibéir d' fásbáil aige. Bí dá acra talman, bó, agur péire gabar aca, agur bí tuairim aca go gabadar raibéir.

Don oirde amáin, bí páorais teacé a-baile o teacé duine muinntir, agur nuair táinig pé éom fada leir an poilis máoil, táinig rean duine liac amac agur duibairt: "Go mbeannaisíó Dia duit." "Go mbeannaisíó Dia 'sur Muire duit," ar páorais. "Cad atá ag cur bróin ort?" ar ran rean duine. "Ní'l morán go deimin," ar páorais, "ní béir mé a bpaó beó, agur ní'l mac 'ná ingean le caoinead mo diais nuair geobar mé bár." "B' éirí nac mbeirdeá mar rin," ar ran rean-duine. "Faraor! béirdeá," ar páorais, "táim bliadain agur fíce póirta, agur ní'l don éoramlac fór." "Slac m'focal-ra go mbéir mac ós ag go mnaoi, trí páite ó'n oirde anocht." Cuair páorais a-baile, lútgáiréac go leóir, agur d'innir an rgeul do Nuála. "Ara! ní raib ann ran rean duine acé zogaille, a bí ag deunam mag-air órt," ar Nuála. "Ir maic an rgeulair an ainm," ar páorais.

Bí go maic agur ní raib go h-ole; real má (rul) nbeacair leir-bliadain éirt, éonair páorais go raib Nuála dul oirde do tabairt dó, agur bí brón móir air. Coruis pé ag cur na feilme i n-orougá, agur ag fásbáil gac níó péir le h-azair an oirde óis. An lá táinig tinnear cloinne ar Nuála, bí páorais ag cur érainn óis a lácar dopair an tige. Nuair táinig an rgeul éirge go raib mac ós ag Nuála, bí an oirde rin lútgáiré air gur éirt pé marb le tinnear éirde.

Bí brón móir air Nuála, agur duibairt rí leir an naoréanán:

"Ní éirgeiré mé tu óm' éic go mbéir tu ionánn an érainn do bí d' ácar ag cur nuair fuair pé bár do éarraig ar na fréamair."

Soirde páirín ar an naoréanán, agur éus an mácar éic do go raib pé reacé mbliadna d'aoir. Ann rin éus rí amac é le feucaint an raib pé ionánn an érainn do éarraig, acé ní raib: Níor éur rin don oroc-méirnéac ar an mácar, éus rí aréac é;

* O fear dar b'ainm bláca, i n-aice le baile-an-móba, zConorae muig-éó.

THE BOY WHO WAS LONG ON HIS MOTHER.

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

THERE was long ago a married couple of the name of Patrick and Nuala O'Keerahan. They were a year and twenty married, without having any children, and there was great grief on them because they had no heir to leave their share of riches to. They had two acres of land, a cow, and a pair of goats, and they supposed that they were rich.

One night Patrick was coming home from a friend's house, and when he was come as far as the ruined churchyard, there came out a gray old man and said, "God save you."

"God and Mary save you," says Patrick.

"- What's putting grief on you?" says the old man.

"There isn't much indeed putting grief on me," says Patrick, "but I won't be long alive, and I have neither son nor daughter to keen after me when I find death."

"Perhaps you won't be so," says the old man.

"Alas! I will," says Patrick, "I'm a year and twenty married, and there's no sign yet."

"Take my word that your wife will have a young son three-quarters of a year from this very night."

Patrick went home, joyous enough, and told the story to Nuala.

"Arrah, there was nothing in the old man but a dotard who was making a mock of you," says Nuala.

"Well, 'time is a good story-teller,'" said Patrick.

It was well, and it was not ill. Before half a year went by Patrick saw that Nuala was going to give him an heir, and there was great pride on him. He began putting the farm in order and leaving everything ready for the young heir. The day that sickness came on Nuala, Patrick was planting a young tree before the door of the house. When the news came to him that Nuala had a young son, there was that much joy on him that he fell dead with heart-disease.

There was great grief on Nuala, and she said to the infant, "I will not wean you from my breast until you will be able to pull up out of the roots the tree that your father was planting when he died."

The infant was called Paudyeen, or little Pat, and the mother nursed him at her breast until he was seven years old. Then she brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not. That put no discouragement on the mother; she brought him in, and nursed him for seven years

asur tús cíoc fea'ct mbliadhna eile d'ó, asur ní faib' don buacaili ann ran tír ionánn t'eac't ruar leir i n-obairi:

Faoi ceann deirid' na ceit're bliadhna deus tús a má'tairi amac é, le feudaint an faib' ré ionánn an crann do t'arraigis, ac't ní faib', mar bí an crann i n-éirí máit', asur as fár go móir. Níor cuir rin don d'roic-mirneac ar an má'tairi.

Tús rí cíoc fea'ct mbliadhna eile d'ó, asur faoi ceann deirid' an ama rin, bí ré com' móir asur com' láirir le f'atad':

Tús an má'tairi amac é asur dubairt: "Mur (muna) b'fuit tu ionánn an crann rin to t'arraigis anoir, ní tiúbaird mé don b'raon eile cíce d'uit." Cuir páirín rmugairle ar a lámhaib', asur fuair s'reim ar bun an crainn: An ceud-iarraird do tús ré, crait ré an talam' fea'ct b'péirre ar gac taoib' dé, asur leir an d'ara iarraird t'ós ré an crann ar na f'reámhaib', asur timcíoll ríce tonna de éréapóis leir. "Grád mo éiríde tu," ar ran má'tairi; "ir fiú cíce bliadhna asur ríce tu." "A má'tairi," ar páirín, "o'uib'is tu go cruaid' le bia' asur deoc do t'adairt d'am-ra ó rugad' mé, asur tá ré i n-am d'am anoir ruo éigin do deunam' d'uit-re, ann do f'ean-laetib'. Ir é reó an ceud-crann do t'arraigis mé asur deunfaird mé maide láime d'am féin dé." Ann rin fuair ré ráb asur tuas, asur gearr an crann, as f'ágáil timcíoll ríce trois' de 'n bun, asur bí cnar air, com' móir le t'úr de na t'úraib' cruinne do bídeat' i n-éirinn an t-am rin. Bí or cionn tonna meadacain ann ran maide láime nuair bí ré gleurta as páirín.

Ar maidin, lá ar na má'rac, fuair páirín s'reim ar a maide, d'fás a beanna'ct as a má'tairi, asur d'iméig as t'óruigeac't reir-bíre. Bí ré as ríúbal go d'táinig ré go cairleán n'is laigean: D'f'arraigis an n'is dé cad do bí ré 'iarraird: "As iarraird oib're, má ré do t'oil," ar páirín: "B'fuit don ceir' d'as?" ar ran n'is. "Ní'l," ar páirín, "ac't t'is liom obair ar bit' d'a n'dearnaird fear' ariam' deunam'." "Deunfaird mé mar'gao leat," ar ran n'is, "má t'is leat h-uile n'io a o'roóc'ar mire d'uit a deunam' ar fead' ré m'i, deunfaird mé do meadacain féin d'ór d'uit, asur m'ingean mar' m'nadai-pórt'a, ac't muna d'tis leat gac n'io do deunam', caillir' tu do ceann." "Táim fárt'a leir an mar'gao yin," ar páirín: "Téid' ar'teac' ran r'gioból, asur bí as buala' d'oirce do na ba (buaib') go mbéid' do ceud-p'ionn réid'."

Cuaird páirín ar'teac', asur fuair an r'uirte, ac't ní faib' an r'uirte'ín ac't mar' t'rait'én' i lám' párt'aig; asur dubairt ré leir féin, "ir fearr mo maide-lám' 'ná an gleur rin." T'oruis ré as buala' leir an maide-lám' asur níor b'pao go faib' an méat'

more, and there was not a lad in the country who was able to keep up with him in his work.

At the end of fourteen years his mother brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not, for the tree was in good soil, and growing greatly. That put no discouragement on the mother.

She nursed him for seven more years, and at the end of that time he was as large and as strong as a giant.

His mother brought him out then and said, "Unless you are able to pull up that tree now, I will never nurse you again."

Paudyeen spat on his hands, and got a hold of the bottom of the tree, and the first effort he made he shook the ground for seven perches on each side of it, and at the second effort he lifted the tree from the roots, and about twenty ton of clay along with it.

"The love of my heart you are," said the mother, "you're worth nursing for one and twenty years."

"Mother," says Paudyeen, "you worked hard to give me food and drink since I was born, and it is time now for me to do something for you in your old days. This is the first tree I ever pulled up, and I'll make myself a hand-stick of it. Then he got a saw and axe, and cut the tree, leaving about twenty feet of the bottom, and there was a knob on it as big as a round tower of the round towers that used to be in Erin at that time. There was above a ton weight in the hand-stick when Paudyeen had it dressed.

On the morning of the next day, Paudyeen caught a hold of his stick, left his blessing with his mother, and went away in search of service. He was traveling till he came to the castle of the King of Leinster. The king asked him what he was looking for. "Looking for work, if you please," says Paudyeen.

"Have you e'er a trade?" says the king.

"No," says Paudyeen, "but I can do any work in life that ever man did."

"I'll make a bargain with you," says the king; "if you can do everything that I'll order you to do during six months, I'll give you your own weight in gold, and my daughter as your married wife; but if you are not able to do each thing you shall lose your head."

"I'm satisfied with that bargain," says Paudyeen.

"Go into the barn, and be threshing oats for the cows till your breakfast is ready."

Paudyeen went in and got the flail, and the *flaileen* was

do bí ann ran r'gíoból buailte aise. Ann rin éuaíó ré amac ann ran n'garóda agus éoruis as bualaó na r'áca coirce agus éuic-neacáta, gur éuir ré cíteanna gráin ar feaó na tíre. Táinig an n'is amac agus dubairt, "Coirg do lámh, doirim, no r'gíorfaíó tu mé. Téiró agus beir cúpla buiceuo uirge cum na rearb-fósganta ar an loc úo r'íor, agus beiró an leite ruar go leórí nuair éuicpar tu ar air." O'feuc páiróin éart, agus éonnairc ré dá báirille móir polam, le coir balla. Fuair ré gneim oirra, ceann aca ann gac lámh, éuaíó cum an loca, agus éug iad líonta go cúl uoirair an éairleáin. Bí iongántar ar an n'is nuair éonnairc ré páorais as teacé, agus dubairt ré leir: "Céiró arteaé, tá an leite réiró úuit." Éuaíó páiróin arteaé, agus éuaíó an n'is cum Daill glic do bí aise, agus o'innir ré do an margaó do pinne ré le páiróin, agus o'fíarpuis ré dé, éreuo do buó cóir do éabairt le deunam do páiróin. "Abair leir dul r'íor agus an loc do éaómaó, agus é do beir deunta aise, real má o'teiró an g'rian faoi, an éraéóna ro."

Gáir an n'is ar páiróin agus dubairt leir: "Taódm an loc rin r'íor agus bíó ré deunta a'gao real má o'teiró an g'rian faoi an éraéóna ro." "Maíó go leórí," ar páiróin, "acé cia an áit a éuirfeár mé an t-uirge?" "Cuir ann ran n'gleann móir acá i n'garí do'n loc é," ar ran n'is. Ní raibí roir an g'leann agus an loc acé r'gonra, agus bídeá na daoine as deunam bóair-coirce dé. Fuair páiróin buiceuo, picóiró agus láirde, agus éuaíó cum an loca. Bí bun an g'leanna coérom le bun an loca. Éuaíó páiróin arteaé 'ran n'gleann agus pinne poll arteaé go bun an loca. Ann rin éuir ré a beul ar an bpoll, éarraig andl p'aoa, agus níor fás ré b'raon uirge, iars, ná báó, ann ran loc, náir éarraig ré amac leir an anál rin, agus náir éuir ré arteaé 'ra' n'gleann. Ann rin oún ré ruar an poll:

Nuair o'feuc an n'is r'íor, éonnairc ré an loc éom tírm le boir do lámhe, agus níor b'pao go o'táinig páiróin éuige agus dubairt: "Tá an obair rin éuicénuigé, cao deunpar mé úuit anoir?" "Ní'l don ruo eile le deunam a'gao anoir, acé beiró neart a'gao le deunam amárac." An oirde rin, éuir an n'is r'íor ar ar n'Daill glic, agus o'innir do an éaí ar éaódm páiróin an loc, agus nac raibí r'íor aise éreuo do éearp'ao ré do le deunam. "Tá r'íor a'gam-ra an n'ó nac mbéiró ré ionánn a deunam, ar mairóin amárac, tabair r'gíribinn do cum do éearb'rácar i n'gáillim, abair leir dá f'iciró tonna éuicéneacáta do éabairt éugao, agus a beir ar air ann ró faoi éeann ceirre uairé ar f'iciró. Tabair an érean-láir agus a cáir do, agus t'is leat beir éinnce nac éuicéparó ré ar air." Ar mairóin, lá ar na márac, gáir an n'is

only like a *traneen* in Paudyeen's hand, and he said to himself, "My hand-stick is better than that contrivance." He began threshing with the hand-stick, and it was not long till he had all that was in the barn threshed. Then he went out into the garden and began threshing the stacks of oats and wheat, so that he sent showers of grain throughout the country.

The king came out and said, "Hold your hand, or you'll destroy me. Go and bring a couple of buckets of water to the servants out of that loch down there, and the stirabout will be sufficiently cool when you come back."

Paudyeen looked round, and he saw two great empty barrels beside the wall. He caught hold of them, one in each hand, went to the lake, and brought them filled to the back of the castle door. There was wonder on the king when he saw Paudyeen arriving, and he said to him, "Go in, the stirabout's ready for you."

Paudyeen went in, but the king went to a Dall Glic, or cunning blind man that he had, and told him the bargain that he made with Paudyeen, and asked him what he ought to give Paudyeen to do.

"Tell him to go down and teem [bail out] that lake, and him to have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

The king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Teem that lake down there, and let you have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

"Very well," says Paudyeen, "but where shall I put the water."

"Put it into the great glen that is near the lake," says the king.

There was nothing but a scunce [ditch-bank] between the glen and the lake, and the people used to make a foot-road of it.

Paudyeen got a bucket, a pickaxe, and a loy [narrow spade], and he went to the lake. The bottom of the glen was even with the bottom of the lake. Paudyeen went into the glen and made a hole in the bottom of the lake. Then he put his mouth to the hole, drew a long breath, and never left boat, fish, or drop of water in the lake that he did not draw out through his body, and cast into the glen. Then he closed up the hole.

When the king looked down he saw the lake as dry as the palm of your hand, and it was not long till Paudyeen came to him and said, "That work is finished, what shall I do now?"

"You have nothing else to do to-day, but you shall have plenty to do to-morrow."

páirín, agus tug an ríibinn dó, agus dubhairt leir, “fás an láir agus an cáirt agus téir go Saillim. Tabair an ríibinn reo dom’ dearbhrátaí, agus abair leir dá fícríonna conna cruinneachta do tabhairt duit, agus bí ar air ann go faoi ceann ceirre uaire ar fícrí.”

Fuair páirín an láir agus an cáirt, agus cuair ar an mbótar. Ní raib an láir ionánn níor mó ná ceirre míle ran uair do fícrí. Ceangail páirín an láir ar an gcairt, cuir ar a gualain é, agus ar go bráit leir, tar cnocair agus gleannair, go ndéachair ré go Saillim. Tug ré an uirí do dearbhrátaí an rí, fuair an cruinneacht agus cuir ar an gcairt é. Nuair cuir ré an láir faoi an gcairt, rinnead dá leir d’a dhuim. Cuir páirín an cruinneacht ann ran ríoból. Nuair cuair muinntir an cáirleáin na scoolaí, cuair páirín cum an cuair, agus níor fás ré ríabha ar an loingear náir tug ré leir. Ann rin ríomair ré faoi an ríoból, ceangail na ríabhaí timríoll air, agus ar go bráit leir, agus an ríoból agus gac a raib ann ar a dhuim. Cuair ré tar cnocair agus gleannair, agus níor ríop gur fás ré an ríoból i látaí cáirleáin an rí. Bí laíain, ceirce, agus gíreacha ann ran ríoból. Ar maíon go moí, d’feud an rí amad ar a ríomair agus creud d’feicead ré acit ríoból a dearbhrátaí.

“M’ anam ó’n díabhal,” ar ran rí “ré rin an fear ip ionganatáir ran domán.” Táinís ré anuair agus fuair páirín le na maíde ann a láir, na fearaí le coir an ríoból:

“An dtug tu an cruinneacht eugam?” ar ran rí:

“Tugair,” ar páirín, “acit tá an trean-láir maí.” Ann rin d’innir ré do’n rí gac ní d’a ndéarair ré ó d’imíris ré go dtáinís ré ar air.

Ní raib fíor as an rí creud do deunfáir ré, agus d’imíris ré cum an Dail Glic, agus dubhairt leir, “mur (muna) n-innirgeann tu dam ní naí mbéir an fear rin ionnán a deunair, bainíré mé an ceann díot.”

Smuair an Dail Glic tamall agus dubhairt, “abair leir go bfuil do dearbhrátaí i n-iríonn, agus go mbuó maí leat amair do beir asair air, agus abair leir é do tabhairt eugair, go mbéir amair asair air; nuair a gíobair ríad in n-iríonn é, ní leiríré ríad do teacit ar air.”

Gáir an rí páirín agus dubhairt leir, “tá dearbhrátaí dam i n-iríonn agus tabair eugam é, go mbéir amair asair air.” “Cia an caoi díneochair mé do dearbhrátaí ó na daíoní eile acit ran air rin?” ar páirín:

That night the king sent for the Dall Glic, and told him the way that Paudyeen teemed out the lake, and [said] that he did not know what to give him to do.

"I know the thing that he won't be able to do. To-morrow morning give him a writing to your brother in Galway, and tell him to bring you forty tons of wheat, and to be back here in twenty-four hours. Give him the old mare and the cart, and you may be sure he won't come back."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen and gave him the writing and said to him, "Get the mare and the cart, and go to Galway. Give the writing to my brother, and tell him to give you twenty tons of wheat, and be back here in twenty-four hours."

Paudyeen got the mare and the cart, and went on the road. The mare was not able to travel more than four miles in the hour. Paudyeen tied the mare to the cart, put it on his shoulder, and off and away with him over hills and hollows, till he came to Galway. He gave the letter to the king's brother, got the wheat, and put it on the cart. When he put the mare under the cart, there were two halves made of its back [the load was so heavy]. Then Paudyeen put the wheat back into the barn. When the people of the castle went to sleep, Paudyeen went to the harbor, and he never left a chain on the shipping that he did not take with him. Then he dug under the barn [slipped the chains under] and tied them round it, and off and away with him, and the barn with all that was in it on his back. He went over hills and glens, and never stopped till he left the barn in front of the king's castle. There were ducks, hens, and geese in the barn. Early in the morning the king looked out of his room, and what should he see but his brother's barn.

"My soul from the devil," said the king, "but that's the most wonderful man in the world." He came down and found Paudyeen with his stick in his hand standing beside the barn.

"Did you bring me the wheat?" says the king.

"I brought it," says Paudyeen, "but the old mare is dead." Then he told the king everything he had done from the time he went away till he came back.

The king did not know what he should do, and he went to the Dall Glic, and said to him, "Unless you tell me a thing which that man will not be able to do, I will strike the head off you."

The Dall Glic thought for a while and said, "Tell him that your brother is in hell, and that you would like to have a sight of him; and to bring him to you, until you have a

"Tá fiacail fada i gcearc-lár a cearbair uachtaraigh," ar ran nís:

Cuir páirín rmugairle ar a máire, buail an bótar, agus níor b'fao go dtáinig ré go seata ipinn. Buail ré buille ar an ngeata do cuir ardeac amearg na diaibail é, agus fiúbail ré féin ardeac 'na diaigh. Nuair éonnairc belribúb é ag teacht, táinig faicéor air, agus d'farpais ré d'é cneuo do bí a' teartál uair:

"Dearbhrádaigh nís laigean atá a' teartál uaim," ar páirín.

"píoc amac é," ar belribúb.

D'feuc páirín tairt, aet fuair ré níor mó ná d'a fícto fear a faib fiacail fada i gcearc-lár a cearbair uachtaraigh aca.

"Ar faicéor nac mbeirdear an fear ceart agam," ar páirín, "tiománpair mé an t-íomlán aca liom, agus tís leir an nís a dearbhrádaigh píocad arta."

Tiomáin ré d'a fícto aca amac poime, agus níor rtop go dtáinig ré i ládaigh cairleáin an nís. Ann rin gáir ré ar an nís agus dubairt leir, "píoc amac do dearbhrádaigh ar na fíir (fearaib) reo."

Nuair d'feuc an nís agus éonnairc ré na diaibail le h-a'aricair orra, bí faicéor air, r'grear ré ar páirín agus dubairt, "tabair air air iad."

Toruis páirín 'gá mbualad le na máire, gur cuir ré ar air go h-íppionn iad.

Cuair an nís cum an 'Dail glic, agus d'innir do an níó do pinne páirín, agus dubairt leir, "ní tís leat innirint dam don níó nac b'fuil ré ionánn a deunam, agus cailipró tu do éann ar maidin amárac."

"Tabair iarrair eile dam," ar ran Dail glic, "agus ní b'ir an Connacac a b'fao beo. Ar maidin amárac, abair leir, an tobair atá i ládaigh an cairleáin do taor-mad; bíor fíir réir agao, agus nuair a geobar tu fíor ann ran tobair é, abair leir na fíir (fearaib), an éloc mullinn atá le coir an balla do caiteam fíor 'na mullac, agus marbócáir rin é."

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, gair an nís páirín agus dubairt leir: "téir agus taorim an tobair rin tá i ládaigh an cairleáin, agus nuair a b'irdear ré deunta agao, beupair mé hata nuad duit, ír ruarac an cáibín é rin atá ort."

Bí na fíir réir ag an nís le páirín boet do marbad, d'a b'euorad ríad é.

Cuair páirín go b'ruac an tobair, luir fíor air a beul faoi;

look at him. But when they get him in hell, they won't let him come back."

The king called Paudyeen and said to him, "I have a brother in hell, and bring him to me until I have a look at him."

"How shall I know your brother from the other people that are in that place?" said Paudyeen.

"He had a long tooth in the very middle of his upper gum," says the king.

Paudyeen spat on his stick, struck the road, and it was not long till he came to the gate of hell. He struck a blow upon the gate which drove it in amongst the devils, and he himself walked in after it. When Belzibub saw him coming there came a fear on him, and he asked him what he was wanting.

"A brother of the King of Leinster is what I am wanting," says he.

"Well, pick him out," says Belzibub.

Paudyeen looked round him, but he found more than forty men who had a long tooth in the very middle of their upper gums.

"For fear I shouldn't have the right man," said Paudyeen, "I'll drive the whole lot of them with me, and the king can pick his brother out from among them."

He drove forty of them out before him, and never stopped till he came to the king's castle. Then he called the king and said to him, "Pick out your brother from these men."

When the king looked and saw the devils with horns on them, there was fear on him. He screamed to Paudyeen, and said, "Bring them back."

Paudyeen began beating them with his stick, till he sent them back to hell.

The king went to the Dall Glic and told him the thing Paudyeen did, and said to him, "You cannot tell me anything that he is not able to do, and you shall lose your head to-morrow morning."

"Give me another trial," says the Dall Glic, "and the Connachtman won't be long alive. Tell him to-morrow morning to teem the well that is before the castle. Let you have men ready, and when you get him down in the well, tell the men to throw down the millstone that is beside the wall on top of him, and that will kill him."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Go and teem that well in front of the castle, and as soon as you have that done I'll give you a new hat; that's a miserable old caubeen that's on you."

agus toruis a g-tarraig an uirge ar teac ann a beul, agus dá r'gáirtead amac uair arís go raib an tobair ionnann agus t'rim aise: b'í roinn beag i mbun an tobair naé raib taob' m'ea, agus cuair p'áirais r'ior le na t'rimuig'á. Táinig na f'ir leir an g'cloic m'oir m'uilinn agus éir'eadar r'ior ar m'ullac p'áir'ín é. B'í an poll do b'í i lár na cloice go d'ir'ead com' m'oir le ceann p'áir'ín, agus p'aoil ré gur b' é an hata nuad' do éir' an r'is r'ior éir'ise, agus g'laod ré ruar: "táim buir'ead d'íot, a má'is'ir'itir, ar ron an hata nuad'." Ann rin táinig ré ruar leir an g'cloic m'uilinn ar a ceann. B'í b'íot m'oir aise ar an hata nuad'. B'í iongant'ar ar a r'is agus ar h-uile d'úine eile, nuair éannairc r'iad p'áir'ín leir an g'cloic m'uilinn ar a ceann.

B'í r'ior a g-r'is naé raib don m'air d'ó don n'í eile do éabairc do p'áir'ín le deunam, agus d'ubairc ré leir, "ir tu an r'earb-f'óganta ir r'earr do b'í a g'am a'iam; n'íl don n'í eile a g'am d'uit le deunam, agus tar liom-r'a, go d'ugair mé do éuarpartal d'uit. N'íl m' ingean r'ean go leór le p'órad, a'c nuair a b'ir'eadar r'í buad'ain agus r'ice d'aoir, t'is leat í do b'ir' a g'ad."

"N'íl d'ingean a' r'earp'al uaim," ar p'áir'ín:

Tug an r'is é cum an éir'ite, an áit a raib go leór óir, agus d'ubairc leir: "bain d'íot do hata nuad', agus téir ar teac 'ra' r'gála."

"Go deimín, ní bain'ir'ó mé mo hata d'íom, b'ronn t'ur' oim é," ar p'áir'ín, "b'ir'ead ré com' m'air d'uit mo b'ir'ite do bain' d'íom."

Ní raib an oir'ead óir agus a m'ead'ó'ad hata p'áir'ín, a'c f'ocruis an r'is leir a g-tabairc d'ó dá m'ála óir. Cuir p'áir'ín ceann aca r'aoi g'ac ar'cail, ruair g'reim air a m'air'oe, an hata nuad' ar a ceann, agus ar go b'rác leir, tar éno'c'ib agus g'leann'it'ib, go d'táinig ré a-baile.

Nuair éannairc d'aoine an baile p'áir'ín a g-teac leir an g'cloic m'uilinn ar a ceann, b'í iongant'ar m'oir oir'a; a'c nuair éannairc an m'áir'ín an dá m'ála óir, bu' d'beag náir éir' t'ir r'í mar'ib le l'ú'g'áir'e: Toruis p'áir'ín, agus cuir ré teac b'rad' ar bun d'ó r'eín, agus d'á m'áir'ín. Rinne ré ceir'ite leir (leat'anna) de 'n hata nuad', agus rinne clo'ca c'úinne d'íob do 'n teac. Cong'buig ré a m'áir'ín mar' m'naoi uarail go b'ruair r'í b'ár le r'ean-aoir, agus éir' ré r'eín beata m'air i n'g'rád d'é agus na g-c'om'air'an.

The king had the men ready to kill poor Paudyeen if they were able.

Paudyeen came to the brink of the well, and lay down with his mouth under, and began drawing the water into his mouth and spouting it out behind him until he had the well all as one as dry. There was a little quantity of water on the bottom of the well that was not teemed, and Paudyeen went down to dry it. The men came then with the great millstone, and threw it down on the top of Paudyeen. The hole that was in the middle of the stone was just as big as Paudyeen's head, and he thought it was the new hat the king had thrown down to him, and called up and said, "I'm thankful to you, master, for the new hat." Then he came up with the millstone on his head. He had great pride out of the new hat. There was wonder on the king and on every one else when they saw the millstone on his head.

The king knew that it was no use for him to give Paudyeen anything else to do, so he said to him, "You're the best servant that ever I had. I've nothing else for you to do, but come with me till I give you your wages. My daughter is not old enough to marry, but when she is one and twenty years of age you can have her."

"I do not want your daughter," said Paudyeen.

The king brought him then to the treasury, where there was plenty of gold, and said, "Take off your new hat and get into the scales."

"Indeed I won't take off my new hat; you gave it to me," said Paudyeen; "you might as well take off my breeches."

There was not as much gold as would weigh Paudyeen's hat, but the king settled with him by giving him two bags of gold. Paudyeen put one of them under each oxter [arm-pit], got hold of his stick—his new hat on his head—and off and away with him over hills and hollows till he came home.

When the people of the village saw Paudyeen coming with the millstone on his head, there was great wonder on them; but when the mother saw the two bags of gold, it was little but she fell dead with joy.

Paudyeen began working, and set up a fine house for himself and his mother. He made four parts of the new hat, and made corner-stones of them for the house. He kept his mother like a lady, until she died of old age; and he spent a good life himself, in the love of God and of the neighbors.

mála néirín:

Dá mbéirínn-re ari mála néirín
 'S mo ceud-ghrád le mo daoib;
 I r lágad coirdeolamair i n-éirfeadh
 Mar an t-éinín ari an s-craoib;
 'Sé do béilín binn bhuatrad
 Do meudais ari mo pian,
 Agus corlad ciúin ní feudaim,
 So n-éusrad, farair!

Dá mbéirínn-re ari na cuantaib
 Mar buó ual dam, geobainn róp;
 Mo cáirde uile faoi buairthead
 Agus spuidim oirra sad ló;
 Fíor-rsad na nspuasad
 Fuair buair a' r clú annr sad gleó,
 'S gur b'é mo éiríde-ris tá 'nna gual dub;
 Agus bean mo éiríde ní'l beó.

Nac doibinn do na h-éinínib
 A éirígear so h-áir,
 'S a corluigear i n-éirfeadh
 Ari don éirídeín amáin.
 Ní mar rin dam féin
 A' r do m' ceud míle ghraó;
 I r fada ó na céile oirpáin
 Éirígear sad lá;

Cao é do bheathuad ari na rpeartuib
 Trae tis tear ari an lá,
 Na ari an lán-mara as éiríge
 Le h-eudán an éiríde áir?
 Mar rúo bíor an té úo
 A beir an-toil do 'n ghraó
 Mar éirínn ari mála ríleide
 Do éirígead a blá.

THE BROW OF NEFIN.

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

[“ Love Songs of Connacht.”]

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,
 We should nestle together as safe in
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.
 From your lips such a music is shaken,
 When you speak it awakens my pain,
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.

But were I on the fields of the ocean
 I should sport on its infinite room,
 I should plow through the billows' commotion
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.
 For the flower of all maidens of magic
 Is beside me where'er I may be,
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,
 Not a woman takes pity on me.

How well for the birds in all weather,
 They rise up on high in the air,
 And then sleep upon one bough together
 Without sorrow or trouble or care;
 But so it is not in this world
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,
 For, away, far apart from each other,
 Each day rises barren and bare.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens
 When the heat overmasters the day,
 Or what when the steam of the tide
 Rises up in the face of the bay?
 Even so is the man who has given
 An inordinate love-gift away,
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

AN LACHA DHEARG.

Sgríobh mé an sgeul so, focal ar fhocal, o bheul sean-mhná de mhuinntir Bhriain ag Cill-Aodáin, anaice le Coillte-mach i gcondaé Mhuigh-Eó.

Δη Γηαιοβήν.

Bhí rígh i n-Eirinn, fad ó shoin, agus bhí dá 'r 'éag mac aige. Agus ghabh sé amach lá ag siúbhal anaice le loch, agus chonnaire sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe. Bhí sí [ag] bualadh an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi, agus ag congabháil aoin cheann déag léithe féin.

Agus tháinig an rígh a-bhaile chuig a bhean féin, agus dubhairt sé léithe go bhfacaidh sé iongnadh mór andhiú, go bhfacaidh sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe, agus go raibh sí ag dibirt an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi. Agus dubhairt an bhean leis, “ ní de thír ná de thalamh thú, nach bhfuil fhios agad gur gheall sí ceann do'n *Deachmhaidh* agus go raibh sí chomh cineálta agus go dtug sí amach an dá cheann déag.”

“ Ní de thír ná de thalamh thú,” ar seisean, “ tá dhá cheann déag de mhacaibh agam-sa, agus caithfidh ceann dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“ Ní h-ionnann na daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile,” [ar sise].

Ghabh sé síos ann sin chuig an Sean-Dall Glic, agus dubhairt an Sean-Dall Glic nach ionnann daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile. Dubhairt an rígh go gcaithfidh ceann aca dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, “ agus cad é an ceann,” ar seisean, “ bhéarfas mé chuig an *Deachmhaidh* ? ”

“ Tá do dhá-déag cloinne ag dul chum sgoile, agus abair leo lámh thabhairt i lámh a-chéile, dul chum sgoile, agus an chéad fhear aca bhéidheas 'san mbaile agad go dtiúbhraidh tú dinéar maith dhó, agus cuir an fear deiridh chum bealaigh ann sin.”

Rinne sé sin. An t-oidhre do bhí ar deireadh, agus níor fhéad sé an t-oidhre chur chum bealaigh.

Chuir sé amach ag tiomáint ann sin iad, seisean ar gach taoibh agus an taobh do bhí ag gnóthughadh, bhí sé ag tarraing fear [fir] uaithi, agus d' á thabhairt do'n taoibh do bhí ag cailleadhain. Faoi dheireadh bhain aon fhear amháin an liathróid de'n aon fhear déag. Dubhairt an t-athair leis, ann sin, “ a mhic,” ar seisean, “ caithfidh tú dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“ Ní rachaidh mise chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, a athair,” ar seisean

THE RED DUCK.

[Written down in Irish by Douglas Hyde at the dictation of an old woman in County Mayo, and translated from the French of G. Dottin by Charles Welsh.]

ONCE upon a time in Ireland, and a long time ago at that, there was a king who had twelve sons. He went one day to walk by the borders of a lake, and there he saw a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven of them she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

The King went home and told his wife that he had seen a very wonderful thing that day; that he had seen a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

His wife said, "You're neither of people or land. Do you know that she has promised one of her brood to the Deachmhaidh, and that the duck is of such a fine breed that she has hatched out twelve."

"You're neither of people or land," he replied. "I have twelve sons, and one of them must certainly go to the Deachmhaidh."

His wife answered him, "People and birds of the hillside are not the same thing."

Then he went to find the old blind diviner, and the old blind diviner told him that the people and the birds of the hillside were not the same.

The King told the old blind diviner that one out of his children must go to the Deachmhaidh. "And what I want to know," said he, "is which one shall I send to the Deachmhaidh."

"Your children are now going to school. Tell them to walk hand-in-hand as they go to school, and that you will give to him who shall be first in the house again a good dinner; and it will be the last one that you will be sending away."

He did so, but it was his son and heir who was the last one, and he couldn't think of sending his son and heir away. He then sent them to play a hurling match—six on one side and six on the other—and from the side which won he took one away and gave it to the side which lost. At last, a single one swept away the ball from the eleven others. Then he said to that one, "My son, it is you that will be going to the Deachmhaidh."

“tabhair dham costas, agus rachaidh mé ag féachain m’ fhortúin.”

D’imthigh sé ar maidin, agus bhí sé ag slúbhal go dtáinig an oidhche, agus casadh asteach i dteach beag é nach raibh ann acht sean-fhear, agus chuir sé failte roimh Réalandar mac righ Eireann. “Ni’l mall ort” [ar seisean leis an mac righ] “do shaidhbhreas do dheunamh amárach má tá aon mhaith ionnat id’ fowl-éiridh, [seilgire]. Ta inghean righ an Domhain-Shoir ag tigheacht chuig an loch beag sin shíos, amárach, agus níor tháinig sí le seacht mblíadhnaihb roimhe; agus béidh da cheann déag de mhnáibh-coimhdeacht léithe. Teirigh i bhfolach ann san tseisg go gcaithfidh siad a dá cheann déag de cochaill díobh. Leagfaidh sise a cochall féin leith-thaobh, mar tá [an oiread sin] d’ onóir innti, agus nuair gheobhas tusa amuigh ann san tsnámh iad, éirigh agus beir ar an gcochall: Fillfidh sise, asteach ar ais, agus déarfaidh sí, “a mhic righ Eireann tabhair dham mo chochall.” Agus déarfaidh tusa nach dtiubhraidh [tú]. Agus déarfaidh sise leat, “muna dtugann tú ded’ dheóin go dtiubhraidh tú ded’ aimhdheóin é.” Abair léithe nach dtiubhraidh tú ded’ dheóin, na de d’ aimhdheóin dí é [muna ngeallann sí do phósadh]. Déarfaidh sí, ann sin, nach bhfuil sin le fágáil agad mur [=muna] n-aithnigheann tú í aris. Geóbhaidh siad amach uait ann san tsnámh arís, agus déanfaidh siad trí easconna déag díobh féin. Béidh sise ’na rubailín [ear, bailín] suarach ar uachtar; ní thig léithe bheith ar deireadh-mar tá onóir innti, agus béidh sí ag caint leat. Aithneóchaídh tú air sin í, agus abair go dtógfaidh tú í féin i gcómhnuidhe, an ceann a bhéidheas ag caint leat. Déarfaidh sise ann sin, “Caillte an sgeul, an fear thug a athair do’n Deachmhaidh aréir, geallamhain pósta ag inghin Righ an Domhain-Shoir andhiú air’!”

[Dubhairt an mac righ leis an sean-fhear go ndéanfadh sé gach rud mar dubhairt sé leis. Chuaidh sé amach ar maidin chuig an loch agus thárla h-uile shórt go díreach mar dubhairt an sean-fhear.

Nuair bhí an bhean gnóthaighthe aige] d’imthigh an dá-r’eug cailín a-bhaile. Tharraing sise amach slaitín draoidheachta, agus bhuaíl sí ar dhá bhuachallán buidhe i, agus rinne sí dá chapall marcúigheachta dhíobh.

Bhí siad ag siúbhal ann sin, go dtáinig an oidhche, agus bhí sí ag teach *oncal* dí, ar dtuitim na h-oidhche. Agus dubhairt sí le mac righ Eireann eochair rúma na séad d’ iarraidh ar an *oncal*, agus go bhfuighfeadh sé í féin astigh ann san rúma roimhe. [Ní raibh fhios ag an *oncal*, go raibh sise ann, chor ar bith, agus shaoil sé gur ag iarraidh a inghine féin tháinig mac righ Eireann chulge.]

"I will not be going to the Deachmhaidh," said he. "Give me some money and I will go and make my fortune." He started off the next morning, and walked until it was night, and came to a little house where there was nobody but an old man, who welcomed Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland.

"It will be no delay of you," said he, to the son of the King, "to make your fortune to-morrow morning, if you are any good as a hunter of birds. The daughter of the King of the Eastern World is coming to the little lake you see down there to-morrow morning. She will have twelve women attendants with her. Hide yourself in the rushes until they throw down their twelve hoods and cloaks. The daughter of the King will throw her hood and cloak in a separate place from the rest; and when you see them go in to swim, jump up and take her hood and cloak. The Princess will come to the edge of the lake, and she will say, "Son of the King of Ireland, give me my hood and cloak." And you will tell her then that you will not; and she will say to you, "If you don't give it to me with a good will, you will give it to me with a bad will." Tell her that you will neither give it to her with a good will or a bad will, unless she will promise to marry you. She will then say, that you shall not have her, unless you can recognise her again.

Then she and her attendants will swim away, and they will be changed into thirteen eels. She will be the smallest and the meanest one, but she will lead, because she is a person of honor, and could not follow her train, and she will speak to you. You will recognize her again by this, and you will say that you will marry the eel who has spoken to you. Then she will say, "Oh, unhappy story, he whose father sent him to the Deachmhaidh last night, has to-day received a promise of marriage from the daughter of the King of the Eastern World."

The King's son told the wise old man that he would do all that he told him to do. The next morning he went to the lake, and everything happened as the wise old man had said.

When he had gained the daughter of the King of the Eastern World, the twelve attendants started for home. The Princess drew a magic wand and struck two tufts of yellow ragwort with it, and they were at once turned into two saddle-horses. They travelled on until night was coming, and when night came, they found themselves at the home of an uncle of hers. She told the son of the King of Ireland to ask her uncle for the key of the treasure chamber, and that he would find her in that chamber. The uncle did not know that

Fuair sé an eochair ó'n oncal, agus chuaidh sé asteach, agus fuair sé mar bean bhreágh astigh ann san rúma í. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir. D'iarr sí air, a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd. Rinne sé sin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann go maidin. Nuair tharraing sí amach an biorán ar maidin, dhúisigh sé, agus dubhairt sí leis go raibh fathach mór le marbhadh aige ar son inghine a h-oncail.

Ghabh sé amach chum na coille [ag iarraidh an fhathaigh]. "Fud, fad, féasog!" ar san fathach, "mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhréagaigh bhradaigh."

"Nár ba soirmid (?) bidh ná digh ort, a fhathaigh bhróich!"

"Cad é [is] fearr leat-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga no gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?"

"Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, 'n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spága mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar."

Rug an dias gaisgidheach ar a chéile, agus dá dtéidhfidhe ag amharc ar ghaisge ar bith ná ar chruadh-chómhrac, is orra rachá d'amharc. Dhéanfadh siad cruadhán de 'n bhogán agus bogán den chruadhán, agus tharróngadh siad toibreacha fíor-uisge tre lár na gclóch glas. [Bhí siad ag troid mar sin] gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaoite ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do'n fhathach do chuir go dtí na glúna é, agus an dara fásghadh go dtí an básta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go meall a bhrághaid go doimhin.

"Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!"

"Is fíor sin; seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna bhéarfas mé dhuit, acht spóráil m'anam dam."

"Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!" "Bhéarfaidh mé cloidh-eamh solais a bhfuil faobhar an ghearrtha agus faobhar an bhearrtha [air agus] treas faobhar, teine 'na chúl, agus ceol ann a mhaide."

"Cia [chaoi] bhféachaidh mé mianach do chloidhimh?"

"Sin thall sean-smotán maide [ata ann sin] le bliadhain agus seacht gcéad bliadhan."

"Ni fheicim aon smota 'san gcoill is mó chuir & áin orm 'na do shean-cheann féin." Bhuaíl sé i gcómhgar a chuir a bhinn agus a mhuinéill é. Bhain sé an ceann dé, gan meisge gan mearbhal. Chaith sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é.

she was there at all, but he thought it was in search of his own daughter the son of the King of Ireland had come.

He got the key from the uncle; he went in and found her in the chamber in the form of a beautiful woman. They talked together until supper time. She asked him to rest his head on her bosom; he did so, and she trust the pin of sleep into his head, until morning.

When she took out the pin he woke up, and she told him that he had a giant to kill because of her uncle's daughter.

He went out into the woods to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the smell of a lying Irish rascal."

"May you be without the food and without the drink, you dirty giant."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, and where your heavy, ill-built hoofs shall be going to the bottom."

The two warriors then attacked each other, and if you would go to see the brave and the fierce fighting, it is there that you would go to see it. They made a hard place of a soft place and a soft place of a hard place, and they made wells of fresh water run over the gray flagstones. And so they went on fighting until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that he had no one who would keene over him if he died, nor who would lay him out or wake him.

Thereupon he gave the giant a terrible grip, and buried him into the ground up to his knees, and then another which buried him up to his waist, and then another which buried him deep up as far as the lump of the throat. "Now for a green turf over your head, giant."

"It is true. The treasures of the sons of the kings and lords I will give them to you, but spare my life."

"The treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you the sword of life, which has an edge to cut and an edge to raze, and a third edge of fire in the back, and music in the handle."

"How shall I try the temper of your sword?"

"There is an old block of wood which has been there for seven hundred years."

"I see no block in the wood which is more frightful than your head." He smote it at the point where the head joins the

“Is fíor sin,” ar san ceann, “da dtéidhinn suas ar an gcolainn arís, a raibh i n-Eirinn ní bhainfeadh siad anuas mé!”

“Is dona an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú nuair bhí tu shuas!”

Tháinig sé abhaile [agus ceann an fhathaigh ann a láimh] agus dubhairt an t-oncal go raibh trian d’á inghin gnóthaighthe aige.

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh,” ar sé.

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin go dtí a chailín mná féin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann arís go d’ éirigh an la. Bhí dólas mór air nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige leithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé ar maidin dubhairt sí leis] “ta fathach eile le marbhadh agad, sin d’ obair andiú ar son inghine m’ oncail arís.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille, agus thainig an fear mór roimhe. “Fud, fad, féasóg! mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhradaigh bhréagaigh ar fud m’ fhóidín dúthaigh!”

“Ní Eireannach bradach ná bréagach mé, acht fear le ceart agus le cóir do bhaint asad-sa.”

“Cia fearr leat, caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga na gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?”

“Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, ’n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spágá míotuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar.”

Bhí siad ag troid ann sin gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do’n fhathach go dtí na glúna, agus an dara fásghadh go di an basta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go dtí meall a bhrághaid ’san talamh.

“Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!”

“Is fíor sin, is tu an gaisgidheach is fearr d’á bhfacaidh mé riamh no d’á blfeicfidh mé choidheche. Agus bhéarfaidh mé seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna dhuit, acht spóráil m’anam.”

“Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!”

“Bhéarfaidh mé each caol donn duit, bhéarfas naoi n-uaire ar an ngaoith roimpi, sul mbeiridh [sul do bheir] an ghaoth ’na diaigh aon uair amháin uirri.”

Thóg sé an cloidheamh agus chaith sé an ceann dé, agus chuir sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é le neart na buille sin.

“Ochón go deó?” ar san ceann, “dá bhfághainn dul suas ar an gcolainn arís, agus a bhfuil i n-Eirinn ní bhéarfadh siad anuas mé.”

neck. He cut off his head without error or mishap; he threw it nine ridges and nine furrows away from him.

"It is true," said the head, "if I could only join my body again, all that is in Ireland could never cut it off."

"It is a wretched business the feat you did perform when you were there." He went to the house with the head of the giant in his hand, and the uncle told him he had gained the third part of his daughter.

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went into the house and sat by the young girl, who again put the pin of sleep into his head until the dawn of day. He had great sorrow because he was not allowed to speak to her until the morning. When he woke up in the morning, she said to him, "You have another giant to kill; that is your task again for the daughter of my uncle."

He went to the wood to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the blood of a lying Irish rascal."

"I am neither lying nor a rascally Irishman, but a man who will make you do right and justice."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, where your heavy ill-built hoofs shall be going down."

They fought until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that there was no man to weep for his loss or to lay him out when he was dead. Thereupon he caught the giant in a grip, and forced him up to his knees into the earth; a second sent him in up to his waist, and a third up to the lump of his throat.

"A green turf over your head, giant!"

"It is true that you are the best fighter than I ever saw, or ever shall see, and I will give you the treasures of the sons of kings and lords, but spare my life."

"Give me the treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you my light-brown horse, which will beat the wind in swiftness nine times before the wind can beat him once."

He lifted the sword, cut off the giant's head, and by the force of the blow sent it nine ridges and nine furrows away.

"Alas, what luck," said the head; "if only I got on my body again, all that there is in Ireland could never take me down again."

“Budh bheag an ghaissgidheacht do rinne tú, nuair bhí tú shuas uirri cheana!”

Tháinig sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal amach roimhe arís: “Ta dá dtrian de m’ inghin gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin ann san rúma, agus fuair sé a chailín mná féin roimhe, agus ní raibh bean ’san domhan budh bhreágh-dha ’ná i. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir, agus dubhairt sí leis tar éis an t-suipéir a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd, agus nuair rinne sé sin chuir sí biorán suain ann go maidin. Bhí sé trioblóideach nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé dubhairt sí leis.] “Tá fathach eile le marbhadh agad ar son inghine m’ oncail arís andiú, agus tá faitechios orm go bhféuighfidh tú cruaidh é seo. Acht seó coileáinín beag madaidh dhuit, agus leig amach faoi n-a chosaibh é, agus b’ éidir go dtiubhraidh sé congnamh beag duit. Agus amharc ar an meadhon-laé de’n lá, ar do ghualainn dheis, agus geobhaidh tú mise mo cholum geal, agus bhéarfaidh mé congnamh dhuit.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille agus tháinig an fathach mór chuige. “Ní mharbhócaidh tú mise le do choinín gránna mar mharbh tú mo bheirt dhearbhráthar, a raibh fear aca cúig bliadhna agus fear aca seacht mbliadhna go leith.”

“Fuair mé garbh go leór iad sin féin,” ar sa mac righ Eireann.

Ghabh siad de na sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile, chuirfeadh siad cith teineadh d’á gceoicinn arm agus éadaigh. Nuair tháinig an meadhon-laé, d’amharc sé ar a ghualainn dheis agus chonnaire sé an colum geal. Nuair chonnaire an fathach mór an colum, rinne sé seabhac dé féin, acht rinne sise trí meirrlúin dí féin, de’n choileán, agus de mhac righ Eireann, agus throid siad leis an seabhac ann san aer, agus thuirling siad ar an talamh arís. Dubhairt an fathach mór ann sin, “is tú an fear gan chéill, cad é ’n sórt *act-ál* atá agad, thú féin agus an dá ruidín gránna sin? Níl aon fhear le fághail le mise do mharbhadh acht Réalandar mac righ Eireann.”

“Mise an fear sin.”

“Má’s tú é,” ar san fathach, “tarrnócaidh [tarrongaidh] tú an cloidheamh so.” Sháith sé a chloidheamh asteach ’san gcarraig, agus dubhairt, “tarraing an cloidheamh so má ’s tú Réalandar.”

"It was a pretty small good you did when you were up there before."

He went to the house then, and the uncle came out to meet him, and said, "You have gained two-thirds of my daughter."

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went indoors then, and in the room he found his young girl before him, and there was no woman in the whole world who was more beautiful than she. They talked until supper-time, and after supper she told him to lay his head upon her breast, and when he had done so, she put the pin of sleep into his head until morning. He was vexed because he was not allowed to speak to her until morning.

When he was awake again, she said to him, "You have yet another giant to kill for the daughter of my uncle to-day, but I fear that it will be hard for you; but here is a little dog for you, let him follow at your heels, and it is possible that he may be of some use to you; and in the middle of the day look over your right shoulder; you will find me there in the form of a white dove, and I will bring you help."

He went to the wood, and the great giant came to him. "You will not kill me with your horrible little dog, as you have killed my two other brothers, one of whom was five years old and the other seven and a half."

"I found them, nevertheless, fierce enough," said the son of the King of Ireland. Then each of them plunged their gray steel knives at each other's sides, and they would send a rain of fire out of their skins, their arms and their clothes.

When the middle of the day came, he looked upon his right shoulder, and he saw the white dove. When the giant saw the dove he changed himself into a falcon; but she made three hawks, one of herself, one of the little dog, and one of the son of the King of Ireland, and they fought with the falcon in the air, until they came down to earth again.

"You are a fool," the great giant said then. "What joke are you playing me, you and those two wretched little things? The man that could kill me is not to be found, except Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland."

"I am that man!"

"If you are," said the giant, "you will pull out this sword."

He plunged his sword into a rock, and said, "Pull out the sword if you are Réalander."

Tharraing sé an cloidheamh, agus bhuaile sé an fathach mór leis, agus chaith sé an ceann dé. Bhí sé féin loite. Bhí gearradh mór faoi bhonn a chích' deas [deise]. Tharraing sí amach buideull beag iocshláinte, agus chneasaigh sí é. Chuaidh sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal roimhe.

"Tá m'inghean gnóthuighthe agad anocht."

"Ní buidheach díot-sa atá mise a bhodaigh."

Ghabh sé asteach ann a rúma féin, agus fuair sé a bhean astigh ann roimhe.

CAOINEAD NA TRI MUIRE.

[From Douglas Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

Racamaoio cum an trléibe
 So moé ar maidin amárac;
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"A b'eadair na n-abrtal
 An b'acair tu mo šrácó šeal?"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"Mairead! a mášoean,
 Connaire mé ar bail é,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)
 Ašur bí ré šabta šo riuair
 I láir a námaro,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"Ói iudár 'na aice
 Ašur ruš ré šreim láim' air,"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"Mairead a iudáir b'raoaiš
 Creud do pinne mo šrácó oir?"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

Literally: We shall go to the mountains early in the morning to-morrow, ochone and ochone, O! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone and ochone, O!

Musha, O Mother, I did see him just now, ochone and ochone, O! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone and ochone, O!

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand, ochone, etc. "Musha, O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone," etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he put anger on his mother never, ochone, etc.

He pulled out the sword and smote the great giant, and cut off his head. He was wounded himself; he had a great cut above his right breast; she drew out a little bottle of balsam and cured him.

He went into the house then and the uncle said to him, "You have gained my daughter this evening."

"I am not at all grateful to you for it, you churl."

He went into his room and there found his wife before him.

THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

A Traditional Folk Ballad.

Taken down from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, Co. Mayo.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

Let us go to the mountain
All early on the morrow,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
"Hast thou seen my bright darling,
O Peter, good apostle?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)*

"Aye! truly, O Mother,
Have I seen him lately,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
Caught by his foemen,
They had bound him straitly."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Judas, as in friendship
Shook hands, to disarm him,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
O Judas! vile Judas!
My love did never harm him,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

* This is nearly in the curious wild metre of the original. "Agus," = "and," is pronounced "oggus." In another version of this piece, which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuaidhrigh, the *cur-fá* ran most curiously, *ôch ôch agus ôch ôch ân*, after the first two lines, and *ôch ôch, agus, ôch ôn ô* after the next two. Thus:—

leasao anuar i n-uío a mátar é
(Och, ôc, agus oc úc ân)
Saobair a leit. a óa múirfe agus caoinigíoe.
(Oc oc, agus oc ôn ó.)

"Ni dearmadaí ré ariam
 Dada ar leanb ná páirt,
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó.)
 Aghur níor éirí ré feara
 Ariam ar a mádair,
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó.)

Nuair fuair na deamain amach
 Go mbuó i féin a mádair,
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó.)
 Tógadair ruar
 Ar a ngsaitníb go n-áirí;
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)

Aghur buailleadair ríor
 Ar éilead na ríadhe í
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)
 Cuair rí i laige
 Aghur bí a glúna gearrta
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)

"Buailíó mé féin
 Aghur ná bain le mo mádair,"
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)
 "Buailfimid tu féin.
 A' r marbócamasoir do mádair,"
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)

Stroiceadair an bhráig leó
 An lá rin ó n-a ládair;
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)
 Aet do lean an maighean
 Iar ann ran bparac
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)

"Cia an bean í rin
 'Nár nriag ann ran bparac ?"
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)
 "Go deimín má tá bean ar bit ann
 'Sí mo mádair,"
 (Océon aghur oc ón ó !)

They tore with them the captive, that day from her presence, ochone, etc. But the Virgin followed them, into the wilderness, ochone, etc.

What woman is that after us in the wilderness, ochone, etc. Indeed, if there is any woman in it, it is my mother, ochone, etc.

No child has he injured,
Not the babe in the cradle,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
Nor angered his mother
Since his birth in the stable.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered
That she was his mother,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
They raised her on their shoulders,
The one with the other ;
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely
On the stones all forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
And she lay and she fainted
With her knees cut and torn.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“For myself, ye may beat me,
But, oh, touch not my mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“Yourself—we shall beat you,
But we’ll slaughter your mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,
And they left her tears flowing,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
But the Virgin pursued them,
Through the wilderness going.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“Oh, who is yon woman ?
Through the waste comes another.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“If there comes any woman
It is surely my mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc.

"A Eóin, feuc, fásaim ort
Cúram mo máthair,
(Oé ón aghur oé ón ó.)
Congbais uaim í
Go gcríochnófaid mé an páir reó,"
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)

Nuair éalaid an máighean
An ceileabhaí cráíote,
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)
Tug sí léim tair an nglóth
Aghur léim* go crann na páire
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)

Cia n-é an fear breágh rin
Ar crann na páire
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)
An é nac n-aithnígeann tu
'Do mac a máthair ?
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)

An é rin mo leanb
A d'iomáir mé trí máite;
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)
No an é rin an leanb
'Do n-óileadh i n-úct mháire ?
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)

* * * * *

Caitheadar anuair é
'Na rópólaib gearrta
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)
"Sin éugaid anoir é
Aghur caoinigíó buir páit air,"
(Oéón, aghur oé ón ó !)

Glaoíó ar na trí mhúiré
Go gcaoinpimíó ar nglóth gearl
(Oéón, aghur oé ón ó !)
Tá do cúro mná-caointe
Le breit róp a máthair
(Oéón, aghur oé ón ó !)

Is that my child that I carried for three-quarters of a year, ochone, etc. Or is that the child that was reared in the bosom of Mary, ochone, etc.

O Owen (*i.e.*, John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochone, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochone, etc.

When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochone, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, ochone, etc.

"O John, care her, keep her,
Who comes in this fashion,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
But oh, hold her from me
Till I finish this passion."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

When the Virgin had heard him
And his sorrowful saying,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
She sprang past his keepers
To the tree of his slaying.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"What fine man hangs there
In the dust and the smother?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
"And do you not know him?
He is your son, O Mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Oh, is that the child whom
I bore in this bosom,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
Or is that the child who
Was Mary's fresh blossom?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

They cast him down from them,
A mass of limbs bleeding.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
"There now he is for you,
Now go and be keening."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Go call the three Marys
Till we keene him forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
O mother, thy keeners
Are yet to be born,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it that you do not recognise your son, O mother, ochone, etc.

They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is for you now, and keene your enough over him, ochone, etc.

Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy share of woman-keeners are yet to be born, ochone, etc.

Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc. Until thou be a . . . (P) woman in the bright city of the graces, ochone, and ochone, etc.

Béir tú liom-rá

Go fóil i ngáirdeín pánn-tair:

(Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

Go raib tu do bean iompáó (?)

I gcáitair gíl na ngrára

(Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

TOBAR MUIRE:

A b'fao ó fóin do bí tobair beannaigíte i mBaile an tobair,* i gconradé muiš eó. Bí mainirtir ann ran áit a b'fuil an tobair anoir, ašur ir ar lorg altóra na mainirtre do b'fir an tobair amac. Bí an mainirtir ar taoib énuic, aét nuair táinig Críomail ašur a cuir r'ghioradóir cum na tíre reó, leašadar an mainirtir, ašur níor fášadar cloc or cionn cloice de'n altóir náir cáit-eadar ríor.

Bliadain ó'n lá do leašadar an altóir, 'ré rin lá féil muipe 'ran earpac, 'read b'fir an tobair amac ar lorg na h-altóra, ašur ir iongantac an ruo le ráó nac raib b'raon uirge ann ran r'ruet do bí aš bun an énuic ó'n lá do b'fir an tobair amac.

Bí bráitair boct aš uil na rliže an lá ceutona, ašur cuair ré ar a bealac le paióir do ráó ar lorg na h-altóra beannaigíte, ašur bí iongantar móir air nuair éonnaire re tobair breáš ann a h-áit. Cuair ré ar a glúnaib ašur toraig ré aš ráó a paiore nuair éualair ré guct aš ráó, "cuir díot do b'róša, tá tu ar talam beannaigíte, tá tu ar b'ruac Tobair muipe, ašur tá léigear na mílte caoc ann. Béir duine léigeara le uirge an tobair rin anašair šac uile duine d'éirt aifionn i láitair na h-altóra do bí ann ran áit ann a b'fuil an tobair anoir, má bionn r'iaó tumta r'pí h-uair ann, i n-ainm an áitair an m'hic ašur an Spioraio Naóim."

Nuair bí a paioreaca ráióte aš an mb'ráitair d'feuc ré ruar

* This is not the Rosecommon Ballintubber, celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Ui Chonchubhair," or "O'Conor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mhilidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, *i.e.*, "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar Irish sound may cling to it, as "Mac Evilly"]. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My

Thyself shall come with me
Into Paradise garden.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

To a fair place in heaven
At the side of thy darling.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

MARY'S WELL.

A Religious Folk Tale.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

[Taken down from *Próinsias O'Conchubhair*.]

LONG ago there was a blessed well in Balfintubber (*i.e.*, town of the well),* in the County Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill, but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this county, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying: "Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary's Well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard Mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and

friend, Colonel Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the "spy" in this story, though his name is not mentioned.

asur connaire colum móir gléiseal ar éiríonn tuisoir i ngarb dó: buí h-í an colum do bí as caint. Bí an bairtair gléiseal i neudaisib-briéise, mar bí luac ar a ceann, com móir asur do bí ar ceann maíra-alla.

Ar éirí ar bí d'fuarasair pé an rseul do d'aoimib an baile big, asur níor b'fada go ndeacair pé t'irí an tír. Buí boct an áit í, asur ní raib áit boctán as na d'aoimib, asur iad lionta le deatac. Ar an d'obair rin bí cur mair de d'aoimib caoca ann. le clappolair, lá ar na máraic, bí or cionn d'á fíer d'aoime ann, as tobair Mhuire, asur ní raib fear ná bean aca nac d'áinís ar air le maíraic mair.

Cuair clú tobair Mhuire t'irí an tír, asur níor b'fada go raib oileiréacá ó gac uile conrae as teac go Tobair Mhuire, asur ní deacair don neac aca ar air gan beir léigeara; asur faoi ceann tamail do bídeat d'aoime ar tíoráib eile péin, as teac go t'irí Tobair Mhuire.

Bí fear mi-éirímeac 'na comnuirí i ngarb do baile-an-tobair. Duine uair do bí ann, asur níor éirí pé i léigear an tobair beannaighe. Dubairt pé nac raib ann áit pírtreóga, asur le magad do deunam ar na d'aoimib tuis pé arall dail do bí aise cum an tobair asur cum a ceann faoi an uirge. Fuair an t-arall maíraic, áit tuis an magadóir a-baile com dail le bun do b'óige:

Faoi ceann bliadna tuit pé amac go raib ragar as obair mar gáiridóir as an duine-uair do bí dail. Bí an ragar gléiseal mar fear-oibre, asur ní raib fíor as duine ar bí go mbuí ragar do bí ann. Don lá amáin bí an duine uair b'edóirte asur d'iarí pé ar a fearb'fóganca é do tabairt amac 'ran ngáirída: Nuair áinís pé cum na h-áite a raib an ragar as obair, fuir pé fíor: "Nac móir an tuis é," ar fírean, "nac t'is liom mo gáirída b'fóga d'fíreac!"

Glac an gáiridóir tuis d'ó asur dubairt, "Tá fíor asam cá b'fíor fear do léigreócaí tu, áit tá luac ar a ceann mar gail ar a éirímeac."

"Beirim-pé m'focal nac nd'eunfíor míre r'píreacóiréacá air asur íocfíor mé go mair é ar fon a t'píreacóiré," ar ran duine uair:

"Áit b'fíor ná mair leat tuis t'irí an t'píreacóiréacá acá aise," ar ran gáiridóir:

"Ír cuma liom cía an t'píreacá acá aise má tuisann pé mo maíraic dam," ar ran duine uair:

Anoir, bí t'píreacóiréacá ar an duine-uair, mar b'fíor pé a lán de

saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were about forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. "Isn't it a great pity," says he, "that I cannot see my fine garden?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, "I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode-of-curing that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he

fasarthaibh poime rin; Bingham an t-ainm do bhí air. Ar éadai ar bhí glac an fasartha meirneac agus duabairt, “Díod do cóirte réid ar maidin amháin, agus tiomáiníod mife tu go dtí áit do léigir, ní tís le cóirteoir ná le don duine eile beir i láthair aet mife, agus ná h-innir d’aon duine ar bhí cá bfuil tu as dul, nó fíor cad é do gnaite (gnó).”

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, bhí cóirte Bingham réid, agus cuaird ré féin artea, leir an gharbadoir d’a tiomáint. “Fan, tura, ann fan mbaile an t-am ro,” ar ré leir an g-cóirteoir, “agus tiomáiníod an gáradoir mé.” Bhí an cóirteoir ’na bíteamnac, agus bhí éadai, agus glac ré nún go mbeirtead ré as faise na cóirte, le fágail amac cía an áit faib fíad le dul. Bhí a gleur beannaigíte as an fasartha, taob-arciú de’n eudac eile. Nuair tásadair go Tobar Mhuire duabairt an fasartha leir, “Ír fasartha mife, tá mé dul le do maóac d’fágail duit ’ran áit ar éadai tu é.” Ann rin tum ré trí uaire ann fan tobar é, i n-ainm an áthar an míle agus an Spioraio Naomh, agus táinis a maóac cuige comh maí agus bhí ré ariamh.

“Deurfaid mé ceud púnt duit,” ar ra Bingham, “comh luat agus maóac mé a-baile.”

Bhí an cóirteoir as faise, agus comh luat agus connaire ré an fasartha ann a gleur beannaigíte, cuaird ré go luét an dligte agus bhaí ré an fasartha. Do gabad agus do crocad é gan bheiteamh gan bheiteamhar. D’feudfaid an fear do bhí tar éir a maóac d’fágail ar air, an fasartha do fáoraí, aet níor labair ré focal ar a fón.

Timcioll míora ’na díais reó, táinis fasartha eile go Bingham agus é gleurta mar gáradoir, agus d’iarr ré obair ar Bingham agus fuair uaid í. Aet ní faib ré a bpaí ann a feirbír go dtárla oíoc-fuio do Bingham. Cuaird ré amac don lá amáin as riúbal trío na páirceannaibh, agus do carad cailín maireac, ingean fíri bóiet, air, agus pinne ré marluad uirri, agus d’fás leat-maíb í. Bhí tríúr dearbpaíar as an gcailín, agus túsadair mionna go marbócad fíad é comh luat agus geobairí gheim air. Ní faib a bpaí le panamaint aca: Gabadair é ran áit ceudona ar marlaig ré an cailín, agus érocadair é ar épann, agus d’fásadair ann rin é ’na érocad.

Ar maidin, an lá ar na márac, bhí milliúiní de míoltógaibh cwinniigíte, mar énoc móir, timcioll an épann, agus níor feud duine ar bhí dul anaice leir, mar gail ar an mbolad bpaí do bhí timcioll na h-áite, agus duine ar bhí do maóac anaice leir, do dailfad na míoltóga é.

betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and, anyone who would go near it, the midges would blind him.



‘Tairis bean agus mac Bingham ceo púnt d’aon duine do béarfaid an corp amach. Rinne cuio maic daoine iarraid ar rin do deunam, aet níor feudadar. Fuar ríad púdar le crachad ar na míoltógaid, agus zeuga crann le na mbualad, aet níor feudadar a rgarad, ná dul com fada leir an zcrann. Bí an bpreuntar an éirige níor meara, agus bí eagla ar na cómarannaid zó utiubrad na míoltóga agus an corp bpreun pláiz orra.

Bí an dara rgaric na gárdadóir ag Bingham ran am ro, aet ni raib fíor ag luét an tige sur rgaric do bí ann, óir da mbeir-eat fíor ag luét an tige no ag na rprídeadóirib, do zeobad ríad agus do érocfad ríad é. Cuaid na Catoileiz zó bean Bingham agus dubaradar léi zó raib eólar aca ar duine do díbpreóad na míoltóga. “Tabair eugam é,” ar ríre, “agus má’r féidir leir na míoltóga do díbirt ni h-é an duair rin zeobar re aet a reat n-oiréad.

“Aet,” ar ríad-ran, “da mbeir’ fíor ag luét-an-tige agus da ngabadar é, do érocfadar é, mar érocfad an fear do fuair raðar a fúl ar air do.” “Aet,” ar ríre, “nac bpreofad ré na míoltóga do díbirt zan fíor ag luét-an-tige?”

“Ní’l fíor agaimn,” ar ríad-ran, “zó nglacfamar cómairle leir.”

An oirde rin glacadar cómairle leir an rgaric, agus d’innir ríad do cad dubairt bean Bingham.

“Ní’l agam aet beata faogalta le cáilleamaint,” ar ran rgaric, “agus béarfaid mé i ar ron na ndaoine boct, óir beir pláiz ann ran tír muna zeuirfíod mé díbirt ar na míoltógaid. Ar maidin amárach, beir iarraid agam i n-ainm Dé iad do díbirt, agus tá muinisin agam agus doctar i nDia zó rábáiraid ré mé ó mo cuio námad. Téir cuiz an bean-uairil anoir, agus abair léi zó mbeir mé i ngar do’n crann le h-éirige na zpreine ar maidin amárach, agus abair léi rir do beir réir aici leir an zcorp do cup ran uairz.”

Cuaid ríad cum na mná-uairle, agus d’innir ríad ví an méad dubairt an rgaric.

“Má éirigeann leir,” ar ríre, “beir an duair réir agam do, agus orodaid mé móir-feirer fear do beir i látar.”

Cait an rgaric an oirde rin i n-urnagtib, agus leat-uair poim éirige na zpreine cuaid ré cum na h-áite a raib a zleur beannaghte i bpolaé. Cuir ré rin air, agus le cpoir ann a leat-láim agus le uirge coirreagta ann ran láim eile, cuaid ré cum na h-áite a raib na míoltóga. Tóraig ré ann rin ag léirgead ar a leabar agus ag crachad uirge coirreagta ar na míoltógaid, i n-

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she, "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

They went to the lady and told her all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden: he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and

ainm an Achar an Mic agus an Spioraid Naoim. D'éirigh an enoc mioltóis, agus d'eitill ríad ruar 'ran aér, agus rinneadar an rpeir com dorca leir an oirde. Ni raib fíor as na daoine cía an áit a ndéadar, áit faoi ceann leat-uairé ni raib ceann díob le peiceál (peirint).

Bí lútgáire mór ar na daoine, áit níor bráda go bráda ar rpeir dóir as teact, agus glaoí ríad ar an ragarit iut leir com tapa a'r bí ann. Agus an ragarit do na boinn agus lean an rpeiréadóir é, agus rgián ann gac láim aige. Nuair nár feut ré teact ruar leir, áit ré an rgián 'na diais. Nuair bí an rgián as dul ear gualain an trasairt, cuir ré a lám éle ruar, agus gab ré an rgián, agus áit ré an rgián ar air gan féadaint taob riar dé. Duail rí an fear, agus cuair rí trí a éiríde, gur tuit ré marb, agus d'imtigh an ragarit raor.

Fuar na rir corp Bingham, agus cuirreadar ann ran uais é, áit nuair cuadar corp an rpeiréadóir do cur, fuairreadar na mílte de luógair mór timéil air, agus ni raib speim feola ar a cnámaib nac raib ite sca. Ni corrócaí ríad de'n corp agus níor feut na daoine iad do ruasac, agus b'éigin díob na cnáma d'fágbáil or cionn talman.

Cuir an ragarit a gleur beannaighe i bpolac, agus do bí as obair 'ran ngaró nuair cuir bean Bingham fíor air, agus d'iar air an duair do glacac ar ron na mioltósa do díbir, agus í do tabairt do'n fear do díbir iad má bí eólar aige air.

“Tá eólar asam air, agus duairt ré liom an duair do tabairt cuige anocht, mar tá rún aige an tír d'fágbáil rí má gpoícaí luét an díge é.”

“Seo duit í,” ar ríre, agus féadac rí rporán óir do.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, d'imtigh an ragarit go coir na rairige; fuair ré long do bí as dul cum na rraince, cuair ré ar boir, agus com luac agus d'fás ré an cuan cuir ré air a eudais ragarit, agus agus buirdeac do Dia faoi n-a tabairt raor. Níl fíor asainn cao tárla do 'na diais rin.

Tar éir rin do bídeac daoine d'alla agus caocá as tigeact go Tobar Mhuire, agus níor fill don duine sca ariam ar air gan a beir léigearca. Áit ni raib ruo maic ar bit ariam ann ran tír reo, nár míleac le duine éigin, agus míleac an tobar, mar ro.

scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts * (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. The rats would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to hunt them away, so that they had to leave the bones overground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbor he put his priest's clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

* This is the absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. "Bonn" means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."

Bí cailín i mBaile-an-tobair, agus bí sí ar tí beirte póirta, nuair éaduis rean-bean éadóc éuici as iarrmaíó déirce i n-onóir do Dá agus do Muipe.

“Ní’l don ruo asam le tabairt do rean-éadócáin caillice, tá mé boðaraisíte aca,” ar ran cailín.

“Ná raib fáinne an póirta ort a-éiríde go mbéir tu éadóc a’r tá mire,” ar ran trean-bean.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, bí rúile an cailín óis nimneac, agus ar maidin ’na éadís rin bí sí beas-nac dall, agus dubairt na cómaranna go mbuó éoir ói dul go Tobar Muipe.

Ar maidin go moe, déirce í, agus éadóc sí cum an tobair, áet éreú déirceacó sí ann áet an trean-bean déirce an déirce uirí ’na ruidé as bpuac an tobair, as éadóc a cinn or éionn an tobair beannaisíte.

“Leir-réuor ort, a éadóc éadóc, an as palacacó Tobar Muipe acá tu?” ar ran cailín; “iméis leat no bpuirí mé do muneul.”

“Ní’l don onóir ná meap asad ar Dá ná ar Muipe, déirce tu déirce do tabairt i n-onóir déirce, ar an déirce rin ní émpairí tu tu réin ’ran tobair.”

Fuar an cailín greim ar an éadóc, as éadócáin í do réadacáil ó’n tobair, áet leir an réadacáil do bí éadóc do éit an déirce aréac ’ran tobair agus báiteac íad.

Ó’n lá rin go déirce an lá ro ní raib don léigear ann ran tobair.

* * * * *

There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honor of God and Mary.

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the wedding ring may never go on you until you are as blind as I am," said the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you, you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's Well you are?" said the girl; "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honor nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honor of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the well.

* * * * *

muire aḡus naom̃ ioseph:

nae naom̃ta do bi naom̃ iōrep
 nuair pōr pē muire mātai?
 nae ē do fuair an tabarta?
 'Do b' fearr 'nā an raogal āiōe [āōam]?

Thiūtaiḡ pē do'n ōr buiōe
 aḡur do'n ērōm do bi aḡ ōāiōi,
 aḡur b' fearr leiḡ beit aḡ tpeōruḡaō
 aḡur aḡ mūnaō an eōlaiḡ do mhuire mātaiḡ

lā amāin ō'ā maiō an cūpla
 aḡ riābal ann ran nḡāirōin;
 mearḡ na reiriniō cūbarta;
 biāt ūbīa, aḡur āirniōe:

'Do cūir muire ōūil ionnta
 aḡur tnuḡ rī leō, i lātaiḡ;
 o ōolaō bpeāḡ na n-ūbail
 bhī ḡo cūbarta deaḡ ō'n āirō-miḡ:

ann rin do labair an mhaiḡdean
 'De'n cōm̃pāō bi fann,
 "Bain ōam na reōiō rin
 tā aḡ fār ar an ḡerann:

* Now ill-called "Caldwell" in English.

† *Literally*: Is it not holy that St. Joseph was when he married Mary Mother; is it not that he got the gift that was better than Adam's world? He refused the yellow gold and the crown that David had had, and he preferred to be guiding and showing the way to Mary Mother. One day that the couple were walking in the garden among the fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [*i.e.*, God]. Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble, "Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them, for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are growing beneath my bosom." Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, "I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with." Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, "Bend low in her presence, O tree." The tree bowed down to her in their

MARY AND ST. JOSEPH.

From Michael Rogers and Martin O'Calally,* in Erris Co. Mayo.—
DOUGLAS HYDE.

Holy was good St. Joseph
When marrying Mary Mother,
Surely his lot was happy,
Happy beyond all other.†

Refusing red gold laid down,
And the crown by David worn,
With Mary to be abiding
And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day that the twain were talking,
And walking through gardens early,
Where cherries were redly growing,
And blossoms were growing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,
For faint and tired she panted,
At the scent on the breezes' wing
Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph the Virgin,
All weary and faint and low,
"O pull me yon smiling cherries
That fair on the tree do grow,

presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, "Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch, until I go to Jerusalem doing penance for my sin." Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed. "I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins."

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, "O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world?"

"I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and a spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day."

“ Bain dam mo fáil aca
 Oir tá me las pann,*
 A’r tó oibreacha m’ na ngráir
 As fár faoi mo bhoim.”

Ann rin do labhair Flaoth Ioréph
 De’n cómhádh bí teann,
 “ Ni bainfid mé duit na reoda
 A’r ni h-áil liom do éilinn;

“ Glao’ ar acair ó do lein
 Ir air ir cóir duit beic teann”
 Ann rin do corruis íora
 So beannaighe faoi na bhoim;

Ann rin do labhair íora
 So naomta faoi na bhoim
 “ Irig so h-írioll
 Ann a fíadnuire a éilinn.”

D’ámlaig an cpann ríor dí
 Ann a bpiadnuire san máil;
 Agus fuair sí mian a ciorde-rig
 Glain-díreac ó’n scrann;

Ann rin do labhair Flaoth Ioréph
 Agus caic é féin ar an talam;
 “ Gab a-baile a mháire
 Agus luid ar do leabuir.
 So dtéir mé so h-laruralem
 As deunam aicighe ann mó peacair.”

Ann rin do labhair an mhaisdean
 De’n cómhádh bí beannuighe,
 “ Ni pacair mé a-baile
 A’r ni luidfid mé ar mo leabuir;
 Aet tá maiteamhar le fágail asao
 Ó m’ na ngráir ann do peacair.”

* * * * *

* “Ann a f-cail” dubairt mac mc Ruairig, aet dubairt an Callaoileac
 “las pann” tá me ann a f-cail = “Ceartuigheann uaim iat.”

"For feeble I am and weary,
And my steps are but faint and slow,
And the works of the King of the graces
I fee! within me grow."

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,
And stoutly indeed spake he,
"I shall not pluck thee one cherry.
Who art unfaithful to me.

"Let him come fetch you the cherries,
Who is dearer than I to thee."
Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,
Thus spake to the stately tree,

"Bend low in her gracious presence,
Stoop down to herself, O tree,
That my mother herself may pluck thee,
And take thy burden from thee."

Then the great tree lowered her branches
At hearing the high command,
And she plucked the fruit that it offered,
Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,
He cast himself on the ground,
"Go home and forgive me, Mary,
To Jerusalem I am bound;
I must go to the holy city,
And confess my sin profound."*

Then out spake the gentle Mary,
She spake with a gentle voice,
"I shall not go home, O Joseph,
But I bid thee at heart rejoice,
For the King of Heaven shall pardon
The sin that was not of choice."

* * * * *

* These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish Language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.

Trí mí ó'n lá rin
 Rugadh an leanbh beannuighe,
 Thainig na trí mífhe
 Agus deunadh aóiríughe do'n leanbh.

Trí mí ó'n oíche rin
 Rugadh an leanbh beannuighe,
 Ann a rtabla fuair feannta
 Eirigh bulán agus aral.

Ann rin do labhair an máighe an
 So ciún agus so céilliúe,
 "A mhic mífhe na gearradh
 Cía 'n nór mbéir tu ar an traois?"

"Béir mé Diairdaoin
 Agus mé díolta agus mo námaid;
 Agus béir me Dia hAoine
 Mo éiríochair poll agus na táirgí.

Béir me ceann i mbáir ríce
 'S fuil mo éiríoch i lár na ríche;
 'S an tréig nime dul tre mo éiríoch
 Le rícheallach an lá rin.

Three months from that self-same morning,
The blessed child was born,
Three kings did journey to worship
That babe from the land of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,
He was born there in a manger,
With asses, and kine and bullocks,
In the strange, cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,
Softly she spake and wisely,
"Dear Son of the King of Heaven,
Say what may in life betide Thee."

[THE BABE.]

"I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,
Betrayed and sold to the foeman,
And pierced like a sieve on Friday,
With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart's blood flow,
And my head on a spike be planted,
And a spear through my side shall go,
Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,
And a storm over earth come sweeping,
The lights shall be quenched in the heavens
And the sun and the moon be weeping.
While angels shall stand around me,
With music and joy and gladness,
As I open the road to Heaven,
That was lost by the first man's madness."

* * * * *

Christ built that road into heaven,
In spite of the Death and Devil,
Let us when we leave the world
Be ready by it to travel.

naom̃ pead̃ar:

Chualaid̃ p̃r̃b̃iñiar̃ O Concubair̃, i m'bl'ac̃-luain, an r̃geul̃ ro ó f̃ean-
m̃naoĩ oar̃ b' ainm̃ b̃r̃uig̃ro ñi chaṭapaig̃ ó bhaile-dá-d̃bain i gconṭaé
Shlig̃is̃, aṣur̃ fuaip̃ m̃ipe uair̃o-pean é.

Ann rañ am̃ a paib̃ Naom̃ Pead̃ar̃ aṣur̃ ár̃ Slánuig̃teoir̃ aṣ
riubal̃ na tíre, i' iom̃da ionṡant̃ar̃ do ṭair̃beáñ a Mháig̃irt̃ir̃ d̃ó,
aṣur̃ d̃á mbuṭ̃ d̃uine eile do bí ann, d'f̃eic̃pead̃ leat̃ an oir̃io, i' r̃
d̃óig̃ go mbeir̃deat̃ a d̃óṭc̃ar̃ ar̃ a Mháig̃irt̃ir̃ níor̃ láir̃oie 'ñá bí
d̃óṭc̃ar̃ p̃head̃air̃.

Doñ lá am̃áiñ do bíod̃ar̃ aṣ teac̃t̃ ar̃teac̃ go baile-m̃óir̃ aṣur̃
do bí f̃ear̃-ceóil̃ leat̃ ar̃ meir̃ge 'na f̃uir̃de ar̃ ṭaoib̃ an d̃óṭair̃
aṣur̃ é aṣ iarr̃air̃ d̃éir̃ce. Thuṡ ár̃ Slánuig̃teoir̃ p̃íora aigr̃io
d̃ó ar̃ nṡabail̃ ṭair̃t̃ d̃ó: D̃h̃i ionṡant̃ar̃ ar̃ p̃head̃ar̃ faoĩ riñ, óir̃
d̃ubair̃t̃ ré leir̃ f̃éiñ "I' iom̃da d̃uine doṭ̃ do bí i n-eap̃buir̃ m̃óir̃,
d'eiṭis̃ mo máig̃irt̃ir̃, ac̃t̃ anoir̃ ṭuṡ ré d̃éir̃ce do'ñ f̃ear̃-ceóil̃ reó
ac̃á ar̃ meir̃ge. Ac̃t̃ b' éir̃oir̃," ar̃ ré leir̃ f̃éiñ, "b' éir̃oir̃ go b̃fuil̃
d̃úil̃ aige rañ gceóil̃."

Do bí f̃íor̃ aṣ ár̃ Slánuig̃teoir̃ c̃r̃eáṭ̃ do bí i n-innt̃inñ
p̃head̃air̃, ac̃t̃ níor̃ lab̃air̃t̃ ré f̃ocal̃ d'á ṭaoib̃:

Añ lá ar̃ n-a m̃árac̃ do bíod̃ar̃ aṣ riúbal̃ aip̃r̃, aṣur̃ do cap̃at̃
b̃r̃áṭair̃ doṭ̃ oir̃ra, aṣur̃ é c̃rom̃ leir̃ an doir̃, aṣur̃ beaṡ-nac̃
noṭṭa: D'iar̃r̃ ré d̃éir̃ce ar̃ ár̃ Slánuig̃teoir̃, ac̃t̃ ñi ṭuṡ Seir̃eañ
doñ aip̃ro aip̃r̃, aṣur̃ níor̃ f̃reag̃air̃ Sé a im̃p̃r̃de.

"Siñ ñiṭ̃ eile nac̃ b̃fuil̃ ceair̃t̃," ar̃ ra Naom̃ Pead̃ar̃ anñ a
innt̃inñ f̃éiñ; bí eas̃la aip̃r̃ lab̃air̃t̃ leir̃ an Máig̃irt̃ir̃ d'á ṭaoib̃,
ac̃t̃ bí ré aṣ cail̃leam̃aint̃ a d̃h̃óṭc̃air̃ gac̃ uile lá:

Añ tr̃aṭñóna ceud̃na bíod̃ar̃ aṣ teac̃t̃ go baile eile nuair̃
cap̃at̃ f̃ear̃ d̃all̃ oir̃ra, aṣur̃ é aṣ iarr̃air̃ d̃éir̃ce: Chuir̃ ár̃
Slánuig̃teoir̃ caint̃ aip̃r̃ aṣur̃ d̃ubair̃t̃ "c̃reud̃ tá uair̃t̃?"

"Luac̃ l̃óir̃t̃iñ oir̃de, luac̃ fuir̃ le n'ite, aṣur̃ an oir̃eas̃ aṣur̃
d̃éir̃dear̃ aṣ teap̃t̃ál̃ uaim̃ am̃árac̃; má ṭis̃ leat̃-ra a ṭab̃air̃t̃ d̃am̃,
geod̃air̃ tu c̃úit̃iuṡat̃ m̃óir̃, aṣur̃ c̃úit̃iuṡat̃ nac̃ b̃fuil̃ le f̃áṡail̃
ar̃ an tr̃aoṡal̃ b̃r̃ónac̃ ro."

"I' mair̃ i do caint̃," ar̃ rañ Tigr̃ear̃na, "ac̃t̃ ní'l̃ tu ac̃t̃ aṣ
iarr̃air̃ mo meall̃at̃, ní'l̃ eap̃buir̃ luac̃-l̃óir̃t̃iñ ñá fuir̃ le n'ite
oir̃t̃; tá óir̃ aṣur̃ aigr̃ioṭ̃ anñ do p̃óca, aṣur̃ buṭ̃ c̃óir̃ d̃uit̃ do
d̃uir̃deac̃ar̃ do ṭab̃air̃t̃ do D̃hia faoĩ do d̃íol̃ go lá do beir̃ aṡat̃."

Ni paib̃ f̃íor̃ aṣ an D̃all̃ ṡur̃ b' é ár̃ Slánuig̃teoir̃ do bí aṣ caint̃
leir̃, aṣur̃ d̃ubair̃t̃ ré leir̃: "Ní reanm̃óira ac̃t̃ d̃éir̃ce ac̃á mé
'iarr̃air̃, i' cinñte mé d̃á mbeir̃deat̃ f̃íor̃ aṡat̃ go paib̃ óir̃ ñá

SAINT PETER.

A Folk Story.

An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the Co. Sligo, told this story to O'Connor in Athlone, from whom I got it.—
DOUGLAS HYDE [in *Religious Songs of Connacht*.]

AT the time that Saint Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "Many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but He did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again and a poor friar (*sic*) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said, "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow; if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me? you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat; you have gold and silver in your pocket; and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and he said to him, "It is not sermons,

airgidh agham go mbainfeá díom é, 'tuga' leat* anoir, ní tear-tuigeann do cáint uaim."

"Go deimhin ir dí-céillíodé an fear tu," ar ran Tigearna, "ní béid ór ná airgidh agha i b'pá," agus leir rin d'fás ré an dall.

Bhí Peadar ag éirteacht leir an gcómhád, agus bí dúil aige a innreacht do'n dall sup mbuó é ar Slánuišteoir do bí ag cáint leir, áct ní bfuair ré don fáill. Áct do bí fear eile ag éirteacht nuair dúbairt ar Slánuišteoir go raib ór agus airgidh ag an dall. Buo rghioradóir millteac do bí ann, áct do bí fíor aige nár innir ar Slánuišteoir don b'reus agham. Chom luat agus bí Seirean agus Naomh Peadar imtíste, táinig an rghioradóir cum an dall agus dúbairt leir, "Tabair dam do cúir óir agus airgidh, no cuirfead rghian tré do éiríodé."

"Ní'l ór ná airgidh agham" ar ran dall, "d'a mbeirtead, ní beirínn ag iarraidh déirce."

Áct leir rin do fuair an rghioradóir zheim air, do cúir faoi é, agus do bain dé an méad do bí aige. Do fáiir agus do rghreao an dall com h-áir agus d'feud ré, agus cuallaidh ar Slánuišteoir agus Peadar é.

"Tá eugóir d'a deunam ar an dall," ar Peadar.

"Fás go fealltac, agus imteócair ré an éoi ceurona, gan cáint ar lá an b'reiteamhair," ar ar Slánuišteoir.

"Tuigim tu, ní'l don fuo i b'pólaic uair a Mháigirtir," ar Peadar.

An lá 'na díais rin do b'beadar ag riúbal coir fáraiz, agus táinig leóman cíocrac amac. "Anoir a Pheadair," ar ar Slánuišteoir, "ir minic d'ubairt tu go zcailleá do beata ar mo fon, anoir teiriz agus tabair tu féin do'n leóman agus imteócair mire raor."

Do rmuair Peadar aige féin agus dúbairt, "b'feair liom b'ar ar bit eile d'fágail 'n'a leigint do leóman m'ite; támaoir cor-luat agus tiz linn ríic uair, agus má feicim é ag teacht ruar linn fanfair mé ar deirtead, agus tiz leat-ra imteacht raor."

"Bíod mar rin," ar ar Slánuišteoir:

Do leiz an leóman rghreao, agus ar go b'pát leir 'na ndíais, agus níor b'páa go raib ré ag b'reit opra, agus i b'fogar doib.

"Fan riari a Pheadair," ar an Slánuišteoir, áct leiz Peadar air féin nac zcuallaidh ré focal, agus d'imtíz ré amac ríomh a Mháigirtir. D'iompaiz an Tigearna ar a cúl agus dúbairt ré leir an leóman, "Teiriz ar air go ríic an fárac," agus rinne íé amlaidh.

* "tuga leat" = "imtíz leat," "amac leat," no fuo de'n tróir rin. D'éoirir sup "eizge leat" buó cóir do beir ann, 7 eizg an Deamán!"

but alms, I am looking for. I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me, you would take it from me. Get off now; I don't want your talk.

"Indeed, you are a senseless man," said the Lord; "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

Saint Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked robber who was in it; but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and Saint Peter were gone, this robber came to the blind man, and said to him, "Give me your gold and silver, or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man; "if I had I wouldn't be looking for alms." But with that the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour, "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you; there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for Me; go now and give yourself to the lion, and I shall escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me; we are swift-footed and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I will remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them, and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour; but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "Go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.

"O'feuc Peadar taob-fiair dé, agus nuair éinnairc ré an leóman as tuis ar air do fear ré go dtáinig ar Slánuigíteoir ruar leir. "A Peadar," ar Sé, "o'pás tu mé i mbaogal, agus —ruo buí meara 'nár rin,—o'innir tu bpeuga."

"Rinne mé rin," ar Peadar, "mar bí fíor agham go bfuil cúmaect agha or cionn gac nio, ni h-é amáin ar leóman an fára-ais."

"Coirg do beul, agus ná bí as innreacé bpeug, ni raib fíor agha agus dá bfeicead mé i mbaogal amárac do tréisead mé air, tá fíor agham ar rmuaintib do éiríde."

"Níor rmuain mé amáin go ndearnaid tu don nio nac raib ceart," ar-ra Peadar.

"Sin bpeug eile," ar ar Slánuigíteoir. "Nac cuimín leat an lá do tug mé déirce do'n fear-ceoil do bí leat ar meirge, bí iongantair orc agus dubairt tu leat féin gur iomda duine boct do bí i n-earbuid móir o'eitig mé, agus go dtug mé déirce do fear do bí ar meirge mar bí tuis agham i gceol. An lá 'na diais rin o'eitig mé an fear-bpáitar, agus dubairt tu nac raib an nio rin ceart. An traidnóna ceudna ir cuimín leat creud tápla i dtaoib an daill. Mineócaid mé anoir tuis cao pát pinnear mar rin. Rinne an fear-ceoil níor mó de maic 'nár pinne fice bpáitar o'd fórt ó rugaó iad. Shábdail ré anam cailín ó pian-taib irpin. Bhí earbuid boinn airgid uirri agus bí sí as tuis peacaó marbtaó do deunam le na fágaib, aet coirimirg an fear-ceoil í, tug ré an bonn dí, ció go raib earbuid o'ige air féin an t-am ceudna. Maidir leir an mbpáitar, ni raib don earbuid air-rean, ció go bfuair ré ainm bpáitar buí ball de'n diabal é, agus rin é an pát nac dtug mé don air air. Maidir leir an daill, do bí a Dha ann a póca, óir ir fíor an fear-póca, "an ait a bfuil do éirte beir do éiríde léi."

Seal gearr 'na diais rin dubairt Peadar, "A Mhaidirir, tá eólar agha ar na rmuaintib ir uaigne i gceiríde an duine, agus o'n nioirí ped amac géillim tuis annr gac nio."

Timcioll peactmaine 'na diais-rin do bíodar as riubal tre énoaib agus pléibtib, agus cáilleadar an bealaó. Le tuitim na h-oirde táinig teinnreac agus coirineac agus fearrictain érom. Bhí an oirde com doirca rin náir feudadar corán caoraó o'feicead. Thuir Peadar anagaid carraige agus loit ré a cor com dona rin náir feud ré coirceim do fíubal.

Chonnaire ar Slánuigíteoir solur beas faoi bun cuic, agus dubairt Sé le Peadar, "fan mar tá tu agus maicair mire as tóirigeacé congnam le o'iomcar."

"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and, what was worse than that, you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see Me in danger to-morrow you would forsake Me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour; "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to yourself that many's the poor man in great want whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pain of hell. She wanted a piece of money and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her, and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar, he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, "Where your store is, your heart will be with it.'"

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were traveling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and He said to Peter, "Remain where you are, and I will go to seek help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that He gave a whistle,

"Ní'l don cónnam le págail ann ran áit fiadóin reo," ar Peadaar, "agus ná leis ann ro mé i mbaogal liom féin."

"Díod mar rin," ar ar Slánuigsteóir, agus leir rin do leis ré feao, agus táinig ceathrar fear, agus cia bí 'na cairtín orra aet an fear do rgnor an dall real poime rin. D'aicniú ré ar Slánuigsteóir agus Peadaar, agus dubairt ré le n-a cúio fear Peadaar d'iomcar go cúramac go dti an áit-cóinnuibe do bí aca amearg na gcnoc. "Chuir an beirt reo," ar ré, "óir agus airtio do ann mo bealaic-ra real gearr ó foim."

D'iomcar ríad Peadaar go dti reompa faoi talam; bí teine bpeás ann, agus cúipeadar an fear loitce i ngar dí, agus tugadar deoc dó. Thuit ré ann a coolaic agus do pinne ar Slánuigsteóir lorg na cpoire le n-a méar, or cionn na loite, agus nuair d'uiris ré d'feuo ré riúbal com maic agus d'feuo ré riam. Bhí iongantar air, nuair d'uiris ré, agus d'fiarfuig ré creuo do bain dó. D'innir ar Slánuigsteóir dó gac nio mar tápla.

"Shaoil mé," ar ra Peadaar, "go raib mé marb agus go raib mé ruar as doimur flaitir, aet nior feuo mé dul arteac mar bí an doimur dpuite, agus ni raib doirpreoir le págail."

"Airtling do bí asao" ar ar Slánuigsteóir, "aet ir fion i; tá an flaitear dpuite agus ní'l ré le beir forgailte go bpás' mire bár ar ron peacair an cine daonna, do cuir fearg ar m'acair. Ni bár coitcionnta aet bár náipeac geobar mé, aet éipeócar mé air go glóimhar agus foirgeólar mé an flaitear do bí dpuite, agus beir tura do doirpreoir!"

"Óra, a Mháirtir," ar ra Peadaar, "ni féidir go bfuigtea bár náipeac, nac leigtea dam-ra bár págail ar do fon-ra, tá mé réir agus toilteannac."

"Saoileann tu rin," ar ar Slánuigsteóir.

Thainig an t-am a raib ar Slánuigsteóir le bár págail. An trathóna poime rin bí ré féin agus an dá abrtal deus as reipe, nuair dubairt ré, "tá fear asair as dul mo bpat." Bhí trioblóir mór orra agus dubairt gac don aca "an mire é?" Aet dubairt Seiréan, "an té cumar le n-a lám ann ran méir liom, ir é rin an fear bpatfear mé."

Dubairt Peadaar ann rin, "dó mbeirdear an domán iomlán i d'asair," ar reiréan, "ni beir mire i d'asair," aet dubairt ar Slánuigsteóir leir, "rul má goiréann an Coileac anoet ceitir (reunpáir) tu mé tri h-uairé."

"Do geobainn bár rul má ceitirinn tu," ar ra Peadaar, "go veimin ni ceitfeao tu."

and there came four men; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that! He recognised our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills; "these two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing, and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven; but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut, and is not to be opened until I die for the sin of the human race, who put anger on My Father. It is not a common, but a shameful, death I shall get; but I shall rise again gloriously, and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death; would you not allow me to die for you; I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray me." There was great trouble on them, and each of them said, "Am I he?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter then said, "If the whole world were against you, I will not be against you." But our Saviour said to him, "Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times."

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was

Nuair tugadh breiteamhnar báir ar ár Slánuigheoir, bí á curó námhao d'á bualaó agus as cataó rmugairle air. Bhí Peadar amuig ann ran gcúirt, nuair éainis cailín-aimríre éuige agus dúbairt leir “bí tuar le hÍora.” “Ní'l fíor agam,” ar ra Peadar, “cao é tá tu fadó.”

Nuair bí ré as dul amach an geata, ann rin, dúbairt cailín éile, “rin fear do bí le hÍora,” áct tug reirean a mionna nac paid eólar ar bit aige air. Ann rin dúbairt cuir de na daoine do bí as éirteáct, “ní'l amhar ar bit nac paid tu leir, aithnigimid ar do caint é.” Thug ré na mionnaid móra ann rin, náir leir é, agus ar ball do glaoó an coilead, agus cuimnis ré ann rin ar na foclaib dúbairt ár Slánuigheoir, agus do fil ré na deóra aithrige, agus fuair re maiteamhnar ó'n té do ceil ré. Tá eórpaca flaitir aige anoir, agus má fíleann rinne na deóra aithrige faoi n-ár loctuib mar do fil reirean iad, geobamado maiteamhnar mar fuair reirean é, agus cuipfid ré ceo míle fáilte iómainn. nuair macar rinne so doirur flaitir.

outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, "You were with Jesus." "I don't know," says Peter, "what you are saying."

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, "There's the man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, "There is no doubt at all but you were with Him; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths then that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of heaven.

MAR ÉÁINIS AN T-SAINTE ANNSAN EAGLAIS.*

Uí ar Slánuigíteoir agus Naomh Peadar as rparir-
 doéiríocht, agus do caraí sean-*fean* oirí: Uí an t-*uine* boct
 rin go dona, ní *faib* air aet ceirceada agus sean-*éota* rtríocte;
 agus san fíú na mbíodh faoi n-a coraib. O'iarri ré *deirce* ar ar
 oTigearna agus ar Naomh Peadar: Uí truaídh as Peadar do
 an donán boct agus faoil ré go dtiúbraí an Tigearna fuo
 éigin do. Aet níor éirí an Tigearna don truím ann, aet o'imtídh
 re *tairir* san fheadairt *tairir* doí. Uí iongantar ar Pheadar
 faoi rin, oir faoil ré go dtiúbraí an Tigearna do *fad* aindéir-
 eoirí a faib oirí air, aet bí *faicéir* air don níó do fáid:

An lá ar na *maíac* bí an Tigearna agus Peadar as rparir-
 doéiríocht arí ar an mbótar ceutona, agus cia o'feicfead fáid as
 teadct 'na scoinne ann san fheadairt-*ait* ann a faib an sean-*fean*
 boct an lá *poiríe* rin aet *robaíle* agus cloiríeam nócta aige
 ann a láim: Tháinig ré eua agus o'iarri ré *airíod* oirí:
 Thug an Tigearna an t-*airíod* do san fíocail do fáid, agus o'imtídh
 an *robaíle*: Uí iongantar oíbalta ar Pheadar ann rin, oir
 faoil ré go faib an iomarcuio meirídh as ar oTigearna *airíod*
 do *tairir* do *faduio* ar *faicéir*: Nuair bí an Tigearna agus
 Peadar imtídh tamall beas ar an mbótar níor feuo Peadar
 san ceir do éirí air: “Nac móir an rgeul a Thigearna” ar ré
 “nac *tu* *daíam* do'n donán boct o'iarri *deirce* oirí anóe,
 aet go *tu* *airíod* do'n bíteamnac *faduio* do táinig éugao
 le cloiríeam ann a láim: nac faib rínn-ne 'n ar mbeirí agus
 ní faib ann aet *fean* amáin; tá cloiríeam *agam-ra*” *deir* ré,
 “agus b' *fean* an *fean* míre 'n*á* eiríe!” “A Pheadar” ar
 san Tigearna “ní feiceann *tura* aet an *taob* amuídh, aet éiríim-

*Fuair mé an rgeul ro, o *fean*-oibíe do bí as Redington De Róirte, Dhuim an t-
 reasail, aet éualar go míic é. Ní h-*ia* ro na ceir-fíocail ann a bfuairíe.

HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

This is a story I have often heard. The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, though I do not give his exact words. I heard one nearly identical, only told in English, in the Co. Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities, common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of “St. Peter and the Horse-shoe”—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story will occur to the student.—DOUGLAS HYDE.
[*Religious Songs of Connacht.*]

As once our Saviour and St. Peter
Were walking over the hills together,
In a lonesome place that was by the sea,
Beside the border of Galilee,
Just as the sun to set began
Whom should they meet but a poor old man!
His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,
He seemed most wretched and forlorn,
Fenury stared in his haggard eye,
And he asked an alms as they passed him by.

Peter had only a copper or two,
So he looked to see what the Lord would do.
The man was trembling—it seemed to him—
With hunger and cold in every limb.
But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,
He turned away and He nothing gave.
And Peter was vexed awhile at that
And wondered what our Lord was at,
Because he had thought Him much too good
To ever refuse a man for food.
But though he wondered he nothing said,
Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.

It happened that the following day
They both returned that very way,
And whom should they meet where the man had been,
But a highway robber, gaunt and lean!
And in his belt a naked sword—
For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.
“He’s an ass,” thought Peter, “to meet us thus;
He won’t get anything from us.”
But Peter was seized with such surprise,
He scarcely could believe his eyes
When he saw the Master, without a word,
Give to the man who had the sword.

After the man was gone again
His wonder Peter could not restrain,
But turning to our Saviour, said:
“Master, the man who asked for bread,

re an taobḁ-arciṣ: ni fεiceann tupa aēt corp na nḁaoine nuair fεicim-re an cṛoirdε. Aēt bεirḁ fṛor aṣaḁ ṣo fḁil ” ar Sε
 “ cṛεud fǎt do pinne mε rin.”

Thuic rε amac don lǎ aṁǎin ’na ḁiaṣ rin ṣo nḁeaǎirḁ ar
 oTigearna aṣur pεaḁar amṁṣa ar na flεibḁtib. Bḁi teinntεaǎ
 aṣur toirṛneac aṣur fεarṛtǎin mḁḁr ann, aṣur bṛi riad bǎirḁte, aṣur
 an bḁtar cailṭe aca: Cia o’fεicfεaḁ riad cūca ann rin aēt an
 ṛobǎilirdε ceudna a oṭuṣ an Tigearna aṛṣiḁḁ oḁ an lǎ rin,
 Nuair tǎiniṣ rε cūca bṛi tṛuaṣ aṣe ḁḁib, aṣur ruṣ rε leir iad
 ṣo oṭi uaiṣ do bṛi aṣe fḁoi bun cairṛuṣe, amearṣ na flεibḁteadḁ,
 aṣur bain rε an t-eudac fliuǎ ḁiḁḁ aṣur cūir εudaiṣ tṛime
 orṛa, aṣur tuṣ neart le n’ite aṣur le n’ḁil ḁḁib aṣur leabuirḁ
 le luirdε aṛi, aṣur ṣac uile fḁḁrt o’fεud rε ḁeunam ḁḁib do
 pinne rε ε. An lǎ ar na mǎrǎc nuair bṛi an fṛoṛim tǎrt, tuṣ
 rε amac iad aṣur nṛor fǎṣ rε iad ṣur cūir rε ar an mbḁtar ceart
 iad, aṣur tuṣ lḁn ḁḁib le n-aṣairḁ an aṛtṛi. “ Mo cḁinriar ! ”
 ar pεaḁar leir fεin ann rin, “ bṛi an ceart aṣ Tigearna, ir maṭ
 an fεar an ṣaḁuirḁ; ir iomḁa fεar cḁir,” ar fεirεan, “ nac
 nḁearṛairḁ an oṛfεaḁ rin ḁam-ra ! ”

Ni fḁaib riad a bṛaḁ imcṛiṣṭε ar an mbḁtar ann rin ṣo bṛuair
 riad fεar maṛḁ aṣur ε rṛntε ar εnǎim a ḁḁoma ar lǎr an bḁtair,
 aṣur o’aṭniṣ pεaḁar ε ṣur ab ε an fεan-fεar ceudna do
 ḁiultaiṣ an Tigearna an ḁεṛc oḁ. “ B’oṭc do pinneamar ” ar
 pεaḁar leir fεin, “ aṛṣiḁḁ do ḁiultuṣadḁ do’n ḁuine boēt rin,
 aṣur fεuǎ ε maṛḁ anoir le ḁonar aṣur anṛḁ.” “ A pṛeaḁair ”
 ar ran Tigearna “ tεirḁ tǎll cūis an bṛεar rin aṣur fεuǎ cṛεaḁ
 tǎ aṣe ann a ṛḁca:” Cūair pεaḁar anonn cūise aṣur tḁraiṣ
 rε aṣ lǎimṛiṣadḁ a fεan-cḁṭa aṣur cṛεud do fṛuair rε ann aēt
 a lǎn aṛṣiḁḁ ṣeal, aṣur timcṛiḁll cṛ pla fṛiḁḁ bonn ḁir. “ A
 Thiṣearna,” ar ra pεaḁar, “ Bḁi aṭ ceart aṣaḁ-ra, aṣur cia bε
 ruḁ ḁeunfḁr tu no ḁεarṛfḁr tu aṛṛ, ni riadairḁ mε i o’ aṣairḁ.”
 “ Deunfḁirḁ rin a pṛeaḁair,” ar ran Tigearna. “ Ṣlac
 an t-aṛṣiḁḁ rin anoir aṣur cailṭ arṭeac ε ann ran bpoll

The poor old man of yesterday,
Why did you turn from him away?
But to this robber, this shameless thief,
Give, when he asked you for relief.
I thought it most strange for *you* to do;
We needn't have feared him, we were *two*.
I have a sword here, as you see,
And could have used it as well as he;
And I am taller by a span,
For he was only a little man."

"Peter," said our Lord, "you see
Things but as they seem to be.
Look within and see behind,
Know the heart and read the mind,
'Tis not long before you know
Why it was I acted so."

After this it chanced one day
Our Lord and Peter went astray,
Wandering on a mountain wide,
Nothing but waste on every side.
Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,
Peter followed, the Lord went first.
Then began a heavy rain,
Lightning gleamed and flashed again,
Another deluge poured from heaven,
The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.
Then, when fainting, frozen, spent,
A man came towards them through the bent,
And Peter trembled with cold and fright,
When he knew again the robber wight.
But the robber brought them to his cave,
And what he had he freely gave.
He gave them wine, he gave them bread,
He strewed them rushes for a bed,
He lent them both a clean attire
And dried their clothes before the fire,
And when they rose the following day
He gave them victuals for the way,
And never left them till he showed
The road he thought the straightest road.
"The Master was right," thought Peter then,
"The robber is better than better men,
There's many an honest man," thought he,
"Who never did as much for me."

They had not left the robber's ground
Above an hour, when lo, they found
A man upon the mountain track
Lying dead upon his back.
And Peter soon, with much surprise,
The beggarman did recognize.

móna tall, ní bíonn ann san aighioḡ so minic aḡt mallacḡt móru Chruinnigḡ Peadaṛ an t-aighioḡ le céile, aḡur éuairḡ ré so 'ḡt an poll-móna leirḡ; aḡt nuairḡ bí ré 'ḡt d'á caiteamḡ arḡeacḡ, "oḡón," arḡ ré leirḡ féin, "nacḡ áirḡbéul an tṛuaḡ an t-aighioḡ bṛeáḡ ro 'ḡt éur amúḡa, aḡur irḡ minic bíonn oḡnar aḡur tarḡ aḡur fuaḡḡ arḡ an Máigirḡir, óirḡ ní éuḡann ré aon aipe 'ḡt féin, aḡt congḡbócairḡ mire cuirḡ 'ḡt 'n aighioḡ ro arḡ pon a leaṛa féin, a ḡan fíor 'ḡt, aḡur b'feairḡe é." leirḡ rinḡ 'ḡt cairḡ ré an t-aighioḡ ḡeal uile, arḡeacḡ ann san bṛoil, i fuoḡḡ so ḡcluinfearḡ an Tigearḡna an toṛan, aḡur so faoirlfeairḡ ré so fairḡ ré uile cairḡte arḡeacḡ. Nuairḡ táinigḡ ré arḡ airann rinḡ d'fíafṛuigḡ an Tigearḡna, 'ḡt "A Pheadairḡ," arḡ ré, "arḡ cairḡ tu an t-aighioḡ rinḡ uile arḡeacḡ." "Chairḡear" arḡ Peadaṛ, "aḡt amáin píora óirḡ no 'ḡt, 'ḡt congḡbaigḡ mé le biaḡ aḡur 'ḡeocḡ 'ḡt éeannacḡ 'ḡuit-re."

"O! a Pheadairḡ," arḡ san Tigearḡna, "cṛéarḡ fát nacḡ nḡearḡnairḡ tu maṛ 'ḡubairḡ mire leat. fearḡ rannḡacḡ éu, aḡur béirḡ an tṛaint rinḡ oṛḡ so bṛacḡ."

Sin é an fát faoi a bfuil an Eaglais rannḡacḡ ó foinḡ

"Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right
To refuse him alms the other night.

He's dead from the cold and want of food,
And we're partly guilty of his blood."

"Peter," said our Lord, "go now

Feel his pockets and let us know

What he has within his coat."

Then Peter turned them inside out,
And found within the lining plenty
Of silver coins, and gold ones twenty.

"My Lord," said Peter, "now I know
Why it was you acted so.

Whatever you say or do with men,
I never will think you wrong again."

"Peter," said our Saviour, "take
And throw those coins in yonder lake,

That none may fish them up again,

For money is often the curse of men."

Peter gathered the coins together,
And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.

But he thought in his mind: "It's a real sin

To be flinging this lovely money in.

We're often hungry, we're often cold,

And money is money—I'll keep the gold

To spend on the Master; He needs the pelf,

For He's very neglectful of Himself."

Then down with a splash does Peter throw

The *silver* coins to the lake below,

And hopes our Lord from the splash would think

He had thrown the whole from off the brink.

And then before our Lord he stood

And looked as innocent as he could.

Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;

Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"

"Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,

But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,

Since I thought we might find them very good

For bed, or for drink, or a bite of food.

Because our own are nearly out,

And they are inconvenient to do without.

But, if you wish it, of course I'll go

And fling the rest of the lot below."

"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,

"You should have obeyed me at my word,

For a greedy man you are, I see,

And a greedy man you will ever be;

A covetous man you are of gain,

And a covetous man you will remain."

And that's the reason, as I've been told,
The clergy are since so fond of gold.

FIGAIR NA CROISE NAOMTA.

O námad mo éireoin, námad mo tír,
 Námad mo cloinne 'r mo céile;
 A tigeanna deun mo comairce
 Le figair na Croise naomta;

Le báir na Croise ceannais tu
 Slíocht [mí-] foirtúnaic éba;
 Ó foin anuar ir beannaisge
 An comairce ro áro-naomta;

Do pleurg an éarrais, do duib an ghrian;
 Do éroit an domhan go h-éadtaic,
 Nuair o'áraidgead ruar an Slánaisgeoir
 Ar dhuim na Croise naomta.

Fánaor! dá bítin rin, an té
 Nac mbéir a éroide o'á reubad;
 A'r deoir aicrige as ríleat uair,
 Or comair na Croise naomta!

Ir gearr é réim an duine laig
 Sior le pán an t-raogail-re;
 Ni taomann (?) an Spiorad malluisge
 Luét figair na Croise Naomta;

Sgannrócar gac don faoi gheim an báir
 O'á taetad ruar, as eugad;
 —Ir doct béir lá an anara
 San ríat na Croise Naomta;

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

[I came across this religious poem in Irish among the MSS. of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish Leader, at Cahermoyle. It was attributed to a Father O'Meehan.—DOUGLAS HYDE, in "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,
 From the foes who would us dis sever,
 O Lord, preserve me in life, in death,
 With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the Cross was the race restored,
 For vain was our endeavor;
 Henceforward blessèd, O blessèd Lord,
 Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade
 The darkening world did quiver,
 When on the tree our Saviour made
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart
 Shall neither shrink nor shiver,
 Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start
 At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,
 Down like an ebbing river,
 But the devils themselves cannot withstand
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,
 When the soul and the body sever,
 Fearful the fear if we may not trust
 In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

bea ~~da~~ ttrí mbó. nn

So péir, bean na ttrí mbó!
Ar do bólaé na bí teann:
Do connairc meirí san go,
Bean ir ba dá mó a beann.

Ní mairéann rairbhear do gnaé,
Do neac ná tabair tair go móir:
Cúgar an t-éas ar gac taoib;
So péir, a bean na ttrí mbó

Slioc t-éasain mór 'ra mómair;
A n-imt aet do gnaí clá dóib,
A reolta sup léigeadar rior;
So péir, a bean na ttrí mbó!

Clann gairge tigeair na an cláir,
A n-imteac-t-ran, ba lá leoin,
San rúil re n-a tteac go bpié
So péir, a bean na ttrí mbó!

Dóinnall ó Dún baol na long,
Ua Súilleabáin ná'ri t'im glór;
Féac sup tuit 'ran Spáin re clairbeam;
So péir, a bean na ttrí mbó!

Ua Ruairc ir Maguibí, do bí
Lá i n-Éirinn 'na lán beoil;
Féac féin sup imtís an oír:—
So péir, a bean na ttrí mbó!

Síol gCearbail do bí teann;
Le mbeirí gac geall i ngleó;
Ní mairéann don díob, mo díé!
So péir, a bean na ttrí mbó!

Ó don boin amáin do bpié
Ar mnaoi eile, ir i a dó,
Do pinnir-re iomorca a péir:
So péir, a bean na ttrí mbó!

An Ceangal:

Bíod ar m'falluing, a ainíir ir uairbeac gnáir;
Do bíor san dearmad rearmac buan 'ra tnué:
Trio an raemur do glacair reo' buaib ar tóir;
Dá bpaíann-re reab a ceatair do buairinn tá.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(FROM THE IRISH, BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

O Woman of Three Cows, *agra!* don't let your tongue thus rattle!
Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows—
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows.

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Mór's descendants.
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants;
If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows.

Oh, think of Donnel of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted,
See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, unchanted;
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story:
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory.
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs—
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows.

Th' O'Carrols, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows.

Your neighbour's poor; and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has;
That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows;
But if you're strong, be merciful—great Woman of Three Cows.

AVRAN.

Now, there you go; you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
I'd thwack you well, to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows.

First published by O'Curry in the "Irish Penny Journal" (Gunn & Cameron's)
No. 9, 29th August, 1840, with an introductory note, and Mangan's famous metrical
version (pp. 68, 69).

AN RANN SAEÜEALAC.

Δὲ πο ρανν λεατ-πάσαντα εἰλε το εἰλαρ ὁ ὅινε ο ὀνοαὲ
 Ὀῦιν-να-ηγάι; buð mí-ḡuamíneac ḡtáio na h-Éireann, map ip
 corḡmúil, nuair ḡinneað é—

Náir ḡarḡðairḡ míre ὅινε ar bíð
 Δ'ḡ náir ḡarḡðairḡ don ὅινε mé,
 Δέτ má tá don ὅινε ar tí mo ḡarḡḡta
 ḡo mbuð míre ḡarḡḡar é!

Δὲ πο ρανν εἰλε ar an ḡcléir, to bí aca i ḡCúige Mumhan, aḡur
 to beir O Ὀáλαḡ ὀῦinn—

Seacáin ḡeaðmanar cille,
 le buirḡin na cléire ná ὅeun coingirḡ,
 No ip baḡḡal to ὀ'cuirḡ uile
 imteáct map ὀuileaðar ar báirḡ tuile!

Δὲ πο ρανν ar an meirḡe, to εἰλαirḡ mé ὁ m' éarairḡ Tomár
 Ὀárlaḡ. Ip beaḡnac i n "Ὀeibirḡe é"—

Ni meirḡe ip mirḡe liom,
 Δέτ leirḡ a ḡeicḡint oḡm,
 ḡan ὀiḡ na meirḡe ip mirḡe an ḡreann,
 Δέτ ni ḡnáctac meirḡe ḡan mí-ḡreann.

Δὲ πο ρανν to εἰλαρ ὁ'n ḡḡear ceurḡna, ar ḡnnaoi ὀoirḡ; atá
 ḡé aca i ḡCúige Mumhan map an ḡceurḡna—

ḡaðóð teine ḡaoi loc
 No caiteamḡ cloc le cuan,
 Cómairḡle to éaðairḡ to ḡnnaoi ὀoirḡ
 Ip buille ὀ'oḡo* ar iarann ḡuar.

Δὲ πο ρανν mí-láḡac eile ar na ḡnnáir, to εἰλαρ i ḡConnac-
 táir—

ḡm nírḡ ip ὀoilḡ a ḡúnarḡ
 Deán, muc, aḡur múile!

* Aliter, "ὀoirḡn," map, εἰλαρ é ὁ ḡear eile.

IRISH RANNS.

[From "Songs of Connacht," by DOUGLAS HYDE.]

Here is a half-Pagan rann which I heard from a man in Donegal. The state of Ireland seems to have been unsettled at the time it was made—

I hope and pray that none may kill me,
Nor I kill any, with woundings grim,
But if ever any should think to kill me
I pray thee, God, let me kill him.*

Here is another rann about the clerics which O'Daly gives us—

Avoid all stewardship of church or Kill,
It is ill to be much in the clerics' way,
Lest you live to see that which with pains you save,
Like foam on the wave float far away.†

Here is a rann on drunkenness which I got from my friend Thomas Barclay. It is almost in *Deibhidh* metre—

I mind not being drunk, but then
Much mind to be seen drunken.
Drink only perfects all our play,
Yet breeds it discord alway.‡

Here is another rann on the fierce or wayward woman, which I heard from the same; it is also current in Munster—

Like a fire kindled beneath a lake,
Like a stone to break an advancing sea,
Like a blow that is struck upon iron cold,
To the wayward woman thy counsels be.§

Here is another discourteous rann on women that I heard in Connacht—

If you hope to teach, you must be a fool,
A woman, a porker, or a mule.||

* *Literally*: That I may kill no man at all, and that no man may kill me! But if there is anyone bent on killing me, that it may be I who shall kill him!

† *Literally*: Avoid the stewardsh'p of a Kill (or church). With the band of the clerics do not make agreement, or there is a danger of all your portion departing like leaves on the top of the tide.

‡ *Literally*: It is not intoxication I think the worse of, but [am] loath it to be seen on me. Without the drink of intoxication fun is the worse, but intoxication is not usual without dis-fun [*i.e.*, something the opposite of fun].

§ *Literally*: The kindling of a fire beneath a lake or the throwing of stones against the harbor, to give advice to a wayward (or fierce) woman, it is a blow of a fist upon cold iron.

|| *Literally*: Three things difficult to teach [are] a woman, a pig, and a mule!

A's ro rann ar an bfeap boib, do cualar i gconrad
Rorcomáin—

Cómaire do tabairt do duine boib
Ní bfuil ann aet nò gan céill,
Go sclaoirdear é 'na loet
S go nistear é 'na aím-leap féin.

A's go cómaire do tús ragar i gconrad Mhuig Eó do cáilín
do bí sí gail-beurac gleurta, do cualaib mé ó'n bfeap
ceudna—

A cáilín deap ná meap sur mór i do cáil,
'S go bfuil "nótion" a'saó nár cleaet do pór ariam,
Bleat-bleat do b'aite leó ar rliab,
'S ní cóta breac ar pleac (?) do tóna fiar.

A's ro focal briosmair ar conrad Mhuig Eó—

"Saoilim," "ir dóig liom," a'r "dap liom féin,"
Sin tui fiaðnuire a'd a's an mbreig.

A'sur duhairt fear ó'n gconrad ceudna go cuinn cáilimair le
duine a raib an-caint a'sur toga an béarla aise, aet do pinne
brioc-uirgebeata—

Ní béarla gnió b'raic
Aet a ruataó go maic!

A's ro rann maic ar an trior-époir rin a'd ar bun ior an
toil a'sur an tuigrint, ari ar labair an Rómánac, nuair duhairt
ré, video meliora probo-que—deteriora sequor—

Ná boet an toirg a'r an cor ann a bfuilim i bpéin!
Mo tuigrint óm' toil, a'r mo toil a'sur oiridm óm' céill,
Ní tuigtear dom' toil gac loet dom' tuigrint ir léir,
No má tuigtear, ní toil léi, aet toil a tuigrióna féin.

* *Literally*: To give advice to a wayward [or fierce] man, there is nothing in it but an act devoid of sense, until he be overthrown in his fault, and until he is washed [*i.e.*, laid out dead] in his own misfortune.

† *Literally*. My pretty girl, do not think that great is your sense, and sure you have a notion that your people [*literally*, "seed"] never practised, milk-kine on a mountain they liked better, and not a speckled coat behind.

Here is a rann on the fierce or wayward man, which I heard in the County Roscommon—

To a wayward man thine advice to bring
Is a foolish thing, and a loss of time,
His fault must find him, he must be crost,
Till death be the cost of his frantic crime.*

Here is an advice which a priest in the County Mayo gave to a girl who was too foreign-mannered and dressy; I heard it from the same—

My girl, I *fear* your sense is not *great* at all,
Your fathers, my *dear*, would *rate* such sense as small,
They loved good *cheer* and not *state*, and a well-filled stall,
Not garments *queer* to *inflate* like the purse-proud Gall.†

Here is a forcible saying from the County Mayo—

"No doubt sure," "Myself believes," "Thinks I,"
Three witnesses these of the common lie!‡

A man from the same county said pithily to someone who had fine talk and choice English, but who made bad whiskey—

It's to mix-without-fault,
And not English, makes malt!§

Here is a good rann on that constant combat which is ever on foot between the will and the reason, of which the Latin spoke when he said, "I see the better things and approve of them, but I follow the worse"—

How sad is my case, I am surely in *plight* most ill,
My will with my reason, my reason *fights* with my will,
My reason sees faults that my will remains *blind* to still,
Or should my will see them, my reason *strikes* to my will.||

† *Literally*: "I think," "I'm near-sure," and "it seems to me," those are three witnesses that the lie has.

§ *Literally*: It is not English makes malt, but to mix it well.

|| *Literally*: Is it not poor, the way and the condition in which I am in pain, my understanding [moving away] from my will, and my will moving away from my understanding. Each fault which is plain to my understanding is not understood by my will, or if it is understood she wills it not, but [wills] the will of her own understanding.

Δὲ πο μανν εἰτε; ἢ ρεαν-φοκαὶ κοῖτιόων “νὶ τῆγεανν ἀν
 ράταε ἀν ρεανγ”—

Níor aithis an ratará fáim an t-ocrae muam,
 S ní táinig muam trágad san lán-muir obann 'na díais;
 Ní bíonn páirt d'g mnaib le gnosaire tiat,
 'S ní tug an báρ ppár do duine ar bit amam.

Δὲ πο μανν εἰτε ἀρ céill agur ἀρ mí-céill—

Ciall agur mí-ciall
 Díar nac ngabann le céile!
 ἢ ρόis le ρεαν san céill
 Sur 'bé féin úgvar na céille!

Δὲ πο μανν εἰτε ἀρ ἀν duine ἃ bfuil ἃ aipe agur ἃ innninn
 ἀρ pán uaird—

Cμann topaird an t-úbar,
 Ní bíonn coiróce san báρr glar;
 Ionmann a'ρ san ἃ beit 'ran mbaile
 Neac ann a'ρ ἃ aipe ar!

Tá moíán μανν ann, d'g innrint deirid neitead an traoḡail:
 Cμeirim go bfuil an cúρ ἢ mó aca coitcióων do'n oileán ar
 ρad: Ní tíúbrad anoir aet ceann aca mar pómpla, do péir mar
 atá pé 1 gconḡae Mhuig-Éó—

Deiréad loinge, bátaḡ;
 Deiréad áite, loḡḡad;
 Deiréad cuirín, cáinead,
 Deiréad rláinte, opna:

Atá mar an gceudna ἃ lán de μannḡaid d'g coruḡad leir an
 b'pocal “Mairis” d'g deunam truaige ρaor neitib eugramla: Δὲ

* *Literally*: The mild satisfied one never felt [for] the hungry one, and there never came an ebb without a full tide close behind it. No woman has any part with a gray-haired dotard (?), and death has never given respite to anyone.

† *Literally*: Sense and un-sense, two who do not go together. The man without sense is certain that he himself is the author of sense.

Here is another rann: "The satiated does not understand the lean" is a common proverb—

The satisfied man for the hungry one never feels,
There never comes ebb without full tide close at its heels,
To the gray-haired dotard no woman her heart reveals,
From death when he comes no praying a respite steals.*

Here is another rann on sense and folly—

Though the senseless and sensible
Never foregather,
Yet the senseless one thinks
He is Sense's own father.†

Here is another rann on the man whose attention and mind are astray—

A constant tree is the yew to me,
It is green to see, and grows never gray,
'T were as good for a man through the world to roam
As to live at home with his mind away.‡

There exist many ranns telling the end of the things of the world. I believe the most of these are common to the entire island. I shall only give one of them here as a specimen, in the form it has in the County Mayo—

The end of a ship is drowning,
The end of a kiln is burning,
The end of a feast is frowning,
The end of man's health—is mourning.§

There are also a great number of ranns beginning with the word "alas," or "woe," lamenting over various things. Here

† A tree of fruit is the yewtree, it is never without a green top. It is the same thing for a man not to be at home as for him to be there with his attention away. [The idea seems to be that wherever a man is planted, he should remain there with his mind fresh and green like the yew and not grow withered by wishing to be where he cannot be.]

§ *Literally*: The end of a ship—drowning; the end of a kiln—burning; the end of a feast—reviling; the end of health—a sigh.

ro cúpla rompla díob ro, ar an scondae Rorcomáin; mar do
cualar iad—

1r maiṛṣ do ḡnib bṛannra ṣan ríol,
, 1r maiṛṣ bíor i dtír ṣan beit treun, (a)
1r maiṛṣ do ḡnib cómláib ṣan plaét,
 Ḃsur dá maiṛṣ nac ṣcuirṣeann rmaét ar a beut;

Ḃsur arí—

1r maiṛṣ a mbíonn a cṣarad fann,
 1r maiṛṣ a mbíonn a clann ṣan rat,
1r maiṛṣ a bídear i mbotán boét,
 Ḃ'ṛ dá maiṛṣ a bídear ṣan oic ná maít;

1r iomda pann ann, mar an ṣ-ceudna, toraíḡear le "1r fuat
liom."

1r fuat liom cṣirleán ar móin,
 1r fuat liom rósmaí beit báirde;
1r fuat liom bean buinneac (?) ar bṛón;
 'Ḃsur 1r fuat liom fiacla ar íḡarṣ;

Arí—

1r fuat liom cú truaḡ
 Ḃṣ reat (rit) ar fuo tiḡe;
1r fuat liom duine-uapal
 Ḃṣ freartal dá mnaoi!

Tá pann cormlit leir reo i dtaoib fhinn Mhic Chumail—

Ceítṛe nio dá dtuḡ fíonn fuat—
 Cú truaḡ, Ḃ'ṛ eac mall,
Tiḡearna típe ṣan beit ḡlic,
 Ḃsur bean ríri nac mbéarṣad clann;

Buó ḡnācāc leir na daoimib beitṛeac éisín do marḡad Ḃsur
o'ite oirde fheile Mháirtín: Thápla, an oirde reo, nac paid
le marḡad Ḃṣ mnaoi an tiḡe aét muc bṛeac, Ḃsur nioí maít léi
rín do deunam. Aét buó mian leir an mac beile maít do beit

(a) Aliter, tréirdeac.

Literally: Alas for who makes land fallow without seed [to put in it],
alas for him who is in a land without being strong, alas for who makes
conversation without elegance, and twice alas for him who places no
control over his mouth.

are a couple of examples of them just as I heard them in the County Roscommon—

Alas for who plow without seed to sow,
For the weak who go through a foreign land,
For the man who speaks badly yet does not know,
—Twice woe for the mouth under no command.*

And again—

Alas for the man who is weak in friends,
For the man whose sons do not make him glad,
For the man of the hut through which winds can blow,
—Twice woe for who neither is good nor bad†

There is also many a rann beginning with the words "I hate." Such as—

I hate a castle on bog-land built,
And a harvest spilt through the constant wet,
I hate a woman who spoils the quern,
And I hate a priest to be long in debt.‡

Again—

I hate poor hounds about a house
That drag their mangy life,
I hate to see a gentleman
Attending on his wife?§

There is a rann somewhat like this about Finn Mac Cool—

Four things did Finn dislike indeed,
A slow-foot steed, a hound run wild,
An unwise lord who breeds but strife,
And a good man's wife who bears no child.||

It used to be the custom of the people to kill and eat some beast on St. Martin's Night. It happened on this night that the woman of the house had nothing she could kill except a speckled pig, and she did not like to do this. But her son

† *Literally*: Alas for him whose friend is feeble, and alas for him whose children are without prosperity, alas for him who is in a poor bothy or hut, and twice alas for him who is without either bad or good. . [Perhaps this last clause is a reminiscence of the Apocalyptic *οφέλον ψυχρὸς ᾗς ἡ ὀξείας.*]

‡ *Literally*: I hate a castle on a bog, I hate a harvest to be drowned, I hate a * * * (P) woman at a quern, and I hate debt on a priest.

§ *Literally*: I hate a miserable hound running throughout a house, I hate a gentleman attending [*i.e.*, for want of servants] on his wife.

|| *Literally*: Four things to which Finn gave hatred, a miserable hound, a slow steed, a country's lord not to be prudent, and a man's wife who would not bear children.

aige agus euaib ré i bpolac ar eúl an tige, 'd'atpáig ré a gúti
agus dubhairt ré de glór spánna uaibéarac an iann ro—

Mire Mártan deaig Dia,
Agus ar gac realb buainim feoil,
Mar nár marb turá an muc breac
Marbfaib mire do mac Coimac óg:

Do rghannraigeaib an máctair, óir faoil rí gur b'é Naom Mártan
féin do bí ag labhairt, agus marb rí an muc.

Ag ro rseul do rghriob mé ríor o beut mheáil mhe Ruairíug
“an file ar cónaé mhuig-éó,” mar leanar:

“bí beirt ragar ag rparídeóract, don lá amáin, agus conn-
airc ríao [ag] tigeact 'na n-agaib leat-amadán naé raib don éall
aige, act bí ré an gearr-moballac [gairr-freagaract], agus arpa
ceann de na ragar leir an bfeair eile, 'cuirfí mé ceirt ar
Dhiarmuid anoir nuair tiucfaib ré i ngar dúinn.' 'Ír fearr
duit a leigean tairt' ar ran fear eile. Nuair táinig Dhiarmuid
i n-intig (?) [= i ngar] dóib, arpa ceann do na ragar leir, 'larr-
amadoir ort [= riarraigimíor díot] cao é an uair bfeirdear a éaint
ag an bpreacán dub' ? Deaig Dhiarmuid ruar ann ran aguib
ar an ragar, agus 'innreócaib mé rin duit,' ar reirgan

Nuair cónnócar an t-iurac [t-iolar] ar an ngleann;
Nuair glanfar an ceo de na cnuic,
Nuair imteócar* an traint de na ragar
Beir a éaint ag an bpreacán dub.

'Noir,' ar ran ragar eile, 'nár bfeair duit éirteact le
Dhiarmuid !' ”

Ag ro iann eile do ruair mé ó'n m'árcraigeaib—

Geallfaib an fear breugac
Gac [a] bfeudar a éirde;
Saoilfí an fear rannac
Gac a gealltar go bfuig.†

Ag ro ceann eile ó cónaé mhuig éó—

An té léigear a leabair
A'r naé gcuireann é i meabair,
Nuair éailteann ré a leabair
Bionn ré 'na baileabair (?)

* “act go n-intig,” dubhairt Mac uí Ruairíug, act ní léir dam rin.
† = go bfuigfí ré gac nio gealltar.

wished to have a good meal, and he went and hid at the back of the house, changed his voice, and spoke this rann in hideous, awful tones—

I am God's Martin, hear my word,
Out of every herd one head is mine,
I must slay your Cormac 'Og this day
Since you will not slay the spotted swine.*

The mother was frightened, for she thought it was St. Martin himself who was speaking, and she killed the pig.

Here is a story which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rory [Rogers], the "poet from the County Mayo," as follows—

"There were two priests out walking one day, and they saw coming towards them a half fool who had no sense, but he was very short-tailed [i.e., quick-at-answer], and says one of the priests to the other, 'I'll ask Diarmuid a question when he comes near us.' 'It's best for you to let him pass,' says the other one. When Dairmuid came near them one of the priests says to him, 'We're asking you when shall the black crow have speech.' Diarmuid looked up in the priest's face, and 'I'll tell you that,' says he:

'When the eagle shall nest in the hollow glen,
When mountain and fen shall from mists be free,
When the priests shall no longer for gold be seeking,
The crow shall be speaking as plain as we.'

"'Now!' says the other priest, 'wasn't it better for you to listen to [i.e., let be] Diarmuid?'"

Here is another rann from which I got from the same—

The lying man has promised
Whatever thing he could,
The greedy man believes him,
And thinks his promise good.†

Here is another, also from the County Mayo—

The man who only took
His learning from his book,
If that from him be took
He knows not where to look.‡

* I am Martin red-God (?) and out of every herd, do I take meat; as you have not killed the speckled pig, I shall kill your son Cormac Oge. (This use of the word *reatb* (which now means any possession) for "herd" is ancient and curious, but Father O'Growney tells me it is still used in Donegal in this sense.)

† Literally: The lying man will promise all that his heart is able [to invent], the covetous man will think that he will get all that is promised.

‡ Literally: He who reads his book, and does not put it into his memory, when he loses his book he becomes a simpleton (?).

SEÁGAN AN DÍOMAIS:
BLÚIRÍN AS STAIR NA h-ÉIREANN.
CONÁN MAOL:

Cait. I.

bile na coille:

Ir iomda fear gairgearmail do h-oilead i n-Ulad ó Coin Cúlainn anuas go dtí Seágan an Díomair. I bpad inr na cian-taib do rugad ann Niall naoi nGiallac, ní cúmactac do bí i dTeamair. Ir minic do mótuig na Rómánaig i mBreatain a corrsairt rúto. I gceann d'a túrpaib tug pé leir mar cime buacail ós d'ár b'ainm 'na diaib rúto pádruijs. Do b'é an cime úd an Tailgin sup innir na d'paoite poim pae a teadt. Tá a clú, 7 a ceannar go h-aibid fór imearjs Saedéal, aet dála Néill naoi nGiallaig ir beag nac bfuil a ainm dearmadta. Ar a fion roin ba móir le rád an ní úd lá, 7 ar a learpaca d' fár an aicme ba cumaraige 7 ba calma d'a paib i nÉirinn le n-a linn féin, 'na b'féidir ar d'ruim an domain. Cuapdaig rtair na gcríoc eile, féac imearjs aicmib abur 7 tall 7 ní bfuigfir fir d'aon éinead amáin do b'áilne d'ead, do ba calma i ngleo, do ba gléir-inntineac i gcomairle 'na na ráir-fir do fíolpaib ar fear do gceadta bliadan ar an b'péim uapail rin Muintir Néill.

Fá mar do liúga nn an gaoth móir timceall c'rainn daine i n'aonar ar lár macaire, gan baint le n-a neart aet amáin na duilleoga do rgiobað de 7 po-ceann d'a géagaid do b'píread le h-árd iarpact, do ba mar rin do na Sapanais ar fear ceitpe céad bliadan d'a mbarjad féin i gcoinnib na gcuipride úd do táinig ó Niall naoi-nGiallac; 7 ir é mo tuarim ná buaidfíde coirde oíra rúto muna mbéad sup eirigeadar i n-aíad a céile:

Ní paib fear ar an gcinead ba mó cáil 'na an Seágan ro do luadmuid. Éireannac 'na ballaib do b'ead é, cóm maic 'na loctaid 7 'na t'reitib fearamla. Ní paib pé cóm glúic i gcom-airle 'na cóm g'ear-cúireac i gceirt le n-aod Ó Néill d'foglumir cleaprideac maíla i dtig Éilpe, bainpíogain Sapan. Ní paib bun-eólar cogaid aige cóm clípe le n-eogan Ruad, aet níor fáruig don duine aca ro é i n'gairge, i n'gníom, 'na i n'grád d'a tír. Tá don rmál amáin ar a ainm: D'foillirig



SHANE THE PROUD.

A FRAGMENT OF IRISH HISTORY.

BY P. J. O'SHEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TREE OF THE WOOD.

THERE was many a valiant man reared in Ulster, from Cuchulainn to Shane the Proud. Far back in the old times Niall of the Nine Hostages was born there, a powerful king in Tara. The Romans in Britain often experienced the havoc wrought by him. In one of his expeditions he took with him as a prisoner of war a young boy whose name afterwards was Patrick. That slave was the saintly child whose coming the Druids foretold. His fame and his power are fresh and strong still among Gaels. But as to Niall of the Nine Hostages his name is almost forgotten. But nevertheless that king was very great once, and from his loins sprang the most powerful and the most valiant race that existed in all Ireland in their own time, or perhaps in the whole world. Search the history of other countries, seek among the tribes here and elsewhere, and you will not find men of any one race who were handsomer in appearance or more valiant in battle or more intellectual in counsel than the brave men who, during hundreds of years, sprang from that noble root of the O'Neills.

As the wind howls round about an oak-tree standing by itself in the middle of a plain without reducing its strength, but only snatching leaves from it and breaking an odd one of its branches by a great effort, so it was with the English for four hundred years, flinging themselves against those champions descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages : and it is my opinion that the latter would never have been conquered but for the fact that they rose up against each other.

There was no man of the family more renowned than this Shane of whom we speak. He was an Irishman all over, as well in his faults as in his manly qualities. He was not so clever in counsel nor so subtle in disquisition as Hugh O'Neill, who learned state-craft in the house of Elizabeth, Queen of England. He was not so skilful in the science of warfare as Owen Roe, but neither of these surpassed him in valor, in

na Sapanais̄ go poileir an rmal̄ roin̄ dūinn̄ go h-āc̄apac̄, mar̄ ba beas̄ or̄ca Seoḡan Ó Néill. O'ruad̄ais̄ ré bean̄ Calb̄ais̄ l̄i Dóinn̄aill, deir̄b̄riúr do t̄igearna na nOileán coir̄ Alb̄ain, 7 ip̄ dóic̄ le n-a lán ūḡdar̄ sup̄ éaluis̄ r̄ipe leir̄ le n-a toil̄ féin. Ip̄ ruar̄ac̄ nác̄ raib̄ ré cóim̄ h-ot̄c̄ leir̄ na Sapanais̄ féin̄ ar̄ an ḡcuma r̄ain, áct̄ am̄ain̄ go n-aōmóc̄aḡ reir̄ean a d̄rōc̄-ēleac̄taḡ mar̄ n̄ior̄ ba r̄im̄ineac̄ é, áct̄ fear̄ r̄ip̄inneac̄ ná ceir̄feac̄ a c̄áim.

Caib. 2.

Éire le n-a linn̄:

Nī fear̄ac̄aḡ l̄in̄ir̄ fáil̄ lá ruaim̄n̄ir̄ r̄iam̄ 'ó ḡab̄ reóil̄ta na Noim̄ánaḡ i ḡcūan ar̄ "Tr̄áis̄ an ḡain̄b̄" le Diarm̄aid̄ na nḡall̄ in̄ir̄ an mbliad̄ain̄ 1169. Táin̄is̄ na Noim̄ánais̄ go Sapaḡa ó'n̄ b̄r̄aine c̄eac̄ bliad̄an̄ roim̄ an am̄ roin̄, fá r̄tiúr̄ḡaḡ l̄iam̄ buac̄ōc̄ais̄, 7 do r̄ḡair̄eac̄ar̄ na Sapanais̄ i n-aon̄ b̄ruis̄in̄ am̄ain̄. B̄i na Sapanais̄ fá coir̄ ḡan̄ moill̄ 7 Noim̄ánaḡ 'na r̄is̄ 7 'na buanna or̄ca fear̄da. N̄ior̄ ba d̄ala roin̄ o'Éir̄inn̄. Ó'n̄ r̄i r̄in̄ an d̄ar̄a Han̄r̄i go d̄t̄i an t-ōc̄t̄maḡ Han̄r̄i b̄i r̄is̄ḡe Sapaḡa 'na "ōt̄igear̄naib̄" ar̄ Éir̄inn̄. Nī raib̄ ré i m̄ir̄neac̄ aon̄ r̄i aca R̄i Éir̄eann̄ do ḡlaod̄aḡ ar̄ féin̄ sup̄ c̄ear̄ an t-ōc̄t̄maḡ Han̄r̄i sup̄ c̄oir̄ d̄ó féin̄ beir̄ 'na r̄i d̄air̄r̄iḡ ar̄ Éir̄eannaḡis̄.

Ar̄ an aḡḡar̄ roin̄ cuir̄ ré ḡair̄m̄ r̄ḡoile am̄ac̄ go raib̄ ré r̄iaḡt̄anaḡ ar̄ t̄aoir̄eac̄aib̄ móra Éir̄eann̄ c̄ruinn̄m̄ḡaḡ ar̄ aon̄ láḡar̄ go mb̄ron̄n̄raḡ ré t̄ioḡail̄ 7 t̄alam̄ or̄ca.

Do b'ē n̄ór̄ na ōt̄aoir̄eac̄ roin̄ go d̄t̄i r̄úo beir̄ 'na ḡeinn̄ ar̄ an ōr̄eib̄ 7 r̄loinn̄eac̄ a ōr̄eibe féin̄ do c̄ōḡḡail̄. B̄i Ó ḡrūain̄ mar̄ c̄eann̄ ar̄ Muin̄tir̄ ḡrūain̄, Ó Néill̄ mar̄ c̄eann̄ ar̄ m̄uin̄tir̄ Néill̄, 7 mar̄ r̄in̄ d̄oib̄. Cuir̄r̄iḡ an t-ōc̄t̄maḡ Han̄r̄i deir̄eac̄ leir̄ an n̄ór̄ roin̄ fear̄da, 7 d̄'a r̄eir̄ r̄in̄ cuir̄eann̄ ré r̄óḡra aḡ t̄riall̄ ar̄ árō-t̄aoir̄eac̄aib̄ Éir̄eann̄ nác̄ b̄ruil̄ uair̄ áct̄ r̄iōc̄áin̄ do d̄eanaḡ leó, 7 go n̄d̄eanaḡar̄ ré t̄igear̄naí móra d̄iōb̄, 7 go mb̄ron̄n̄raḡ ré t̄alam̄ na t̄reibe or̄ca áct̄ ḡeilleac̄ d̄ó. Do m̄ac̄tn̄uis̄ na t̄aoir̄is̄. Do r̄eir̄ n̄ór̄ na h-Éir̄eann̄ an uair̄ r̄in̄ n̄ior̄b̄' leir̄ an ōt̄aoir̄eac̄ t̄alam̄ na t̄reibe, áct̄ leó féin̄ 7 leir̄ean i ōteannt̄a c̄óile. B̄i reir̄ean mar̄ c̄eann̄ or̄ca mar̄ o'áruis̄-ear̄ar̄ féin̄ é ar̄ c̄oin̄ḡeall̄ go ōt̄abar̄raḡ ré c̄ear̄t̄ d̄oib̄. Ar̄ an aḡḡar̄ roin̄ b̄ioḡar̄ r̄aor̄ 7 n̄i leóir̄paḡ an t̄aoir̄eac̄ a ḡcuir̄

action, nor in love of his country. There is just one stain upon his name. The English have shown us that stain clearly and gladly, for they detested Shane O'Neill. He carried off Calvach O'Donnell's wife, sister to the Lord of the Isles on the coast of Scotland; and many authors think that she eloped with him of her own will. He was very nearly as bad as the English themselves in that way, except that *he* would admit his evil conduct, for he was no hypocrite, but a truthful man, who would not conceal his fault.

CHAPTER II.

IRELAND IN HIS TIME.

Inisfail never saw a day's peace after the sails of the Normans were lowered in the harbor at Traig-an-Vaniv,* with Foreign Dermot, in the year 1169. The Normans came to England from France a hundred years before that time, under the command of William the Conqueror, and they routed the Saxons in one single battle. The Saxons were overcome at once, and a Norman was King and task-master over them thenceforward. It was not thus with Ireland. From that King, Henry II., to Henry VII., the Kings of England were "lords" of Ireland. Not one of them had the courage to call himself King of Ireland until Henry VIII. thought that he ought to be really King over the Irish.

He therefore issued a proclamation that all the great chiefs of Ireland must assemble in one place so that he might present them with titles and lands.

Until then, it was the custom of those chiefs to be heads of the clans and to take the family name of their own clan. O'Brien was head of the O'Brien family, O'Neill of the O'Neill family, and so with all of them. Henry VIII. will put an end to this custom for the future, and accordingly he sends a notice to the high chiefs of Ireland that he wants nothing but to make peace with them, and that he will make great lords of them, and that he will bestow upon them the lands of their clan, provided they submit themselves to him. The chieftains reflected. According to Irish customs at that time the land of the clan did not belong to the chief, but to themselves and to him jointly. He was their head, because they themselves appointed him on condition that he would give them their rights. For that reason they were free, and the chief would not dare to

* Somewhere on the coast of Wexford. The name is not now recognizable.

talman do baint díob mar bí an oipeas cipt aca féin cum na talman roin 7 bí aigeiréan.

Ácť féac an dlíge seo do ceap an t-octmáđ Hanrı 7 a minir-
térp glie Wolsey. Beas an taoireac fearoa mar máigiririr ar
śac tpeib 1 n-ionas beic mar do bí yé so dťi ro 'na uacđarđn
opťa. Nior éaicnig an ġnó 1 n-aon cor leir an dťpeib, ácť do
péirđtig ré so dian máit leir na taoireacđib, 7 do rmuainiđ śac
ceann aca ar a řon féin so paib ré 7 a dťáinig roimir tńáite,
tuirpeac le cómpac 1 n-ađair na Sapanac, 7 ġur mictio corś do
cup leir an impear.

D'á cionn roin léigmiđ ġur tpiall taoirig mópa na h-éipeann
anonn so lúnduin cum Hanrı inř an mbliadain 1541, 7 'na mearś
Conn Ó Néill; 7 so paib an ři so řial, řáilteac, upraimeac leđ,
7 so nđeapnaiđ ré iaplaí 7 tigeapnai díob do péir a ścém 'ra
tpaođal.

Da tubairteac an tuipir é mar do dēađail ré śac tpeib 1 n-
éipinn ó'n nór do bí aca leir na ciantaib—ré řin řlaic do
dēanađ díob féin ar an dťpeib ġan řpleadđcar do řiś Sapaná.
Caitřio řiađ fearoa úmalúđađ do'n iapla nuađ řo do cum an
ři díob, 7 muna mbeir řiađ úmal dđ cuirpear řaigđiúři Sapaná
cum cabřuiđte leir an iapla nuađ 1 ścómair řmaćť do cup ar an
dťpeib nđán. Ní řuláir do'n iapla nuađ leir aipe tđbairť dđ
féin nó ápřodđair Sapaná iapla eile 'na ionas a beir úmal 7
muinteapřađ do'n řiađailcar.

Caib. 3.

ġRUAIM 1 DťIR EÓġAIN:

Nior b'ionġnađ so paib řiormapnaiś 1 dťir Eóġain ar tēacť
ar n-air do'n iapla nuađ, 7 coġapnac 7 cřoćađ ceann 7 láim-
reáil claidēam so bagapťac abur 7 tall. "Ir é an Conn řo an
cēas Ó Néill do cřom a ġlún cum řiś iapćća," ar řiađřan, 7
tugadair řúil ar Seághan, aopřnac Ċuinn. "Tá adđar řiś ann,"
adubřadair le cēile; "řan so břapairó ré. Féac an ġruais řađa;
řáinneac, řionn roin air, 7 an dđ řúil lapřapa ġlara roin aige.
Tá ré aś bopřađ so tiuś. Tá břeir 7 ré tpiogťe ar áipře ann
cēana féin. Féac so cřuinn air, nác leatřan-ġuailneac řuinnťe
řeapřađac atá ré; cóm dípeac le řleig, cóm lúćmar le řiađ;

take their land from them, for they had as much right to that land as he had.

But observe this law that Henry VIII. and his cunning minister, Wolsey, devised. The chieftain would in future be the master of each clan, instead of being, as he had been hitherto, the head man of them. The business did not please the clan at all, but it suited the chieftains thoroughly well, and each of them thought for his own part that he and all who came before him were worried and tired with fighting against the English, and that it was time to put a stop the struggle.

And so it is that we read that the great chiefs of Ireland traveled over to London to Henry in the year 1541, and among them Conn O'Neill; and that the King was most generous and hospitable and respectful towards them, and that he made earls and lords of them according to their rank in life.

It was an unlucky journey, for it parted every clan in Ireland from the custom they had had for ages—that is, making a prince for themselves from among the clan, independently of the King of England. Henceforward they will have to obey this new Earl that the King has made for them, and if they will not be obedient to him, the soldiers of England will be sent to help the new Earl in order to repress the unruly tribe. The new Earl, too, must needs mind himself, or England will put up another Earl in his place who will be obedient and friendly to the Government.

CHAPTER III.

GLOOM IN TIR-EOGHAIN.

It was no wonder that there was whispering in Tir-Eoghain when the new Earl came back, whispering and shaking of heads and a threatening handling of swords on this side and that. "This Conn is the first O'Neill who bent his knee to a foreign King," said they, and they cast their eyes on Shane, Conn's eldest son.

"There is the making of a King in him," they said to each other; "wait till he grows up. See that long, curly fair hair on him, and those two fiery gray eyes he has. He is growing fast. He is more than six feet in height already. Look at him closely; see how broad-shouldered, well-knit, and sinewy he is, as straight as a spear, as fleet as a stag, as bold as the bull of a herd. Shane shall be prince over us, and Henry the Eighth's new Earl will have to take himself off."

cóm d'án le tapú tápa. Beir Seághan mar fílaí oíainn 7 caite-
ríó lapa nuad an oétmad hanpí gheadao leir."

Cualaíó Conn Ó Néill an coşarnac 7 do şoil ri air.
Cualaíó pé řip aş caint le céile 7 řaobar 'na řađare. "Ir
annra leir an mac toşarća, Matú an řearđorća, 'ná Seághan
a mac olirtineac řéin do tug a bean-tişearina d'ó, an bean ir
uairle i n-éirinn leir." Do b'i máđair Seághain ingean an řear-
altais, lapa Céile Dapa, an řear ba cúmacđaisge i n-éirinn.

D'iarr an t-cétmad hanpí ar Conn a oispe d'ainmnúşad.
"Matú," ar Conn, 7 pinnead Dapún Dúngcanainn de Matú
láirşead. "Caitřeado-řa mo ceairt d' řáşail," adoir Seághan.
Connaic Conn Ó Néill an lapa i řúlaib a mic. Connaic pé an
şruaim ar an otřeib. "Beir Seághan mar oispe oim," adoir
pé řá đeiread, tap éir móřán řařaint.

D'iarr Matú cabair ar řarana 7 řuair pé i řan moill mar
ba maí leir na řallaib an leatřşeal cum muinćir Néill do
cup ar céaraib a céile. Cuiread řior láirşead ar Conn Ó Néill
i řeómair řařaim do baint de i đtaob iřatú do d'i-latairuşad,
đeť ní řacad pé řiar ar a řeallamaint do Seághan 7 buailead
vá řlar i mbaile-ata-cliať é.

Caib. 4.

řAODAR CLAIÓIM.

Do blađm Seághan an Diomair řuar 7 řlaodair pé ar a
muinćir eirşe amac, le n' atair d'řuarřlad. Nior b'řeair leir
na řaranais řnó bí aca. Seólad řluaş ó tuarđ řo cúisge ųlad
i řeómair řmaíeť do cup ar an đřear óş baot řo, aťť do táinis
řeirean aniar ořća řo h-obainn, do řad pé třioťa, 7 bíorar
aş baint na řála d'á céile aş teicead uair. Do řléarad řluaş
eile ar an mbliadain do bí cúşainn (1552), aťť do tiomáin
Seághan řoimř iad 'nór řşata řabar. Bí řear i n-aşair na
řaranať an cor řo. řşaoilead Conn Ó Néill le ti řioťána
do đeanať aťť ba beaş an maířear é. Do blař Seághan an
Diomair řuit.

"Caitřear an řear móřóalac borb řo do corş," arřan řear-

Conn O'Neill heard the whispering, and it troubled him. He heard men talking together, with daggers (*lit.* an edge) in their looks. "He prefers the bastard son, Matthew, the dark man, to Shane, his own lawful son, whom his lady gave him—the noblest woman in Ireland, too!"

Shane's mother was a daughter of the Geraldine, the Earl of Kildare, the most powerful man in Ireland.

Henry VIII. asked Conn to name his heir. "Matthew," said Conn, and Matthew was made Baron Dungannon forthwith. "I must get my right," said Shane. Conn O'Neill saw the flash in his son's eyes; he saw the sullenness of the clan. "Shane shall be my heir," said he at last, after a great deal of persuasion.

Matthew asked assistance from England, and he got it immediately, for the foreigners liked the excuse to put the family of O'Neill to worrying each other. Word was sent at once to Conn O'Neill in order to get satisfaction out of him for displacing Matthew, but he would not go back on his promise to Shane, and he was thrown into prison in Dublin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

Shane the Proud started up and called to his people to rise out and release his father. Nothing pleased the English better. An army was sent northward to Ulster to bring this foolish young man to discipline, but he came upon them suddenly from the West and rushed right through them, and they were knocking the heels off each other in flying from him. Another army was prepared the next year (1552), but Shane drove it before him like a flock of goats. There was a *man* opposing the English this time. They released Conn O'Neill in order to make peace, but it was little good. Shane the Proud had tasted blood.

"Somebody must check this proud, arrogant man," said the Lord Deputy from England, and he put in order and prepared a strong body of men. Their visit to the North was in vain, for Shane used to meet them in a place where they did not expect him; he used to startle them and inflict damage on them, and he would go off bold and domineering.

Matthew gathered together a body of the clan, for some of them continued under his flag, and he started to help the foreigners, but Shane stole upon them in the middle of the night, and he routed Matthew speedily. "Let us build a

Ionad ó Sárana, 7 'do éiríis 7 'do gléar ré plóigeadó lárion. Bí a gcuid ó cúairt i n-airdear mar 'do buailead Seághan leo 'ra n-áit náic faib coinne leir, baínead ré geit arda, baínead ré ge arda, 7 'driúdead ré leir go d'án, míocúibearac.

Bailis Matú 'driam de'n driú, mar 'do lean cuir aca fá na bpat-ran, 7 'do glúair ré cum cabruagad leir na Gallair, aet d'éaluis Seághan 'na driú i lár na h-oirde 7 'do éir ré ar Matú go tapair. "Déanfam daingean i mbéalreirpoe cum a rmaetuisge," aoir an driúe William 'driabar. 'Dri Seághan irtead oirca inr an d'ún neam-éiríocnaisge úo 7 'do mill ré a b'pírmóir. 'Dri ré ar an gcuma gcéadna irtead ar 'driam eile 'do luét conganra 'driabar coir 'Dri 7 'do rgar ré iad. Níor d'iongnad sup éáinis eagla ar na Sáranaicib 7 sup rgeinneadair leó ar n-air go baile-áda-cliaet.

Leigead d'ó ar fearó éiríre mbliadán 'na d'iaró rúo (1554-8), aet ní faib don fonn ruaimnir ar Seághan an 'Díomair. Cúimnis ré sup le n-a fínnreair cúise Ular. 'Drió an lám. lárion i n-uacóair, aoir ré leir féin. 'Drió ré maetanae ar na caoiris eile géillead d'ó. 'Dá mbéad ré cóim glia le n-dóó Ó Néill 'do déanfad ré ceangal 7 capadair leir na caoiréadair borbá úo i n-ionad 'do éir d'fíadair oirca géillead d'ó.

'Driair O Riagallais, iarla nuad 'driéim, leir náic géillreád ré féin i n-don éor d'ó, aet léim an fear teinnreád éirí, 7 'do b'éigean 'do mac Uí Riagallais beir umal d'ó fearda. Níor mar rin de Ó 'Dómnail i 'dri Conail. Ní mó 'na géill an élan 'Dómnail ó Albainn d'áitig na gleannra coir fairrige i n-donruim, aet éus Seághan a'air oirca go léir ionr 'Saeóil 7 'Sail. Níor eiríis leir go maet inr an iarráet 'do éiríó ré cum clanna éruada éir Conail 'do éabair fá na ma'ail, mar 'driab Calvad Ó 'Dómnail i gan fíor air 'na éabán ir oirde ag baile-a'air-éaoin 7 ba beag náir mill ré Seághan. 'Do éuit a lán d'á cuir fear inr an ma'agad obann úo, 7 'do éail ré airim 7 capail, 7 'na mearg a ead éioróub féin. 'Do b'é an t-ead cogair úo an capail ba 'driagda i n-éirinn. Mac-an-fíolair 'do tugéad uirte. Fuair Seághan ar n-air air i. Níor cuir an bac úo corp adrad leir an 'driar gcumadac n'án.

'Do éuit Matú i ngíargar éigin le cuir de muintir Seághan inr an mbliadán 1558, 7 'do éirí na Sáranaig iarráet ar an gcuir 'do éir i leir Seághan féin aet 'driair ré náic faib don baint aige le bár Matú 7 go gcáitíroir beir fára leir an 'driagra rin. Fuair Conn Ó Néill bár ar an mbliadán 'do bí éúgáinn. "Ta an bócar éiríó 'do Seághan anoir," aoir an driú; "ní beir iarla mar éann oirann a éuillead."

stronghold in Belfast to keep him in order," said the Knight, Sir William Brabazon. Shane broke in upon them in the unfinished fort, and destroyed most of them. He broke in, in the same way, upon another body of Brabazon's party near Derry, and scattered them. It was no wonder that fear fell upon the English, and that they fled back to Dublin.

They let him alone for four years after that (1554-8), but Shane the Proud had no desire for peace. He remembered that Ulster had belonged to his ancestors. Let the strong hand be uppermost, said he to himself. It would be necessary for the other chiefs to submit to him. If he had been as clever as Hugh O'Neill, he would have made bonds and friendship with those haughty chiefs instead of forcing them to yield to him.

O'Reilly, the new Earl of Breffny, said to him that *he* would not submit to him in any case; but the fiery man leaped through him (*i.e.*, through his forces), and O'Reilly was obliged to be humble towards him for the future. It was not so with O'Donnell in Tir-Conaill, nor did the Clan Donal from Scotland yield, who inhabited the glens by the sea in Antrim; but Shane turned his face against them all, both Gaels and foreigners. He did not succeed very well in the attempt he made to bring the sturdy children of Tir-Conaill under his rule, for Calvach O'Donnell sprang upon him secretly in his tent at night at Balleegan (on Loch Swilly), and he nearly destroyed Shane. A great many of his men fell in that sudden rout, and he lost arms and horses, and among them his own coal-black steed. That charger was the finest horse in Ireland. They called him the Son of the Eagle. Shane got him back again. That check did not long hinder so powerful and intrepid a man.

Matthew fell in some brawl with a few of Shane's people in the year 1558, and the English tried to attribute the crime to Shane himself; but he said he had nothing to do with Matthew's death, and that they would have to be satisfied with that answer. Conn O'Neill died the following year (1559).

"The road is clear for Shane now," said the clan; "we will have no earl for a head over us any more."

CHAPTER V.

O'NEILL OF ULSTER.

Out with you to the top of Tullahogue, Shane the Proud! The royal flagstone is there, waiting for you to plant your right foot upon it, as your ancestors the Kings did before you! And

Cairb. 5.

Ó Néill Ulaó:

Amac leat ar bárr Tulaigóis, a Seágan an Diomair! Tá an leac níosáda ann ag feiceam leat leó' coir veir do bualao uirte mar ghnídeao do fínnpeap níste nómact! Agus do fearaim Seágan Ó Néill ar Tulacós, agus do ríneao plact bán díneac cuige mar cómarcta coctaim cipt o'a tpeib; buaileao clóca gneáda ar a flinneánaiú cumaraáa 7 catbárr ar a ceann. Caiteao ríupéio a coire riap tap a gualainn. Capao míle claió-eam ór cionn ceann 7 dúirígeao mac alla na gceanntar le fuaim-glór míle rgorinao—"Ó Néill abú! So maíro ar b'flait a toga!" Do taitnim an grian ar ceannaište dátaimail, luir-neamail Uí Néill, 7 do cuip coin móra ar iallaib amartpac arda pé mar éualaoar ualparatais an mactipe 'ra coill 7 géim na h-eilite ar an gcnoc.

"Do b'ónóiríge liom veit am' 'Ó Néill Ulaó' 'ná am' ní ar Spáinn," arpa doó tír eógaín tamall maí 'na díao rúo. "Ír mó le h-Ultaí an ainm 'Ó Néill' 'ná 'Caerap' le Rómánaí," ar an rgororóir Mountjoy.

Cairb. 6:

"DEARBÚRÁTAIR TAIÓIS DÓMHAIL."

Cailteao Máire, bainmíogain Sárana pá'n am ro, 7 bí eúir 'na h-ionao. Do b' i an bean mí-banamail reo an éporde cloíde 7 na rgarataáa ppáir an bean ba mó inntleact le n-a linn. Do énom ní féin 7 a maíaltar láitpeac ar cúir irteac ar Seágan. Sydney do b'ainm o'a fear-ionao i n-éirinn. Gluair pé ó éuair so Dúndeaigain 7 cuip rósra cum Seágan teact 'na gaor. Níor leis Seágan air gur éualao pé an rósra act cuip pé cuipeao cum Sydney teact cum a tíge 7 veit 'na átair baírtoe o'a mac ós. Níor díultais an fear-ionao do 7 do fearaim pé leir an mac. "Táim-re am' Ó Néill i n-Ulaó le toil na tpeibe reo," arpa Seágan. "Ní tearduigean uaim cómpac le Sárana má leigtear dom, act má cuiptear orm, bíod oiaib féin." Bí Sydney pártá leir rin 7 bí ríotcáin ar feao tamail i n-Ulaó

Shane O'Neill stood on Tullahogue, and a straight, white wand was handed to him as a symbol of his true balance of justice to his clan; an embroidered cloak was put over his powerful shoulders, and a helmet on his head. His shoe was thrown behind him over his shoulder. A thousand swords were waved overhead, and the echoes of the whole district were awakened with the sound of voices from a thousand throats—"O'Neill for ever! May our Prince live to enjoy his election!" The sun shone on the handsome, bright features of O'Neill, and the great hounds in their leashes bayed as if they heard the howl of the wolf in the forest and the cry of the fawn on the hill.

"I would think it a greater honour to be 'O'Neill of Ulster' than to be King of Spain," said Hugh of Tir-Eoghain a good while after. "The name 'O'Neill' is greater in the eyes of Ulstermen than 'Cæsar' was to the Romans," said the exterminator Mountjoy.

CHAPTER VI.

"DONAL IS BROTHER TO TADHG."

Mary, Queen of England, died about this time, and Elizabeth was Queen in her stead. This unwomanly woman, with the heart of stone and the bowels of brass, was the cleverest woman of her time. She and her Government began at once to interfere with Shane. Sydney was the name of her Deputy in Ireland. He proceeded northwards to Dundalk, and sent notice to Shane to come to him. Shane did not pretend to have heard the notice, but he sent an invitation to Sydney to come to his house and be godfather to his infant son. The Deputy did not refuse him, and he stood for his son. "I am O'Neill of Ulster by the will of this clan," said Shane. "I do not want any fighting with England if I am let alone, but if they provoke me, let them take the consequences." Sydney was satisfied with that, and there was peace in Ulster for awhile, until Sussex came as Deputy to Ireland. "I shall have no peace," said he, "till O'Neill is overthrown," and he prepared and fitted out an army for the purpose. This Sussex was a false, cruel, cunning man, but he was not so clear-headed as Sydney. Calvach O'Donnell assisted him, and also the Scottish O'Donnells in Antrim. Shane the Proud complained that they were annoying him without cause. His province was prospering in wealth and well-doing. Let a messenger come from Elizabeth and he would see. Elizabeth took no

suir táinig Sussex 'na 'fear-ionad go h-Éirinn. "Ní béad am^o fuaimnear," aoiréir ré, "go mbeid Ó Néill fá coir," 7 do gléar 7 do cóirigh pluas le h-ádhair an ghnóta: fear fealltach, boirb, glúic, do b'ead Sussex ro ádt ní raib ré cóim gear-inntinead le Sydney. Do cabhrúigh Calvad Ó 'Domhnail leir, 7 mar an gcéadna clann 'Domhnail na hAlbann, i ndontrúim: Do gearán Seághan-an-'Díomair go rabhtar as cur air gan cúir: B'i a cúige as dul cum cinn i maoin 7 i maítear. Tasaó teadtaire Elíre 7 féadad ré. Níor cúir Elíre ruim 'na cúir cainte ádt leis rí d'á fear-ionad gluaireadót ó tuair go h-Árro-Maca inr an mbliadain 1561.

P'read Seághan go h-obann irtead go Tír Conaill pul a raib coinne leir 7 do rgiob ré leir rean Calvad Ó 'Domhnail 7 a bean ós, an bean úo d'fás an rmál ar a ainm. Do cúir an cleir cogair obann roin mearbteall ar na Tír Conailligh 7 do tocúir Sussex a ceann le canscar. Car Seághan ó 'dear fá mar do béad ré ar tí iarraiet do tabairt fá Baile-ata-Cliaé. B'i Mac-an-íolair fá 7 níor b'ionntaioib Seághan ar muin an eir rin ar ceann o'reama o'irginead d' Ultaiaib. Níor tuig Sussex car é an fuadar do b'i fá Seághan. Fá 'deiread do filir ré go raib Seághan 'na gláice aise 7 do beartuigh ré innil dó. Do o'ruir ré míle fear irtead go Tír Eóghain as cread 7 as corghairt, 7 d' fan ré féin coir Áirro-Maca as feiteam le Seághan. Baile an míle fear na céadta ba dúbá, na caoirigh bána, 7 na capail, 7 do gluaireadar ar n-air go buacad. "féad Mac-an-íolair," arpa duine éigin, "tá Seághan an 'Díomair cúgaib!" Ní raib le Seághan ar an ládair úo ádt céad 7 ríde marcad 7 d'á céad coiríóte, ádt gairgíóigh bloghbéimeada do b'ead iad. B'i cinn 7 cora 'na gcápnánaib ar an macaire úo fá ceann uaire an élois, 7 an fuigleac beag creadta, rcoilta, as rgeinnead go hÁrromaéa, na biaib paobrada d'á n-gearrad 7 d'á n-éirleac, 7 an gair-cata uaimnac úo—"Lám 'dearg abú!" 'na gcluaruib: innreann Sussex féin le crád croidé an raon-madma do cuiread air—"Ní raib ré i mírnead don Éireannaigh ruam fór fearam am' ádhair-pe, ádt féad inriu Ó Néill reo 7 gan aise ádt a leat n-oiread fear liom, as b'púctad irtead ar mo arm b'ead ar macaire réir leatan. Do gúirpinn cum Dé fail d'fágail air 'na leiréir d'áit gan coill i ngorraet trí míle dó le ríad do tabairt d'á cúir fear. Mo náire é, d'fóbar na fásfad ré aicir dom' arm beó i n-uair an élois, 7 ir beag náir rtrac réme réin 7 an cúir eile amad leir ar daingean Áirromaéa."

Ní o'rompad Sussex ar Tír Eóghain do creadad go fóil arir. Cúir an b'irleac úo rgannrad orca i lúnduin 7 d'iarir Elíre ar

notice of what he said, but she allowed her Deputy to go north to Armagh in the year 1561.

Shane rushed suddenly into Tir-Conaill before they expected him, and he carried off old Calvach O'Donnell and his young wife—that woman who left the stain on his name. This sudden feat of arms dismayed the Tir-Conaill men, and Sussex scratched his head with vexation. Shane turned southward, as if he were about to make an attack on Dublin. The “Son of the Eagle” was under him, and Shane was not to be trusted on the back of that horse at the head of an active body of Ulstermen. Sussex did not know how great was the energetic force of Shane. At last he thought he had Shane in his grip, and he laid a trap for him. He sent a thousand men into Tir-Eoghain to plunder and ravage, and he himself remained near Armagh waiting for Shane. The thousand men collected hundreds of black cows, of white sheep, and horses, and they were returning, much elated. “See the ‘Son of the Eagle’!” said one of them; “Shane the Proud is upon us!” Shane had only a hundred and twenty horsemen and two hundred foot in the place, but they were warriors who dealt loud-resounding blows. Heads and feet were in heaps upon that field at the end of an hour, and the little remnant, wounded and torn, were flying to Armagh, the keen-edged axes cutting and slaughtering them, and that terrifying war-cry, “*lám deas abú!*” in their ears. Sussex himself tells with sorrow of heart the utter rout that was inflicted on him*:—“No Irishman ever before had the courage to stand against me; but see this O'Neill to-day, and he having only half as many men as I, bursting in upon my fine army on a smooth, wide plain. I would pray to God to get a chance at him in such a place, without a wood within three miles of him to give shelter to his men. My shame! He was like not to have left a creature of my army alive in one hour, and it wanted little but he would have dragged me and the rest out of the fortress of Armagh.”

Sussex would not attempt to plunder Tir-Eoghain again for awhile. That defeat terrified them in London, and Elizabeth asked the Earl of Kildare, a relative of Shane the Proud, to make peace. She sent a message of pardon to Shane, and an invitation to come to London to speak with her. “I will not stir a foot,” said Shane, “till the English army takes the road out of Ulster.” “Be it so,” said Elizabeth.

* In all cases where quotations from English writers have been translated into Irish by Conán maol, such quotations have been re-translated into English, and therefore differ slightly in form, though not in sense, from the English originals.--ED.

lapla Cilleòara, bràtair Seáḡain an Dìomair, pìòtèáin do deánad. Cuir pì teàctaireact maiteamhair cum Seáḡain 7 cuirpead cuige teact so lùnouin le labhairt léi. “Nì coirpòcaò cor,” aoir Seáḡan, “so otuḡaid airm Sàrana a mbòtar orca ar Ulaò.” “Bìòò mar rin,” aoubairt Elip.

Nuair do meat Sussex ceap ré a cleap feill do cupi bperòm. Tá a rḡpibinn féin cum Elip mar fìadnair ar an bpeall. 1 mí na lúḡnara 1561, rḡpìobann ré cum na bainpuḡna rin sup tairis ré tuac céad mapc 'ra mbliadain de talam do Niall liat, maortige Uí Néill, ar coingeach so muirbèòcaò ré an flait rin. “Do múinear do cionnur d'éalócaò ré leir tar éir na bearta,” aoir ré. Nì fìor dúninn an raib Niall liat dárírib, act sibé rḡéal é nì cloirtear sup ḡnìó ré, iarract ar Seáḡan do dúnmarbuaò.

Carb: 7:

seáḡan-an-dìomais 1 lùnouin:

Rinne lapla Cilleòara pìòtèáin roir Ó Néill 7 Sàrana, mar ba móir le h-Ó Néill é, 7 do feoladap araon anonn so lùnouin, 7 noirpead na bliadna, 7 ḡarua ḡallóḡlaò 1 n-éinpeact leo.

Dubartar le Seáḡan náò bfillpead ré ar air so deò, toirḡ so raib an tuas 7 an ceap 'na cómar aḡ Elip, act bì muinḡin aigerean ar a teangsa liomca 7 bì d'óic aigse náir meat ré ruam, 1 n-aon cùmangac.

Dean uallac do b'ead Elip: Bì pì datamail, ḡruais ruad uirte, 7 rúla ḡlapa aici, an t-éadac ba bpeaḡda 7 ba d'aoir le ráḡail uirte, 7 an iomad de aici le h-i féin do cópúḡad so mimic 'ra ló. Péacós do b'ead i le féacaint uirte, act bì cporòe an beatauais allta, san truaḡ, san truaḡmèil aici, 7 inntin 7 aighe tar mnaib an domain. “An labartair béarla cúici?” arpa duine éigin le Seáḡan. “Nì labòrad so veimin,” ar reirean, “mar leónrad an teangsa duairc ḡranna roin mo córpáin.” Bì ffraincir 7 Spáinir 7 Larveann aḡ Seáḡan 1 dteannta a teangsa binn blarua féin. Dean teangaca do b'ead Elip leir, 7 dubartar sup ráruis Seáḡan 'ra bffraincir i 7 sup eitḡ pì cómpad leir 'ra teangsa roin.

When Sussex had failed, he thought he would put his cunning in treachery to account. His own letter to Elizabeth exists as a witness to the treachery. In the month of August, 1561, he writes to that Queen that he had offered land to the value of a hundred marks a year to Grey Niall, O'Neill's house-steward, on condition that he should kill that prince. "I showed him how he should escape after the act," said he. We do not know whether Grey Niall was in earnest, but in any case we do not hear that he made any attempt to murder Shane.

CHAPTER VII.

SHANE THE PROUD IN LONDON.

The Earl of Kildare made peace between O'Neill and England, for O'Neill had a great regard for him, and they both traveled over to London at the end of the year, taking a guard of gallowglasses with them.

It was said to Shane that he would never come back, because Elizabeth had the axe and the block in readiness for him; but he had confidence in his own keen and ready tongue, and he thought that he had never failed in any difficulty.

Elizabeth was a vain woman. She was handsome; she had red hair and gray eyes, and she wore the most beautiful and the most expensive clothes, and she had more than enough of them to decorate herself many times in the day. She was like a peacock to look at; but she had the heart of a wild beast, without pity or compassion, and more intellect and mind than any other woman in the world. "Will you speak English to her," said somebody to Shane. "Indeed I will not," said he; "for that rugged, ugly language would sprain my jaw." Shane had French and Spanish and Latin as well as his own sweet musical tongue. Elizabeth was a linguist too, and it is said that Shane outdid her in French, and that she refused to converse with him in that language.

On Little Christmas Day, in the year 1562, he walked into the royal room of Elizabeth. There were valiant men of six feet and more around her, especially young Herbert; but it was seen at once that they were but insignificant men beside Shane the Proud. English history gives an account of his visit and of his appearance. "He had a yellowish-red mantle of fine material flowing down behind him to the ground, and light red hair, crisp and curly, falling over his shoulders to the middle of his back; he had wild gray eyes that looked out at you as

Lá nochtas beas inr an mbliadain 1562 do buail pé irteac go peómra níosáda Elír. Bí sí calma pé troigste 7 níor mó na curdeacta, go móir móir Herbert ós, aet connacatar láitneac náe faib ionnta aet rppearáin i n-aice Seághan-an-Díomair. Tugann ptáir na Sapanac cántur ar a éuairt 7 ar a éruit. “Bí falluings buide-dears do déanmúr daor ar ríleat riar ríor go calam leir, 7 spuasais fionn-rusó go cupineac, cam-arrac tar a flinneánaib ríor go láir a dhroma, rúla glara riadaine aise d’féac amac opt cóim lonnriac le gac gréine; corpp fuinnite lúthmar aise 7 ceann-aigste d’an.” Bí na céadta as iarraid riadairc d’fágail air péin 7 ar a gallóglaca: Deir a tuairpís go riabadar po ceann-lomnoeta, poilt fionna opta, léinteada lúipis ó muineál go glúin opta, cpoiceann mactípe tar gualnib gac rir aca, 7 seárr-tuag cata i láim gac don aca: Níor b’ ionntaib fearis do cup ar a leicéirib ríu. Ir deall-ratac go riabadar i mbriugin áromaca. “Úmaluigró!” arfa Seághan de gút glórac 7 ní faib an focal ar a béal nuair do bí na gallóglais ar a leat-glúin. Stao pé i gcómgar do’n cátaoir níosáda mar a faib Elír, agus i éaduisge ar nór péacóige, do érom pé a ceann, do érom pé a glúin, 7 do fearaim pé annpoin cóim díneac le gáinne. D’ féac pé péin 7 Elír ioir an dá rúil ar a céile. Labair sí i laideann leir 7 d’ fpeasair peirean i go binn-driatrac. Do mói pé a mórdact 7 dubairt pé sup dail a rgeim 7 a erut é, mar ba mín i a teanga le mnáib. Níor luis rúil Elír riam ar a leicéir d’ fear 7 ba binn léi é beit ’gá bpeágaó. Do tearbdáin sí dó i n-aindeoin a cómairleoirí sup táitn pé léi, sí do faib na cómairleoirí rin ar tí a éur pola do dhórtad. Dubravar leó péin go faib speim aca anoir nó riam air, 7 sí do sup tugaóar na coingil do ná bainpíde leir ar a éurur, mearavar, mar ba gnátae, an glar do bualad air. “Tátaoi ar tí an coingil do bipead,” ar Seághan go d’an. “Leigfear ar n-air tú uair éigin,” ar Cecil leir, “aet ní fuil don am áiguiste ceapuisge ’ra coingeall poin!” “Meallad mé,” arfa Seághan leir péin, 7 do buail pé irteac go látair Elíre 7 d’iarr pé coimirc uirte: “Ní leómcar don bártainn do déanaó duit,” adair sí leir, “aet caiteir panamaint asáinn go fóil.” Ní ríor cionnur do meall Seághan i: Ba máit léi le n-a h-air é, 7 meartar go faib ragar spáir ainmíde aici dó, 7 ir é iongnad gac leigteóra sup rgaol sí uairte é pá deirtead ar geall go mbéad pé úmial d’i péin amáin 7 san baint ’gá fear-ionad i n-éirinn leir. Deirtear go faib eagla uirte leir d’á gcuirpíde i gcuibneac é go ndéanfad Muinir Néill flait de Coirdealbac Luineac Ó Néill ’na ionad

bright as sunbeams; a well-knit, active frame, and haughty features." There were hundreds of people trying to get a sight of himself and of his gallowglasses. This account says that these latter were bare-headed, with fair heads of hair, wearing shirts of mail from the neck to the knee, each man having a wolf-skin across his shoulders and a sharp battle-axe in his hand. One would not trust the consequences of provoking the like of those fellows. It is probable that they were in the fight at Armagh. "Make your obeisance!" said Shane in a sonorous voice, and the word was not out of his mouth when the gallowglasses were on one knee. He stood close to the throne where Elizabeth sat, dressed like a peacock; he bent his head, he bent his knee, and then he stood up as straight as a rod. He and Elizabeth looked at each other between the eyes. She spoke to him in Latin, and he answered her in sweet-sounding words. He praised her greatness, and he said that her beauty and her form dazzled him, for he had a smooth tongue with women. Elizabeth's eye had never rested on a man like him, and she liked to hear him flattering her. She showed him, in spite of her advisers, that he pleased her, though those same advisers were ready to shed his blood. They said to themselves that they had a grip of him now or never; and although they had agreed to the condition that no one should molest him on his journey, they thought, as was their custom, to close the lock upon him. "Ye intend to break the conditions," said Shane boldly. "You will be allowed to go back some time," said Cecil to him; "but there is no particular time decided upon in that agreement." "They have deceived me," said Shane to himself, and he walked into the presence of Elizabeth and demanded her protection. "They will not dare to do you any injury," said she to him; "but you will have to remain with us for a while." There is no knowing how Shane persuaded her. She liked him to be about her, and it is supposed that she had a kind of animal affection for him, and every reader is surprised that she let him go away from her at last on his promising that he would obey herself alone, and that her Deputy in Ireland should have nothing to do with him. It is said that she was afraid also that if he were put in fetters the O'Neills would make Turlough Luineach O'Neill prince in his stead, and she preferred Shane to *him*. Sussex was gnawing his tongue with rage because they had not taken Shane's head from his body in London, and he sent word to Elizabeth that it was spread abroad through Ireland that Shane had deceived her, great as was her intelligence, and that she had made him

7 'do b'annra léi Seághan 'nā eipean. B'i Sussex a5 cogaint a teangan le buile toir5 nā'r baineaḁ an ceann 'de cōlainn Seághan i lúnduin, 7 cúir pé r5eala cum Elíre 5o raiḁ pé leaḁta ar fuo Éipeann 5ur meall Seághan i 'dā feabap i a h-inntleacḁ 7 5ur 5nḁ rí rí ar Ulaḁ 'de. 'Díarr pé ceao uirḁe é meallaḁ 5o Baile-áta-Cliaḁ i 5cōir 5neama 'd'fá5ail aip, aḁt b'i Seághan ró-amapapac 7 níor 5ab pé i n5aoir 'do Baile-áta-Cliaḁ, 5iḁ 5ur 5eall Sussex a 'deirḁfíur map mnaoi 'dō aḁt teacḁ 'dā feicrinc.

Caib. 8.

nim 7 puit.

Inr an mbliadain 'na 'daiḁ rúḁ (.i. 1563) 'do érom Sussex ar cúir irḁeac ar Seághan 7 ar uir5e fá talam 'do 'dēanaḁ iḁir é féin 7 Elír. 'Do cābrui5 rean-nāmaide Seághan, na Tír-Conaillig 7 Albanaig aontuim, le Sussex, 7 'do 5luair reirēan ó tuaiḁ 5o h-Ulaḁ inr an abpān 1563, aḁt mā 5luair 'do 5nḁ Seághan liaḁróiḁ coire 'de féin 7 'dā flua5, 7 b'i Sussex an-buirēac 5o raiḁ pé 'na cumap teiceaḁ le n'anam. 55riob Elír cum Sussex riōcāin 'do 'dēanaḁ le Seághan, map nāc raiḁ aon maiḁ 'dō beir leir.

'Do 5nḁ Sussex fuo ar Elír, 7 ar an am 5cēaḁna cúir pé féirín riōcāna cum Seághan—ualac fiona meap5uigḁte le nim: 'D'ól Seághan 7 a linn-ti5e cuio 'de'n fion 7 'd'fōbaiḁ 5o mbēaḁ pé 'na pleirḁ. B'i pé a5 cōmḁac leir an mbār ar feaḁ 'dā lá, 7 nuair 'do táinig pé cuigḁ féin níor b'iongnāḁ 5o raiḁ pé ar 'deap5-lapaḁ le reir5 7 5ur 5léar pé a buirēan cum cogair: leig Elír uirḁe 5o raiḁ rí ar buile i 'otaob an féill-beapḁ úḁ 7 'do 5eall rí 5o 'otaḁappaḁ rí ceapḁ 'dō aḁt a fuaimneap 'do 5lacāḁ. 'Do 5laḁḁaiḁ rí abāile ar Sussex. leig rí uirḁe 5ur map fáram 'do Seághan é, aḁt 'do b'é an cúir 'do b'i aici ar Sussex 5ur meac pé. 'Do fḁarḁm rí riōcāin 7 capapap map 'd'eaḁ le Seághan aip, 7 b'i pé 'na ri5 'dāiríuib ar Ulaḁ anoir 7 leigēaḁ 'dō. aḁt map rin féin b'i a fuac 'do'n 5all cōm 5ēap 7 b'i pé riam: 'Dā cōmḁḁa roin cum pé capleān ar bḁuac loca n-ēcaḁ. fear ta5apḁ 'do b'eaḁ é 7 cēap pé 5ur bea5 ar na 5apanaig raiḁap an capleāin rin 7 'do baiḁt pé aip "fuac na n5all." 'Deirḁeap 5ur cēap pé an uair reo ríogaḁt na h-Éipeann 'do

King over Ulster. He asked her permission to decoy Shane to Dublin in order to get a grip of him; but Shane was too suspicious, and he did not go near Dublin, although Sussex promised him his sister for a wife if he only went to see her.

CHAPTER VIII.

POISON AND BLOOD.

In the year after that (1563) Sussex began to interfere with Shane, and to make mischief between him and Elizabeth. Shane's old enemies, the Tir-Conaill men and the Scots of Antrim, assisted Sussex, and the latter went north to Ulster in the April of 1563; but if he did go, Shane made a football of himself and his army, and Sussex was very thankful that he was able to fly with his life. Elizabeth wrote to Sussex to make peace with Shane, for it was no use for him to be attacking him.

Sussex did as Elizabeth bade him, and at the same time he sent a gift of peace to Shane—a cargo of wine mixed with poison. Shane and his household drank some of the wine, and he was like to have become a corpse. He was fighting with death for two days, and when he recovered it was not surprising that he was in a red flame of rage, and that he prepared his troop for war. Elizabeth pretended that she was furious about this act of treachery, and she promised that she would give him satisfaction if he would only keep quiet. She recalled Sussex. She pretended it was to satisfy Shane, but the cause of complaint that she had against Sussex was that he had failed. She tied the bonds of (pretended) peace and friendship with Shane again, and he was really King over Ulster now, and they let him alone. But for all that his hatred of the stranger was as keen as ever. As a sign of it he built a castle on the shore of Lough Neagh. He was a wittily-spoken man, and he thought that the English would not enjoy the sight of that castle, and he christened it “The Hate of the Strangers.” It is said that he thought at that time of taking to himself the kingdom of Ireland, and of clearing the English out of it. But the Irish did not help him. He wrote to the King of France to ask help from him. “If you lend me six thousand men,” he said, “I will drive the English out of this country into the sea.” He could have got ten times as many as that in Ireland itself if they had been willing to rise with him, but they did not stir a foot.

gabáil eirge féin, 7 na Sapanais do glanadh amach airde. Aet níor cabruis na h-Éireannais leir. Do rghriob ré cum ruis na fíain e as iarraidh congnaim air. “Má tugann tu dom ré míle fear ar iarsaet,” ar reirean, “tiomáinfeadh na Sapanais ar an tóir reo irteac ‘ra bfairrge.” Do gheobadh ré a deic n-oirsead roin i n-Éirinn féin d’a mb’áil leó eirge leir, aet níor corruigeadh cor.

Carb. 9.

Lám Dearg Abú!

Muna gcabruisid Éire linn, mar rin féin caiteam dul ar aghaidh. Bí an Clann Dómnail reo i n-dontuim ó uair go h-uair as cabruis leir na Sapanais. Amharanna do b’eas na fir calma úo. Tángadar ó Albain ar cuireadh Éirinn Uí Néill 7 a aet, 7 do cuireadh fúta i n-dontuim 7 i n-Dairiada: Ní raib Seághan páirta ‘na aigne rad do bíodar ‘ra tír. Do géilleadh do 7 do cabruigeadh leir don uair amáin, aet ní raib don ionntaioib aise arda. Dubhadar leir náe raib don rmaet aise orda, 7 náe raib ré maetanae orda cabruis leir, aet le n-a tooil féin. Do ghríoradh bainneogain Elir iad i san fíor. “Seadh má’r ead,” aet Seághan leo, “greadar lib abaille. Ní fuil don gno asampa díb feara.” Aet do cuir na h-Albanais colg orda féin 7 dubhadar leir go bfanfadhair mar a raib aca san rpleadhachar do roin: “Do buadmar ar d’atáirre ceana 7 ar Sussex ‘na leannta,” aet na h-Albanais dána.

Do leat Seághan-an-Dìomair a cora ar Mac-an-Fíolair, bailis ré a fíuaghte timceall air 7 do bhuir ré irteac go h-dontuim ar nór tuinne fairrge. Buail na h-Albanais leir i n-Éireannaire ‘na n-oreamaib n-oirgíreaca 7 do fearradh cat fuilteac eatorra. Tá rean-bótar dia tuar de’n baile rin bun-abann Duinne, i gcondae dontuim, 7 do cuir Seághan-an-Dìomair a eac eiorubh, Mac-an-Fíolair, ar cor-in-áirde tar corraib Albanac ann, 7 pá meádon lae bí Clann Dómnail ‘na rraetib rinte timceall air. Do marbuisgeadh annrúo donsur Mac Dómnail 7 react gcéad d’a cur fear, do gabadh 7 do gonaó Séamur Mac Dómnail, 7 do tós Seághan leir Somairle buirde, an taoríeac eile bí orda. Do b’fárr d’óib d’a tógradhair a

CHAPTER IX.

Lám Dearg abú!

If Ireland will not help us, still we must go forward. These MacDonnells in Antrim were helping the English from time to time. These brave men were mercenary soldiers. They came from Scotland on the invitation of Conn O'Neill and of his father, and they settled in Antrim and in Dalriada (the present counties Antrim and Down). Shane was not easy in his mind as long as they were in the country. They submitted to him and assisted him once, but he had no confidence in them. They told him he had no control over them, and that there was no necessity for them to help him except by their own free will. Queen Elizabeth used covertly to encourage them. "Very well so," said Shane to them. "Get ye away home. I have no further business of ye." But the Scotsmen assumed a threatening attitude, and they said to him that they would stay where they were without dependence on *him*. "We got the better of your father before, and of Sussex besides," said the bold Scots.

Shane the Proud threw his leg over his horse Mac-an-Fhiolar, gathered his hosts around him, and broke in upon Antrim like a wave of the sea. The Scots met him in Glenshesk, in fierce bands, and a bloody battle was waged between them. There is an old road behind the village of Cushendun, in County Antrim, and Shane the Proud galloped his coal-black horse Mac-an-Fhiolar over the bodies of Scotsmen in it, and by the middle of the day the MacDonnells were stretched in rows around him. Angus MacDonnell and seven hundred of his men were killed, James MacDonnell was wounded and taken prisoner, and Shane also took Somerled the Sallow (or Sorley Boy), the other chief over them. It would have been better for them if they had taken his advice and gone off out of his way, and it would have been better for himself too, for it was the remnant of that company who treacherously killed him two years later.

At this time he was only thirty-eight years of age, and there was no man in Ireland of greater reputation and power than he. The English pretended to be great friends with him. They were very glad at first that he had routed the Clan Donnell of Scotland, and they rejoiced with him. Shane understood them right well. Not without reason was that proverb made: "An Englishman's laugh is a dog's grin"

cómaire 7 gneadao leo ar a flíge, 7 do b'feairr do roin leir é, mar do b'iaó fuigleac na buirne úo do mairb le feall é féin dá bliathain 'na diao rúo.

Ní maib ré an uair reo aet oet mbliathna déas ar fícto d'aoir, 7 ní maib don fear i n-Éirinn ba mó cáil 7 cúmaet 'na é. Leis na Sapanais orca go maibdar go mór leir. Bí átar orca ar ucúr sup mill ré Clann Dómnail ó Albain 7 do gáireadar leir. Cuig Seághan go dian maib iao. Ní gan pát do cúmao an sean-focal úo—"omnntán maora gáire Sapanais." "Ir maib an ruo," ar ríadar, "Clann Dómnail do beit claoirte mar níor b'fior dúinn cá h-am do cabrócaoir leir na n-Éireannais, aet mar rin féin beró O Néill ró-láoir ar fao anoir."

Ir truaš ná'r gnió ré capadar le taoireadaib Éireann an uair reo. I n' ionao roin érom ré ar a cúp d'fíadaib orca géilleao dó gibe olc maib leo é. "Cairtí taoirig Conaet a gcáin bliathantamail do tabairt domra mar ba gnátao leo do ruštib Ulaó," ar reirean. D'eitig na Conaetais é 7 p'reab ré go h-obann ilátair tigeapna Cloinn Riocáro, an fear ba t'reire i gConaet, 7 mill ré é gan puinn duao. Do creac ré Tír Conail inr an mbliathain gcéatna (1566), 7 cáinig r'ganrao ar Sapan. Do g'riopao Elir iapla fearn Muineao, Maguirir le h-eirge 'na ašao, aet do meileao an Maguirir pá mar do meitreo b'ó muilinn doinnán coirce.

Do b'é Sydney bí 'na Artoirir ar ar Éirinn an uair úo i n-ionao Sussex, 7 bí aithe maib aige ar Seághan. Cuir ré teactaire mašaltair d'ar b'ainm Stukeley cuige le n-áiteam air beit réio. "Ná h-eirig amao i našao na Sapanao 7 geobair gibe níó do teapuirgeann uat, 'ar Stukeley. "Déan-par iapla Tír Eogain díot má'r maib leat é." Cuir Seághan r'ann ar 7 labair ré go neamaao. "D'reášan ir eao an iaplaet roin," ar reirean. "Do g'nióeabair iapla de m'ac Cártais i gcúige Mumán, 7 tá buacailli aimpire 7 rin capall ašampa adácom maib d'fear leir rin. Do meapabair mé éroao nuair do bí g'reim ašao orim. Ní fuil don muinigin ašam ar buir ngeallamna. Níor iaprar ríotcáin ar an mbainríošain aet d'iarir ríre ormpa i 7 ir ríbre féin do b'ur i. Do tiomáinear na Sapanais ar an lúbar 7 ar Dúnoipoma 7 ní leigreo d'óib teact ar n-air go deo. Ní leompaio Ó Domnail beit 'na flait arir ar Tír Conail mar ir liompa an áit rin fearoa. Ná bioo don meapb'atall ort sup liompa cuige Ulaó. Bí mo rinnreap romam 'na ruštib uirte. Do buaoar i lem' clairdeam 7 lem' clairdeam do coingbeoao i."

[i.e., a preparation for biting]. "It is a good thing," said they, "that the Clan Donnell are defeated, for we never knew when they might help the Irish; but, for all that, O'Neill will be too strong altogether now."

It is a pity he did not make friends with the chieftains of Ireland at this time. Instead of that he began to force them to submit to him, whether they liked it or not. "The princes of Connacht must give me their yearly tribute, as they used to give it to the Kings of Ulster," said he. The Connachtmen refused, and he rushed suddenly upon the lord of Clan Rickard, the strongest man in Connacht, and despoiled him without much trouble. He plundered Tir-Conaill in the same year (1566), and fear fell upon England. Elizabeth incited Maguire, Earl of Fermanagh, to rise against him; but the Maguire was crushed as a millstone would crush a handful of oats.

Sydney was Lord Justice (or Deputy) of Ireland again at this time in place of Sussex, and he knew Shane well. He sent a Government envoy, named Stukely, to him to urge upon him that he should keep quiet. "Do not rise out against the English, and you shall get whatever you want," said Stukely. "They will make you Earl of Tir-Eoghain, if you would like that." Shane snorted, and he spoke defiantly. "That earldom is a toy," said he. "Ye made an earl of MacCarthy in Munster, and I have serving-boys and stable-men that are as good men as he. Ye thought to hang me when ye had a grip of me. I have no trust in your promises. I did not ask peace of the Queen, but *she* asked it of *me*, and it is ye yourselves that have broken it. I drove the English out of Newry and out of Dundrum, and I will never let them come back. O'Donnell will not dare to be prince again in Tir-Conaill, for that place is mine henceforward. Let there be no doubt upon you that Ulster is mine. My ancestors before me were kings over it. I won it with my sword, and with my sword I will keep it."

Though Sydney was a very brave, courageous man, his heart was in his mouth when Stukely told him this conversation. "If we do not make a great effort Ireland will be gone out of our hand. O'Neill owns the whole of Ulster, and he must be checked," said Sydney to Elizabeth. "Attack him at once," said she. She sent a troop of English over, and Sydney collected men from every quarter of Ireland, English and Irish, for there was many a chief who assisted him. Some of them were sufficiently disinclined for the business; but they had to

Sìò go naib Sydney 'na fear an-mìrneamail, tréan, bì a zhoirde 'na bèal aige nuair d'innir Stukeley dō an cōmpaò roin. "Muna nòéantar àrō iarraçt beir Ëipe imtìghe ar àr lām. Ir le n-ò nēil ulao go leir 7 cairpear é corz," ar Sydney le n-Èipe. "Buail é lāirpear," ar riper. Do feòl rì òream Sapanac anall 7 do bailiz Sydney fir ar zac àrō i n-Èirinn, Sapanais 7 Èipeannais, mar ir iomda taoirpear do cabruis leir. Do bì cuir aca leirgearmail go leor cum an gñōta aet do b'èigean dōib beartūgao orca cum cabarca le Sapanā pā mar do gñōdō indiu.

Tātar cūgat, a Seághan-an-Dìomair, a marcaiz an clairim gair, gléar Mac-an-Fìolair, 7 cōiriz do buirdean beaz laoc. Nì fuil azaib aet neart bui gcuirleanna fēin, mar nāc bpuil cabair 'nā congnañ dōib ó einneac larmuic.

An pādail do goirde ar ceanntaib na Sapanac timceall Baite-aca-Clia. Do léim Seághan irteac innte ar nōr cōirizge Do naob 7 d'arsain ré i go ballaide Baite-aca-Clia. Tuz ré iarraçt pā daingean na Sapanac i nDunvealgain 7 bì bpuigean àr aige le Sydney cōir an baile rin. Bítear rō-mait do Seághan annrū, 7 cuirpead ar gcūl é le duad, aet d'imir ré èirteac ar fluaçtaib Sydney pul ar òruir ré leir. Lean Sydney ar azaib. Do gluar ré tré Tìr Eógain, 7 ar roin go Tìr Conaill, i n-aindeoin Seághan, aet do lean peirean zac órlac do'n trlige é 7 ba beaz an ruaimnear do tuz ré dō ar pead an turpuir. Nìor tearbain ré ruam roime rin cleara cōmpaic nìor fearr 'nā an uair reo. Bì Sydney 7 a fluaç lionmar epārdte cuirpeac ó fōganna obanna Seághan. Do òruir ré i ngāir dōib lām le Doire 7 tuz cat dōib. Bpuigean garrz do b'ead i, mar do tuit a lān fear ar zac taob, 7 famluiz Seághan go naib an buad leir, aet fairpe go brāt! féac an òream ro az teact amair air—na Tìr Conailliz epuaða pā Ó Domnaill do bì i gcōm-nuirde 'na cōinnib—7 buirpead ar Seághan pā òeirpead.

Do òruir ré leir ar gcūl go bealaize Tìr Eógain az òranntan ar Sydney. Bì ré cōm neameaglac roin, 7 cōm muinigneaç roin ar fēin go naib faitcior ar na Gallair teact 'na goire 7 do gluarpeadar orca go Baite-aca-Clia arir zan puinn do bārr a òturpuir aca. "Cuirpead ruam mo lām orca fōr," aoir Seághan. "Nì macaò airo aca ar n-air muna mbiað na cuirpēiz rin i òTìr Conaill; tā pāite beac annroin acā am' epāð 7 am' cealz le fāda, aet bain an cluar òiom, go mūcrao iadpan ar ball."

make themselves ready for the assistance of England, as they do at this day.

They are coming against you, Shane the Proud, horseman of the sharp sword! Get ready Mac-an-Fhiolar, and arrange your little band of heroes. Ye have nothing but the strength of your own arms, for there is no help nor succor for ye from anyone outside.

The English districts about Dublin were called the Pale. Into the Pale Shane leaped like a thunderstorm. He ravaged and plundered it to the walls of Dublin. He made an attempt upon the English in Dundalk, and he had a fight with Sydney near that town. They were too much for Shane that time, and with some difficulty they repulsed him; but he made havoc among Sydney's troops before he moved off. Sydney continued to press on. He went through Tir-Eoghain, and from that to Tir-Conaill, in spite of Shane; but the latter followed him every inch of the way, and little rest he gave him during the journey. Never did he show better skill in tactics than at that time. Sydney and his numerous army were harassed and wearied by Shane's sudden attacks. He moved close up to them near Derry and gave them battle. A tough fight it was, for many men fell on both sides, and Shane thought the victory was with him; but beware! See thi company coming from the West upon him—the stern Tir-Conaill men under O'Donnell, who was always against him—and Shane was defeated at last.

He fell back to the passes of Tir-Eoghain, growling at Sydney. He was so fearless and so confident in himself, that the foreigners were afraid to come near him, and they betook themselves to Dublin again, having got very little by their journey. "I will put the mark of my hand on them yet," said Shane. "Not a creature of them would have gone back if it were not for those villains in Tir-Conaill. There is a swarm of bees there that are worrying and stinging me this long while; but cut the ear off me but I will smoke them out very soon."

CHAPTER X.

CLOUDS AND DEATH.

Shane was preparing himself secretly, and the English were not asleep. They were secretly aiding O'Donnell, and spurring him on against Shane. Hugh was the name of the O'Donnell who was now in Tir-Conaill, for Calvach had lately died. This

Carb. 10.

SĜAMAILL AGUS BĀS.

Bí Seághan go foluigtheac 'sá ullamúgao péin 7 ní raib na Sapanais 'na scoola. Bíodan as cabrúgao le n-Ó Dómnail 1 san fíor, 7 'sá ġríopaó 1 scoinnib Seághan. Aoó do b'ainm de'n Ó Dómnail do bí anoir ar Tír Conaill, mar caillead Calbad le déirdeannaige. Níor b'fúláir do'n tpiac nuao ro éact éigin do déanaó 1 otopac a maġla, mar ba ġnátaó le ġac flait an uair úo. Bpír Aoó irteac go Tír Eóġain ar óróúgao na Sapanac 7 do éreac pé an taoó tiar tuairó oi. Do duió 7 do deapġ as Seághan-an-Dóimuir. Dar claidéam ġairġe Néill naoi nġiallaig, díolpairó Ó Dómnail ar an ġcorġairt reo !

Do éipá troigtheaca 7 marcaig as triall ar ġac áipó pá déin tige móir Beinnboipb poim eipġe ġréine 1 otopac na Bealtaine inġ an mbliadain 1567. Épom na coin mópa ar uail le teapbac ar teact na pluag, 7 as lútaíl 7 as epotaó a n-eapball, mar do fileadar go mbiaó reitġ aca mar ba ġnátaó. Rit an fiaó muao 7 an maotípe 1 bġolaó inġ na coilltib móp-otimóeall mar fileadar poim leir le tuigrint an ainmíde go paótar ar a otopir.

Ní raib dúil 1 reatġ as Ó Néill an cor ro, mar bí deabao air cum Ó Dómnail do épaóacó, 7 do buail pé péin 7 a flóigeacó trí míle fear piar ó tuairó. Déappao daoine pírreóġaca go raib na cáġa as rġréacaig ór cionn tige Seághan-an-Dóimair an maidean ro, 7 náir éualaíó pé ceól na cuaióe ná píobairéact an loin duió inoiu.

"Nac oán iao na Tír Conaillig reo, 7 nac móp an tpuag oóib beit 'sá ġcup a plíge a marbta," ar reirean, nuair do connaic pé Ó Dómnail 7 a buirdean beag ruirde ar áipó an ġáipe ar an otaó tuairó o'nbear Sáilig 1 nDún na nġail.

Bí an taoirde tráigte ar an inbear 7 do pílió Ó Néill ġup ġainm típm do bí ann 1 ġcómnuirde. Níor mar rin do Ó Dómnail. Bí aítne maít aigerean ar an áit úo, 7 do toġairó pé 1 1 ġcómair é péin 7 a éuro fear do córaint ar Ó Néill, mar eipġeann an taoirde go tiuġ 7 go h-obann annpáó.

Asur péac 1 n-ácpann le céile an plioct do táinig ó beirt mac Néill naoi nġiallaig—na Tír Conaillig ó Conall ġulban 7 na Tír Eóġainig ó Eóġan, é píúó do bpír a époirde le bpón 1 noiaró Conaill nuair do marbuiġeao an cupao roim.

Deirtear nac raib aon fonn bpuiġne ar Ó Néill nuair do

new prince must needs do some act of valor at the beginning of his reign, as was the custom with every prince at that time. Hugh broke into Tir-Eoghain by order of the English, and plundered the north-western part of. Shane the Proud turned black and red with anger. By the champion-sword of Niall of the Nine Hostages, O'Donnell shall pay for this raid!

You would see foot and horsemen traveling from every quarter towards the great house of Benburb before sunrise, in the beginning of May, in the year 1567. The great hounds began to bay with excitement at the approach of the troops, and to jump about and wag their tails, for they thought they were to have a hunt, as usual. The red deer and the wolf ran to hide themselves in the woods all around, for *they* too thought, with the animal's instinct, that they were going to be pursued.

O'Neill had no desire for hunting this time, for he was in a hurry to subdue O'Donnell, and he and his host of three thousand men struck out to the north-west. Superstitious people would say that the jackdaws were screaming over the house of Shane the Proud this morning, and that he did not hear the music of the cuckoo nor the piping of the blackbird to-day.

"Are they not bold, these Tir-Conaill fellows, and is it not a great pity for them to be putting themselves in the way of their death?" said he, when he saw O'Donnell and his little band posted upon Ardingary, on the north side of Lough Swilly, in Donegal.

The tide had ebbed out of the estuary, and O'Neill thought that the sand in it was always dry. Not so with O'Donnell. *He* knew that place well, and he chose it in order to protect himself and his men from O'Neill, for the tide rises strongly and suddenly there.

And see, struggling together, the race that came from the two sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages—the Tir-Conaill men from Conall Gulban, and the Tir-Eoghain men from Eoghen, the man who broke his heart with sorrow after Conall when that warrior was killed!

It is said that O'Neill had no wish to fight when he saw the small army that O'Donnell had against him, and that he would rather that they would have surrendered; but for all that he arranged his men carefully, and he ordered them in companies and troops across the inlet of the sea. O'Donnell made a furious attack on the first party that got across and broke them up. If they had not many men, they were all like wild cats. He did

connaic ré an pluag beag do bí ag Ó Dómnaili 'na coinnib, 7
 sup b'féadur leir dá ngeillfidir, aet mar rin féin do beartuis
 ré a cuir fear go cruinn 7 do rtiúpaib ré 'na n'opeamaib 7 'na
 n'oirpamaib taprta an cuair fairrige iad. Tug Ó Dómnaili poza
 feargac pá'n gcéad cuir do fpoic anonn 7 do bpir ré iad.
 Muna paid mórán fear aige, caic f'adais do b'ead iad go leir.
 Rinne ré mar an gcéadna leir an darna cipe calma. "Cait-
 fear iad do cup ar roin," arpa Ó Néill, 7 do buail ré é féin ar
 ceann cōir capall, aet do ppeab marcais Uí Dómnaili amac ar
 los air 'nór gála gaoite, 7 d'á feabap é Seágan-an-Diomair 1.
 ar éigin do bí ré 'na cumap coris do cup leó. D'féac r
 timceall air. Bí cuir d'á opeamaib meargta tpe n-a céile 7
 a tuillead aca rgarca ó n-a céile. Níor tuis Seágan pát an
 mearbótaili go b'feacair ré an taoide ag eirge 7 rgeoin ag
 teact ar a cuir fear, 7 Ó Dómnaili le n-a buirdean laoc ag cup
 oirta go dian. Níor meac cpoide Seágan inr an amgar úd, 7
 do cōm ré ar éirleac le n-a marcais go fiadain, 7 ar dūl ar
 cōranáirde annro 7 annruo ag glaothac ar a cinnfeadna a gcuir
 fear do cōirúgac. Do gnió ré féin iarract ar an pluag do
 bailúgac leir i n-eagar cōir, aet ní paid rlighe cum capad aca,
 7 bí cuir aca go glúnaib i n-uirge 7 an taoide ag rōmar tim-
 ceall oirta. Fir ó lár tuata do b'ead a bpirpōr. Táinis
 rgeoin níor mó oirta 7 bpirpōr.

Bácaó 7 marbúigeac tpi céad déas fear aca. Do b'é cat
 deirneannac Seágan-an-Diomair é agur an tubairte ba mó do
 tárluis nam dó. An méio a cuair tpearna plán tar inbeap
 mílteac Súilg do teiceadap leo, agur do rgeinn a b'flait ruar
 coir na habann ag cuarodac áta, agur doirn marcad leir. Do
 tearbáin Tip Conallac d'ár b'ainm Gallcabaip ac 'ran abainn do
 d'a míle ó páipe an bualaó agur do tug Seágan Ó Néill a cūl
 ar Tip Conaili, allur air, a teanga agur a capbaili cōm te, tirm,
 le rmearpōr teine, agur enap na rōrpaig le buairpōr aigne.

Bí Ó Dómnaili 7 a fár-fir go merpēac, 7 a dteinntē cnám
 aca d'eir an buair, aet ní paid fīor aca go rabadap ag déanad
 oibre na Sapanac, obair do teip ar na Saili rin ar fead cúis
 bliadna déas poime iin, sió sup cáilleadap na mílte fear 7
 dá milliún pūnt cúige.

Cad do déanpōr Ó Néill Ulaó anoir? Deir leabap na
 Ceirpe Ollamain go paid ré éadcpom 'na ceann dāp eir bpuighe
 áirō an gáipe, aet ní fuil 'ra méio rin aet cor cainte. Bí an
 cupad úd ró-aigeantamail 7 ró-láirp i gcpoide 7 a gcōrp cum
 cpomad ar plubairgeal agur ar cneadais i rtaob bpir. ad don
 bpuighe amáin. Ní paid ré dá ficead bliadān d'aoir fōr 7 bí
 mīrneac an leomāin i gcōmnuide aige. D'iarr cuir d'á

the same to the second brave file. "We must put them out of that," said O'Neill, and he thrust himself at the head of a detachment of horse; but O'Donnell's horsemen rushed out on him from a hollow like a gale of wind, and great as was Shane the Proud it was with difficulty that he was able to check him. He looked around him. Some of his companies were mixed up together, and some of them were separated from each other. Shane did not understand the reason of the confusion till he saw the tide rising and terror coming upon his men, and O'Donnell with his band of heroes pressing upon them severely. Shane's heart did not fail in that moment of distress, and he, with his horsemen, began slaughtering savagely, and galloping to and fro, calling upon his captains to put their men in order. He tried to gather the army together himself in proper order, but they had not room to turn, and some of them were up to the knees in water and the tide flowing up all round them. Most of them were inland men. A fresh panic fell on them and they broke away.

Thirteen hundred of them were drowned or killed. It was Shane the Proud's last battle, and the greatest disaster that ever happened to him. As many as crossed the terrible estuary of the Swilly in safety fled away, and their prince rushed up the side of the river to look for a ford, with a few horsemen. A Tir-Conaill man of the name of Gallagher showed him a ford in the river two miles from the battle-field, and Shane O'Neill turned his back on Tir-Conaill, sweating, his tongue and his palate as hot and dry as a coal of fire, and a lump in his throat from trouble of mind.

O'Donnell and his good men were right merry, and they had bonfires after the battle; but they did not know that they were doing the work of the English—work which it had failed those foreigners to do for fifteen years before that, though they had lost thousands of men and two millions of money in the attempt.

What will O'Neill of Ulster do now? The Book of the Four Masters says that he was light in his head after the fight at Ardingary, but that is only a turn of expression. That hero was too high-minded and too strong of heart and of limb to fall to blubbering and to groaning over the loss of one battle. He was not forty years of age yet, and he always had the courage of a lion. Some of his military officers begged him to yield to the English, but that was not Shane's intention at all. He released Somerled the Sallow (Sorley Boy), whom he had had in captivity as a prisoner of war for two years, and sent him

oirgheada cogaird air géilleadh do Sárana aet níor b'é rin intinn Seághan i n-aon cor. Sgaroi pé Somairle Duirde do bi mar címe aige le d'á bliadhain, 7 cuir mar teactaire go Cloinn Dómnail i nAlbain é ag iarraidh conzanta oícta. Do ghealladar dó í, 7 ghnó pé féin 7 gárda marcad ionad coinne leo i mBunabann Duinne, i nAontuim. O' úmhuigeadar go talamh dó 7 gléaradar pé r'ua i gcábán faipring dó. Táinig fear eile ar an láthair leir, o'ar b'ainm Pierce, brataoóir ó Éiríe do cuataidh cad do bi ar riub i ag Seághan. Ní fuil aon r'gribinn le fágail do dearbuis'ann gur tug an captaen Pierce úo díol pola do na hAlbanais, aet tá m'iar gear ag gac úg'adar air.

A Seághan-an-Oíomair, tá do ghnó deánta.

Deir do námaíde féin amain, go raib do lám láid'ir mar r'gát i gcómnuidhe ag an b'fear lag, 7 nác raib g'aduidhe ná fear mí-maíalta i' ceanntaraib le' linn. Deir r'iad, leir, gur b'é do ghnát gan ruidhe cum bi' go mbiad a ráit de'n feoil do b'feárr, mar deirteá, ag boet i'b' C'riop' do éruinnigeadh ar do táirrig. Aet tá deirteadh le' féileact 7 le' gearge láit'ead, mar tá na hAlbanais go cíocrad ag cogarraig le Captain Pierce in' an gcábán. Ní éloirfir uail de éonairt agur ní lean-fair an r'iad r'ua' ére coiltid' enó na T'ruíca go deó ar'ir. Ní éloirfir r'luairgte T'ir Eóghain do gáirca' n'íor mó, mar tá fíce Albanda ar do cúl a gan f'ior duit 7 Pietee o'á n'g'iozadh gur m'arbuis'ir a n-ait'ead a m'bruis'ir Gleanna taire. P'read i' f'uirde o'n mbóro' roin a Seághan-an-Oíomair 7 f'ead oia t'iar díot mar tá an t'pleag i n'g'iorraet o'rlais' deo' o'rom leatan.

Agur liú'ann an coirpliún amuic ar S'put na Maoile, 7 b'p'reann na tonna bána ar an o'p'raig le fuaim coir Bunabann Duinne, 7 teapbánnann na daoine annpu' capn clóc i log mar a b'fuil Seághan-an-Oíomair 'na éo'la le b'p'ir agur t'pí céat bliadhain.

“Seact mbliadhna Searccatt cúic céo
Míle bliadhain ír ní b'p'éc,
Co báp t'Seághin mic mic Cuinn
Ó toirdeet C'riop't hi ccolainn.”

Tóg Pierce leir an ceann do b'áilne i n'Éirinn 7 bainead an t-éadac daor de corp díceannta Uí Néill. Fuair Pierce a míle punt mar díol ar an gceann o'n mbainp'iozain, 7 buaileadh an ceann cait'ead úo ar b'ior' ar an pinn do b'áirde ar captleán Baile-áta-Cliat.



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as an envoy to the Clan Donal in Scotland, to ask aid of them. They promised it to him, and he and a guard of horsemen appointed a place of meeting with them at Cushendun, in Antrim. They bowed to the ground before him, and prepared a feast for him in a large tent. Another man came to the place also, whose name was Pierce, a spy from Elizabeth, who had heard what Shane was doing. There is no written evidence to be found which proves that this Captain Pierce gave blood-money to the Scots, but every author has a strong suspicion of it.

Shane the Proud, your business is done.

Your very enemies say that your strong hand was ever as a shield to the weak, and that there was not a robber nor an unruly man in your territories during your time. They say, too, that it was your custom not to sit down to your food until, as you would say, Christ's poor, who gathered on your threshold, had had their fill of the best meat. But there is an end to your generosity and to your valiant deeds now, for the Scots are eagerly whispering with Captain Pierce in the tent. You will never again hear the baying of the pack, nor follow the red deer through the nut-woods of the cantred for evermore. The hosts of Tir-Eoghain will hear your battle-cry no more, for there are twenty Scots behind you unknown to you, and Pierce is nagging at them that you killed their fathers in the battle of Glenshesk. Spring to your feet from that table, Shane the Proud, and look behind you, for the spear is within an inch of your broad back.

And the curlew cries away out on the Moyle Water, and the white waves break soundingly on the strand near Cushendun, and the people there show a cairn of stones in a hollow, where Shane the Proud sleeps these three hundred years and more.

“ Seven years, sixty, five hundred
(And) a thousand years, it is no lie,
To the death of Shane the grandson of Conn
From the coming of Christ in the Body.”

Pierce took away with him the most beautiful head in Ireland, and they took the rich clothing from the headless body of O'Neill. Pierce received his thousand pounds from the Queen in payment for the head, and that beloved and lovely head was stuck upon a spike on the highest battlement of Dublin Castle.

(o) CAILÍN NA MBRÁITRE

Séamur ua Dubháil.

Bí cailín fao ó i dtí na mbráitire agus ní bíod don teópa leir an méio oibre bíod rí a cur poimprí le déanamh.

Ir cuma cao a beaó san déanamh agus b'féidir go mbeaó ré san déanamh ar feaó ráite, nuair déarfaió leir an scailín é déanamh, 'ré an fpeasra bíod aici i gcóinnuidé: "Ó bíor cum é rin a déanamh mé féin." Céap na bráitire ar dtáir go raib cailín anaóiceallac aca, agus ir minic a bíoir as molaó an cailín agus as maoidéam airtí le bráitirib eile.

Don lá amáin a táinig rean-bráitairi éuca ó mainirtir eile, agus, nuair a éuala ré an t-áir-molaó ar cailín na mbráitire, "Beiró fíor asam-ra," ar reirean, "an bfuil rí com maic agus veirtear liom i beir."

"Cosar," ar reirean le ceann de na bráitirib, "abair leir an scailín teacó irteacó i reómpa na leabair agus, nuair a beiró rí irteig ann, abair léi gur céapó uí na leabair a nige."

"Agus cao éirge go scuipinn obair óirige mar rin poimprí? Beaó fearis uirtí agus b'féidir go b'asfaó rí rinn. Ní fuirte cailín mar i 'fasail seallaim duic."

"Déan ruo oim," ar' an rean-bráitair.

Do glaoóir ré ar an scailín agus ní raib rí i b'rao as teacó, agus, nuair a táinig rí, duairt an rean-bráitair léi go bog réro: "Cloirim gur anaóailín tú. Ir móir an t-iongnacó liom, a b'rigro, na leabair reo beir san nige asat fóir."

"Bíor díreacó cun é rin a déanamh, mé féin, a áitir."

"Ó ní gábaó duic é, a b'rigro," ar' an bráitair eile go rearb. Ó 'n lá rain go dtí an lá inóiu tá Cailín na mbráitire mar ainm ar éinne a bíonn "cun é rin déanamh" i n-ionacó é beir déanta.

(f) AN SÁD MARA

nó

AR LORG AN BÉARLA.

Séamur ua Dubháil.

Tamall maic ó foir anoir bí daoine 'na gcóinnuidé i n-oileán beas i n-íocair na héireann agus ní raib aca acó an saeóilg. Mar seall air go mbíod daoine raibóire as teacó ar cuairt ar

THE FRIARS' SERVANT MAID.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

THERE was a servant long ago at the friary, and there were no bounds to the amount of work she used to be about doing.

It did not matter what was left undone, and perhaps it would be without doing for a quarter, when the servant would be asked to do it the answer she always had was, "I was going to do that myself." The friars at first thought they had a very diligent servant, and often they used to be praising the girl, and boasting of her to other friars.

One day an old brother came to them from another monastery, and when he heard the great praises of the friars' servant, he said, "I'll find out if she is as good as she is said to be."

"Whisper," said he to one of the brothers; "tell the girl to come into the library, and when she is inside there, tell her she ought to wash the books."

"And why should I set her such a fool's job? She would be angry, and perhaps she would leave us. It is not easy to get a servant like her, I assure you."

"Do as I tell you," said the old friar.

He called the girl; she was not long coming, and when she came the old friar said to her, soft and smooth, "I am told you are a great girl. I wonder very much, Brigid, that you have those books so long without washing."

"I was just now going to do that myself, father."

"Oh you need not, Brigid," said the other brother, sharply.

From that day to this "the friars' servant girl" is applied to any one who is always going to do the thing instead of having it done.

THE GAD MARA, OR IN SEARCH OF ENGLISH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

A GOOD while ago now there lived people in a little island in a remote part of Ireland and they had no language but Irish. Because wealthy people used to visit the island now and again, the poor people imagined that all they wanted was to have

an oileán anoir agus arís ceap na daoine bocta ná raib uata aet an Bearla d'rógluim agus go mbeidís paróibín go deo. Leanann an galar céanna móran daoine a ceapann níor mó céille beic aca 'ná bí ag muintir an oileáin.

“Aet cá raib an Bearla le fágáil?” b'ín í an ceirt anoir.

Bí 'ríor aca go raib Bearla i n-Éirinn, aet euslaodar go raib an Bearla doib' fadair 'ra domán i mBaile Áta Cliat.

Tar éir móran cainte agus comráid focruitheadar ar duine aca a cur go Baile Áta Cliat ar lorg an Bearla.

An lá bí an fear ag imteacht baó dóig leat gur go hAimeirice a bí ré ag toul. Bí an lá 'na lá raoire ar an oileán. Táinig muintir an oileáin go léir, ós agus crionna, go dtí port na hÉireann agus cuireadh an fear anonn ar an dtír móir ar an mbáio ba mó ar an oileán.

D'pás teachtair an Bearla plán aca agus d'imtís air go Baile Áta Cliat. Tar éir a beic tamall 'ra catair bí Bearla aige, dá focal, “Good-morrow,” agus ceap ré go raib ré i n'am aige pilleadh a baile. Bí ré cuirpreadh go leor ó beic ag coirpreadh, agus nuair a táinig ré go dtí féit an Clotaig i n-aice na fairrige, fuir ré ríor.

Bí na focail go cruinn garta aige, 7 le heagla go mbeadh ríad cailte aige, bíod ré ag ráo mapáirín “Good-morrow,” “good-morrow,” “good-morrow.”

Bí an aimirín fluic agus bí féit an Clotaig bog. Go deimhin, bí rí 'na tóin ar bogadh, agus, nuair a bí an fear boct ag toul trarna, cuaird ré ar lár agus d' fóbair do beic báirdte. Tarrainis ré é féin amac i gcuma éicint agus bain ré amac an talam tirim. Aet, mo creadh ir mo cár! bí an Bearla cailte aige.

Nuair a táinig ré a baile agus nuair d'innir ré a rgeal do muintir an oileáin, bíodar buairdearta go leor, agus 'ré vudairt gac duine aca leir gur móir an truaas nac é féin a cuireadh go Baile-Áta-Cliat.

Aet cao a bí le deanam anoir? Bí an Bearla cailte i vféit an Clotaig agus b'féirín go mbeadh ré le fágáil fór.

Do gluar reirair de muintir an oileáin anonn ar báio go dtí an dtír móir agus fear an Bearla le n-a goir. Teapbáin ré dóib cár cailt ré an Bearla i lár na féite.

Cromadair go léir ar an áit a tóbac agus a taoradh agus níor b'fada dóib ag fágáil do'n obair reo nuair do buail gao mapa leó.

“Sin é an focal,” “Sin é an focal,” sprateachtair an Bearla, “gao mapa,” “gao mapa.”

English and that they would be rich for ever. The same ailment follows a good many who think they have much more sense than had the people of the island.

But where was the English to be had; that was now the question. They knew there was English in Ireland, but they had heard the best English in the world was in Dublin.

After much talk and discussion they fixed on one of themselves to be sent to Dublin in search of English.

The day the man was leaving you would think it was to America he was going. The day was a holiday on the island. The whole population of the island, young and old, came down to Port Erinn, and the man was put across on the mainland in the biggest boat on the island.

The English delegate bade them farewell, and proceeded on his way to Dublin. After being a short time in the city he had English, "Good morrow," two words, and he thought it was time for him to be returning home. He was tired enough from walking, and when he came as far as "the Left-handed Man's swamp," close to the sea, he sat down. He had the words correctly, and lest he should lose them, he used to be repeating them like a prayer—"Good morrow, good morrow."

The weather was wet and the swamp soft. Indeed it was a regular quagmire; and when the poor man was crossing he went bogging, and was near being drowned. He pulled himself out some way and got to dry land. But, sorrow and distraction, he had lost the English.

When he reached home, and when he told his tale to the people of the island, they were troubled enough, and it is what each said to himself, that it was a pity that it was not he himself that was sent to Dublin.

But what was to be done now. The English was lost in the swamp of the Left-handed Man, and maybe it would be found yet.

Six of the islanders went over in a boat to the mainland, and the "English" man with them. He showed them where he lost the English in the middle of the swamp. They all set to work to dig and shovel the place, and they were not long at the work when they came upon a gad mara, or sea rod.

"That's the word, that's the word," said the messenger, "Gad mara, gad mara."

FÁIT-SGEAL:

ní macaíó mire go b'ráé ar gcúl
 ma'r éigin beic úmál daoib 'r mór mo leun,
 muna dtig liom riúbal, muna dtig liom riúbal,
 muna dtig liom riúbal ar mo páirc-pe féin.

Éáinís an traidnóna teit, 7 rin mé riap ar banca b'eads féir, ar
 éaoib an bótar, agus níor b'fada sup tuit mo córlaó orm.
 Agus im' córlaó connairc mé airtins.

Do bí mé as riúbal, mar faoil mé im' airtins, i dtír anairtne
 nac riab mé ariam poime reó i n-aon tír córmúil léi, bí pí com
 b'eads rin. Bí bóirpe caola dó-riúbalta as dul trío an tír
 áluinn reó, agus do bí páirceanna glara agus fear bog uairne,
 agus n-uile fórt bláé d'a b'facaíó rúil ariam, as fáir ar gac aon
 éaoib de'n bótar. Áct do bí an bótar féin cam corrac cloacá,
 agus bí rppúilleac as féircead air, do loit agus do dall rúile
 na ndaoine do bí as riúbal ann.

Agus níor b'fada go b'facaíó mé fear ós lútmair láidir amac
 póimam, as gabáil an bótar mar do bí mé féin. Agus connairc
 mé an t-óganac ro as fearam go minic cum an púdarí tirm do
 bí d'a féircead ar an mbótar do cuimilt d'a rúil. Agus do
 bí an bótar com h-airtne agus com cloacá rin sup tuit ré
 anoir agus airt mar bí ré as riúbal. Agus an uair deirceannac
 do tuit ré níor féad ré éiríge no go dtáinís mire com fada
 leir, agus tugap mo lám dó sup éóg mé ar a d'a cóir airt é,
 agus dubairc mé leir go riab rúil asam nac riab ré gortuighe.
 O'fearasair reircean de b'riatpab binne blarta nac riab ré gort-
 uighe go mór, áct go riab firtéoir air nac dtuicpab ré go
 deircead a airtir an lá rin, mar do bí an bótar com fap agus
 com cparíó rin. Agus o'fearpúis mire de an fada do bí le dul
 aige. Dubairc reircean nár b'fada, áct sup mian leir dul go
 baile-mór do bí cúis míle amac uainn, pul éáinís an oirde air,
 óir buró mian leir puo le n'íce, agus leabuir, fágail, agus gan
 an oirde do éairceam amuis ar an mbótar fíadain rin.

Agus nuair éualair mé rin do bí iongantap orm, óir bí d'a
 uair de'n lá asainn fóir, poim luirde na gréine, agus b'fopur do
 duine ar bit do bí com lútmair láidir leir an óganac rin cúis
 míle do riúbal in ran am rin, d'a b'fáspab ré an oirdebótar agus
 d'a riúbalpab ré ar an macaire b'eads réir do bí le n-a éaoib;
 agus dubairc mé rin leir.

"Ná bíod iongantap ort fúm-ra," a deir ré, "óir ní féirir
 le duine ar bit in ran tír reó an bótar fágáil. Com cloacá
 cnarac corrac agus atá an bótar, éairíó duine fanamaint air.

AN ALLEGORY.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

(Translated by NORMA BORTHWICK.)

THE evening became hot, and I stretched back on a fine grassy bank at the side of the road, and it was not long till I fell asleep. And in my sleep I saw a vision.

I was walking, as I thought in my dream, in an unknown country, such that I was never before in any country like it, it was so fine. There were narrow roads, very bad for walking, running through this beautiful country, and there were green fields and soft green grass, and every sort of flower that the eye ever saw, growing on each side of the road. But the road itself was crooked and uneven and stony, and there was a dusty wind blowing on it that hurt and blinded the eyes of the people that were walking in it.

And it was not long till I saw a young, active, strong man out before me, going the same road as I was myself. And I saw this young fellow standing often to rub out of his eyes the dry dust that was being blown on the road. And the road was so uneven and so stony that he fell now and again as he was walking. And the last time that he fell he could not rise until I came up to him, and I gave him my hand till I raised him up on his feet again, and I said to him that I hoped he was not hurt. He answered in sweet, pleasant-sounding words that he was not much hurt, but that he was afraid he would not come to the end of his journey that day, as the road was so rough and so hard. And I asked him if he had far to go. He said he had not far, but that he wished to go to a big town, that was five miles out from us, before night came on him, for he wanted to get something to eat and a bed, and not to spend the night outside on that wild road.

And when I heard that there was wonder on me, for we had two hours of the day yet before sunset, and it would be easy for anybody who was so active and strong as that young man to walk five miles in that time if he left the bad road, and if he walked on the fine, smooth plain that was beside it; and I said that to him.

"Do not be surprised at me," says he, "for it is impossible for any person in this country to leave the road. As stony and knotty and rugged as the road is, a person must stay on it. If he leaves the road to walk on the fine, smooth plain,

Má fágann pé an bótar le riúbal ar an macaíne breaíḡ réir, íocfaíḡ pé ar go géar. Tá luét gárda ar an mbótar ro agus ar h-uile bótar in ran tír seo, faigsiúnaíḡ móra duba. Iḡ iad na faigsiúnaíḡ seo do pinne gac don bótar ann ran tír seo agus iḡ oíle do pinneadara iad, aét má fágann duine tuirpreac an bótar le riúbal ar an macaíne, leantraí é leir an ngárda dub ro, agus beiríḡ ari, agus tiomáiníḡ nómpa é, go gcuiríḡ ar an mbótar ariḡ é, gan buídeacaf do.”

“Aét,” ar ra mipe leir an rtráinreap, “ní réiríḡ go bfuil an oipead rin de faigsiúnaíḡ duba ar gac don bótar in ran tír le luét riúbalta na mbótar do rmaétugaḡ agus do fáruḡaḡ mar rin. Nac mbíonn luét-riúbalta na mbótar níor iomaḡamla ’ná an gárda dub ro, agus nac bfeadfaḡ ríad an lám uacataí fágail orra, agus bipead arteaḡ, in a n-aimdeoin, ar an macaíne mín áluinn rin, agus gan fanamaint ar an mbótar gíanna púaraḡ poll-líonmaí ro?”

“O’feadfaíḡ rin déanam go cinnte,” ar ran rtráinreap, “óir bíonn píce fear láiríḡ ar an mbótar i n-agaíḡ an don gíḡa amáin, aét atá ríḡc oiraíḡeacḡa rgarḡa ag an ngárda dub, ann ran rpeír or cionn na mbótar, agus iḡ doíḡ leir an luét-riúbail nac bfuil don neart aca na bóíḡe o’fágbaíḡ, agus tar éir gac oíḡ agus doḡaíḡ agus doḡaíḡ o’á otagann orra ann rna rligḡib millteaḡa malluigḡe seo, ní’ an cpoíḡe ná an coráirḡe aca iad o’fágbaíḡ, agus iḡ doíḡ gur ab é rin mar géal ar an oiraíḡeacḡe do rgar na doaine duba. Aét iḡ é an ruo iḡ ionganḡaigḡe aca uile, nac bfuil in ran guo iḡ mó de na faigsiúnaíḡ seo aét corḡmúí eaḡa faigsiúnaíḡ; iḡ rgaíḡe gan bpiḡ gan rubrtaint iad, aét iḡ doíḡ le luét-riúbalta na mbótar gur fuil agus seóil iad, agus go loiríḡ ríad an duine fágfaḡ an bótar le n-a guio ariḡ.”

Do ríublamap ar ári n-agaíḡ le céile ann rin, ḡ níor bfaḡa go rabadap coḡ ráruiḡḡe rin gur b’éigín dúinn ríḡe ríor ar an mbótar, agus do góill an tarḡ agus an tuirpre oruainn go móir. Dubairḡ mé ann rin leir an óganaḡ, “ní béinn coḡ dona ro oá mbeir deoḡ uirḡe agam.”

“Tá tobap breáḡ ríor-uirḡe,” adubairḡ pé, “fá bun crainn breáḡ úbail, ceatrama míle amac nómáinn, aét tá pé ar an taíḡ arḡiḡ de’n élaíḡe, in ran macaíne, agus ní olirdeannac é dul coḡ fada leir.”

Aét do góill an tarḡ orḡ coḡ móir rin go n’adubairḡ mé, “Caíḡe mé ól iḡ, oá marbdoíḡe ar an móimíḡ mé. Treóruigḡ mé go oíḡ an tobap ro.” Táiníḡ raicḡior ar an óganaḡ, agus adubairḡ pé, “Iḡ i mo cómaíḡe duit gan dul ann, aét má ’r éigean duit, ní bacfaíḡ mé tu. Fágfaíḡ mé do cuíḡeacḡa nuaíḡ

he will pay for it severely. There are guards on this road and on every road in this country—great black soldiers. It was these soldiers who made every single road in this country, and 'tis bady they made them; but if a weary person leaves the road to walk on the plain, they follow him with this black guard, and they catch him and drive him before them till they put him on the road again in spite of him."

"But," said I to the stranger, "there cannot be so many black soldiers on every road in the country as to repress and overcome the people who walk the roads like that. Are not the people who walk the roads more numerous than this black guard, and could not they get the upper hand of them, and break in, in spite of them, upon that smooth, beautiful plain, and not stay on this ugly, dusty road, full of holes?"

"They could do that certainly," said the stranger, "for there are twenty strong men on the road against the one guardsman, but the black guard have scattered a sort of enchantment in the air over the roads, and the travelers think they are not able to leave the roads, and after all the want and trouble and misery that comes on them in these awful, accursed roads, they have not the heart nor the courage to leave them, and probably that is on account of the enchantment that the black fellows have scattered. But the most extraordinary of all these things is that most of these soldiers are only imitation soldiers; they are shadows without force or substance, but the people who walk the roads think that they are flesh and blood, and that they would wound anybody who would leave the road with their weapons."

We walked forward together then, and it was not long till we were so tired that we had to sit down on the road, and thirst and fatigue oppressed us greatly. I said then to the young man, "I would not be so bad if I had a drink of water."

"There is a fine well of spring-water," said he, "at the foot of a beautiful apple-tree, a quarter of a mile out before us, but it is on the inner side of the ditch, in the plain, and it is not lawful to go as far as it."

But the thirst troubled me so much that I said, "I must drink out of it, if I were to be killed on the instant. Lead me to this well." Fear came upon the young man, and he said, "'Tis my advice to you not to go there, but if you must, I will not hinder you. I will leave your company when I come as far as the well. Kill yourself, if you wish; but you shall not kill me."

We rose then, and we walked together till we saw a great,

tiucfar mé com fada leir an tobair. Marb tu féin, má'r mian leat; aét ni marbócair tu mire."

D'éirigeamar ann rin, agus siubhlamar le céile, go bpacamar crann móir áluinn as éirige ar an macaire, timcioll fíde péirre arteac ó'n mbótar. Cuaird mé ruar ar bárr an claíde do bí ar taoib an bótair, agus connaic mé tobair glan glé-geal fíor-uirge d'a rgeitead amac fá bun an crainn áro áluinn, agus connaic mé bláta bána agus úbla beaga agus úbla leat-aruir agus úbla móra deargá lán-aruir, as fáir le céile ar an gcraon rin. Aét do bí an oirgead rin de rmaét agus de rganntaó ar daoine na tíre rin náir baimead oirgead agus don uball aca, agus ba léir dam, ar an bfeair fada fáramail do bí tairt timcioll an tobair éom-áluinn rin, nac tóaimis don duine i n-aice leir le h-ól. Aét nuair connaic mire an méad rin do geit mo éiride i lár mo cléib, agus dubairt mé 's or-áro, " Bainfir mé cuir do na h-ublaib rin agus ólfair mé mo bócair de'n tobair rin, má 'ré an báir acá i n-óán dam."

Agus leir rin d'éirig mé de léim áro éadrom aéac de bárr an claíde-teóran agus arteac ar an macaire mín áluinn. Agus nuair connaic an t-óganac an nio rin, do leis ré orna ar, óir ba dóig leir gur b'é mo báir do bí mé d'a tóruigeaét.

Agus nuair táimis mire leat-bealaig ioir an glairde agus an tobair, d'éirig raióirir dub, mar beir arpacé árbéal úr-ghánna, ruar, ar an bfeair fada, agus do tóg ré clairdeam móir le mo ceann do rgoitad, mar faoil mé. Agus do cuaird mé ar mo cúl an rgead do cuir an t-óganac ar an mbótar ar, le teann-faitéor: Níor lúga 'ná rin an faitéor do bí orim féin, óir ni raib arim ar bit agam le mo coraint. Aét do érom mé ar éloic maic móir do bí fá mo éoir, com móir le mo bóir féin, agus tug mé toga uréair de'n éloic rin leir an raióirir árbéal. Do buail an éloc é, mar faoil mé, i gceair-lár a éadain, agus cuaird rí amac trío a ceann, amail agus nac raib ann aét rgaile. Agus ar an móimio níor léir dam cruic ná cuma an raióirir, aét do bí ruo gan cruic ann amail plám de'n céo, agus do leag an ceó rin, agus do rgar ré ann ran rpeir, agus ni raib daóair éadrom-re agus an tobair. Tuig mé ann rin nac raióirir ná fear coóair do bí ann, aét ruo bréagac 7 rgaile do rinnead le rdaídeacé, cum na rdaíne do rganntaó ó'n tobair. Cuaird mé go tci an t-uirge agus níor bac ruo ar bit eile mé. Éromar ar an uirge agus d'ólar mo fáit dé, agus dar tiom-ra go raib ré com-maic le fion. Bain mé uball móir dearg de'n crann ann rin agus d'itear é, agus do bí ré com milir im' beal le mil. Nuair connaic mé rin, glaoó mé ar an óganac agus dubairt mé leir " teacé ar ac éugam, óir nac raib daóair

beautiful tree rising out of the plain, about twenty perches in from the road. I went up on the top of the ditch that was at the side of the road, and I saw a pure, bright-looking well of spring-water gushing out under the foot of the beautiful high tree, and I saw white blossoms and little apples and half-ripe apples and large, red, fully-ripe apples growing together on that tree. But there was so much repression and terror on the people of that country that nobody gathered as much as one apple of them, and it was clear to me, by the long-growing grass that was round about that lovely well, that no person came near it to drink. But when I saw that much, my heart leaped within my breast, and I said aloud, "I will gather some of those apples, and I will drink my fill of that well, if it is death that is in store for me."

And with that I rose in a high, light, active jump from the top of the boundary ditch and in upon the smooth, beautiful plain. And when the young fellow saw that, he gave a sigh, for he thought it was my death I was seeking.

And when I came half-way between the ditch and the well, a black soldier arose, like a great, hideous monster, up out of the long grass, and he took up a great sword to split my head, as I thought. And I heard behind me the scream that the young man on the road put out of him, with intense fear. No less than that was the fear that was on myself, for I had no weapon at all to defend myself. But I stooped for a good big stone that was under my foot, as big as my own fist, and I gave a choice throw of that stone at the terrible soldier. The stone hit him, as I thought, in the very middle of his forehead, and it went out through his head, as if he were nothing but a shadow. And on the instant the appearance and shape of the soldier were dim to me, but there was a shapeless thing there like a wreath of mist, and that mist melted, and it dispersed into the air, and there was nothing between myself and the well. Then I knew that he was not a soldier nor a warrior, but an unreal thing and a shadow, made by magic to frighten the people from the well. I went to the water, and no other thing hindered me. I bent down to the water and I drank my fill of it, and in my opinion it was as good as wine. I pulled a big red apple from the tree then and ate it, and it was as sweet in my mouth as honey. When I saw that, I called to the young man, and said to him "to come in to me, for there was nothing to prevent him." As soon as he perceived that, he came in over the ditch himself, and he in great fear, and he made for the well. He drank his fill out of it, and he ate

le n-a bacaró.” Com luath agus tug ré rin fá deara, táinig ré féin ardeac tar an gclaire, agus é fá eagla móir, agus inn ré ar an tobair. D’ól ré a fáit ar, agus d’it ré a fáit de na h-úblais, agus fíneamair riar le céile ar an bpeair bpeáig bog, agus coruigeamair as caint. Agus d’fíarpuig mé de ainm na tíre rin, “óir” ar fá mire leir, “ir i an tír ir iongantaisge d’a bfuil ar an domhan í.”

Torais ré ann rin as innpint rseula na tír rin dam, agus dúbairt ré, “Tá an tír reo na h-oileán, agus do cruataig Dia i amuis ann ran aigéin móir ar an taoib riar de’n domhan, an aic a gabann an srian cum a leaptan ann ran oirde. Agus ir i an tír ir áille agus ir glaire agus ir úire i d’a bfuil fá’n ngréin. Agus veir tura gur tír iongantac í, aet ni tuigeann tu leat a h-iongantair go fóill. Agus tá trí ainmneaca uirru, banba agus fóbla agus éire.”

Nuair eualair mé rin, do tug mé léim, agus buail mé mo ceann le géagán de’n crann, mar faoil mé,—agus dúirig mé.

Agus ar bporrait mo fúile dam, riú mé mo luide ar an gclaire ar taoib an bdeair, veir bail-at-cliait agus bdeair-na-bruighe, agus mo cara Diarmuid bán ’s am’ fácaró i m’ earra-chaib le maide. “’S micró duit veit d’ul a-baile,” a veir ré.

“Óra a Diarmuid,” ar fá mire, “ná bain liom. Ni fácaró mac mácar ariam a leiteir d’ ailing agus connaic mire.” Agus leir rin d’innir mé mo bhuonglóir d’ó, ó túr go veirearó.

“Mairearó! mo sradó tu,” ar fá Diarmuid, nuair bí mé réiró, “agus b’ fíor do bhuonglóir. Fáiró agus file tu,” a veir ré.

“Cionnur rin?” ar fá mire, “minig dam é.”

“Ir ar talam na h-Éireann do bí tu gan don amhar,” ar fá Diarmuid, “aet do bí tu as riúbal, mar tá na h-Éireannaig uile as riúbal, ar na bóirrib do pinne na Sacpanaig le n-a gcuid olighe agus le n-a gcuid fáiríun féin, agus rin bóirre nac féirir le Gaedhal riúbal orra gan cuirliugaró agus gan tuicim, gan doéar agus gan dólár. Aet má tréiseann riar doéar an tSacpanaig agus an bdeairlaig, agus iad do d’ul ardeac ar a macaire bpeáig feurmarir féin ni veit’ riar as riúbal go cruairó ar fearó an lae iomlán, mar an t-Éireannac boet rin do connaic tura, le leabuiró agus le ruipéar d’fágail ran oirde; aet do pacaróir fá d’ó níor fairde, i leat an ama. Agus an tobair fíor-uirge rin do connaic tu, an tobair nac leighearó na gáirdear d’ubá rin do na daoinib d’ól ar, nac d’cuigeann tu gur tobair na glan-Gaedheirge é rin, agus cia bé Éireannac óirar deo ar, bíonn ré mar fíon in a béal, d’a neartugaró agus d’a fionn-fuaraó. Agus an faigdiúr d’ub rin d’éirig veir tura agus crann na n-úball, b’ é rin an fáiríun Sacpanac, agus nuair buail tu

his fill of the apples, and we stretched back on the fine, soft grass together, and began to talk. And I asked him the name of that country; "for," said I to him, "it is the most extraordinary country of all there are in the world."

He began then to tell me the history of that country, and he said, "This country is an island, and God created it out in the great ocean on the western side of the world, the place where the sun goes to his bed in the night. And it is the most beautiful and the greenest and the freshest country of all under the sun. And you say it is an extraordinary country, but you do not know half its wonderfulness yet. And there are three names on it—Banba and Fodhla and Ireland."

When I heard that I gave a jump, and I struck my head against a branch of the tree, as I thought—and I awoke.

And when I opened my eyes, there I was lying on the ditch at the side of the road, between Dublin and Boharnabreena, and my friend Dermot "Bán" was poking me in the ribs with a stick.

"'Tis time for you to be going home," says he.

"Oro, Dermot," said I, "let me alone. No mother's son ever saw the like of such a vision as I have seen." And with that I told him my dream from beginning to end.

"Musha, man dear!" said Dermot, when I was done, "and your dream was true. A prophet and a poet you are," says he.

"How so?" said I. "Explain it to me."

"'Tis on the soil of Ireland you were without any doubt," said Dermot, "but you were walking, as all Irishmen are walking, on the roads which the English made with their own laws and with their own fashions, and those are roads that a Gael cannot walk on without stumbling and falling, without trouble and distress. But if they leave the road of Anglicisation and of English-speaking, and go in on their own fine, grassy plain, they will not be walking hard all day long like that poor Irishman you saw, to get a bed and a supper at night, but they would go twice as far in half the time. And that well of spring water that you saw, the well that those black sentries would not let the people drink from, don't you understand that that is the well of pure Irish, and whatever Irishman drinks a drink out of it, it is as wine in his mouth, strengthening him and cooling him. And that black sentry that got up between you and the apple-tree, that was the English Fashion, and when you struck him he went out of sight, like a mist, for fashions come like mist, and if a person defends himself from them they

é 'o' iméig ré ar amáire map ceó, óir tigeann na fáiríúin map ceó, agus má éornann duine é féin oirra iméigeann ríad map ceó arís. Agus na bláta bána, agus na h-úbla, do éannaic tu ar an gcpann áro álúinn, rin é an torad atá as fáir ar mácaire na Šaebaltaáta, agus má fágan na Šaebail na bóitpe ip ar cuip na Sacpanaig is le dul arteaó ar a utalam féin ara, na h-úbla rin náir blar ríad le dá céad bliadán bainfid ríadparip go tiug is. Agus as rin duit anoir, a Špaobín, map míni gim re 'o'airling," ar fé.

"M' anam a Dia, a Diarmuid," ar ra mire, "ní'l do famail de minigéoir ar talam na h-Éireann, agus an céad airling eile béirdear agam ip éugad-ra tiucpar me. Ir fearr 'ná Daniel tu. Dhoirtuig opt anoir agus béiridre as dul a-baile."

TADŪS ŠABA.

CAIBIDIL 1.

Bí TadŪs ua Drom 'na šaba, agus bí a céarúca ar táob an bótar i n-aice le Dhoicead na Šeardáige, veic míle i utaoib tíar do Cill Áirne:

Cearúdaige maic do b'eas TadŪs. Ní raib 'na párróirde féin, ná b'féoir i ŠCiarráide, fear do b'feair a cuirpead crúó fá capall ná clár ar céacda. Áet map rin féin, ní raib TadŪs gan a loedaid féin. Ir dóca náir táinig riam lá donais ná maršaid ná reicirde TadŪs ar ríad Cill Áirne, agus ip ró-annam a bí fé as teact ábaile trádnóna gan veic rúgac go leor, nó b'féoir ar meirge. Dá n'éarfaó don'ne le TadŪs ar maidin lae an donais, "An bfuilip as dul go Cill Áirne inoiu, a Táirš?" 'ré an fpeasra a šeobaó fé, "Ní feadar," nó "b'féoir dom"—'ran am céadna as bualaó buille dá cáirip ar an iarrann nó ar an inneoin, com maic ip dá mbéad fé as ráó, "Ir móir atá ríor uait."

Nuair a bí lá an maršaid ann bí 'fir as šac uile duine goe raib šnó aige ar an gcearúcaín go mb'foearr do fuirpeac ra bail dá mbaó maic leir a šnó veic déanta i gceair. Ir iomda ršéal špeannmar a bí ar fuair na párróirde timceall Táirš agus a cuir oibre maidin lae donais, map ar cuip fé táirnge i mbeo, lá, i gcapall šeagáin léit, agus map ar póil fé ar móir utuatal clár a bí aige dá cup ar céacda le Domnall ua Druigín.

go away like mist again. And the white blossoms and the apples that you saw on the beautiful tall tree, that is the fruit that is growing on the Plain of Gaeldom, and if the Gaels leave the roads on which the English put them, to go back on their own land again—those apples which they did not taste for two hundred years they shall gather them again plentifully. And there is for you now, *Δ Ἐραοισίν*, how *I* interpret your dream," said he.

"My soul to God, Dermot," said I, "there isn't your like of an interpreter on the soil of Ireland, and the next dream I have, 'tis to you I will come. You are better than Daniel. Hurry now, and we will be going home."

TIM THE SMITH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

TIM O'BYRNE was a smith, and his forge was on the side of the road close to Giddagh Bridge, ten miles west of Killarney.

Tim was a good tradesman. There was not in his own parish, nor maybe in Kerry, a man who could better shoe a horse or put a board in a plow. But, for all that, Tim was not without his own faults. It is probable that there never came a fair or market day that Tim was not seen in the streets of Killarney, and it was very seldom he came home in the evening without being pretty merry, or perhaps drunk. If any one would ask Tim on the morning of a fair, "Are you going to Killarney to-day, Tim?" the answer he would get would be, "I don't know," or "Maybe I would"—at the same time striking a blow of his hammer on the iron or on the anvil, as much as if he were to say, "It is much you want knowledge" (How inquisitive you are).

When the fair day came, everyone who had business at the forge knew that he had better stay at home if he wanted a job done well. Many curious stories were through the parish about Tim and his work on a fair morning: how he had put a nail in the quick in a horse of Jack Liah, and how he bored altogether wrong a board he was putting in a plow for Daniel Breen.

Bí feirmeoir beag 'na comnairde i mbéal na Seandaise Darb ainm do Míceál Crón, aet níor tugadh suam air aet Míceál na gCear. Dá mbéadh don ghnó ag Míceál na gCear ar an gceardócaim ní párdóadh don lá do d'ann aet lá an donais nó an lá go raib 'fíor aise go raib Taois ag d'ann go Cill Airne nó go Cill Oiglan.

San am ro bíod maraib Cill Airne ar an Satharn agus bíod donac ann an céad luan do'n mí, mar atá anoir.

Mairdin lae donais bí Míceál ag an gceardócaim cun rroiníní 'fáshail dá muca, agus connaic ré ná raib puinn le déanam ag Taois.

"Ír doca, Taois," pra Míceál, "go mbéid t' ar an donac."

"B'féidir dom," pra Taois. "Bí Séamur Táillíura ag rá do dom inoé go mbéid ré ag sa áil roir timceall an t-aon uair doas, 7 dá mbaid máit liom d'ann leir go bfaiginn marcaidheacht uair."

"Má'r mar rin atá n géal," pra Míceál, "níl don máit dom mo céad a b'fíor anuair cun é 'cup i do meo."

"Níl, go deimín; táim gan gual, agus caiteir m' ann a d'iarraib beagán suail agus doibair ia rian."

Nuair a bí Míceál na gCear ag d'ann baile do dar ré i tead cun tise Pilib Ois, fei meoir beag eile bí 'na comnairde i n-aice e Míceál féin.

"Cá raibair, a m'icil?" pra Pilib.

"Bíor ag an gceardócaim ag péa aint an mbéid an gabá ullam i mbáid cun pionnai 'cup im' b'áca. Bí Taois ag taitant oim é 'cup cuise inoim mar ná raib móran le déanam aise."

"Nac b'fíor ré ag d'ann go Cill Airne?"

"Cuata é ag rá go mbéid iadall air an t-aral a cup go Cill Oiglan a d'iarraib beagán suail."

"Ír máit liom sup gabair irtead eugam. Bíor ag caint le Taois a'pugadh inoé, agus 'ré dubairt ré liom ná béid am aise don ní a déanam lem' céad go d'ann Dia Céadain reo eugam. Tá an aimpir ag rleamnuadh uaim agus gan puinn déanta eugam. 'Sé ír féidir dom a déan m' mo cé ad a b'fíor cuise anoir ó tá caoi ag an ngabá. Ní b'íor don'ne ag tead cuise inoim."

Do deap Míceál a píopa, agus d'imicis ré air a baile.

Nuair d'fás Míceál an ceardóca, agus ó ná raib don ní eile le déanam ag Taois cuairt ré irtead cun é féin a bearrad 7 a glanad i gcomair an donais. Ní raib r' aet leat-bearrad nuair do cup Pilib a ceann irtead an doir ag rá, "Baile ó Dia anro."

"Dia 'r Muiré duit," pra Taois, aet ní ó n-a éiríde, mar bí

There was a little farmer living close to the Giddagh whose name was Michael Crone, but he was never called any other than Mick of the Tricks. If Tricky Mick had any job at the forge no day would satisfy him to go there but a fair day, or a day on which he knew Tim would be going to Killarney or Killorglin.

At this time the Killarney market was on a Saturday, and there used to be a fair the first Monday of the month, as now.

One fair morning Mick was at the forge to get nose rings for his pigs, and he saw that Tim had not much to do. "I suppose, Tim," says Mick, "you'll be at the fair?"

"Maybe I would," says Tim. "James Tailor was telling me he would be passing (east) about 11 o'clock, and if I liked to go with him I might have a lift from him."

"If that is the case," says Mick, "it is no use for me to bring down my plow to put it in order."

"No, indeed; I am without coal, and I must go for a little coal and some iron."

When Tricky Mick was going home he turned into the house of Phil Oge, a little farmer who lived close to Mick himself.

"Where were you, Mick?" says Phil.

"I was at the forge to see if the smith would be ready to-morrow to put pins in my harrow. Tim was pressing me to send to him to-day, as he had but little to do."

"Is he not going to Killarney?"

"I heard him say that he should send the donkey to Killorglin for a little coal."

"I am glad you came in to me. I was speaking to Tim yesterday, and he told me he could not do anything to my plow until next Wednesday. The time is slipping from me, and with little done. I had better take my plow to him now, as the smith has leisure. No one will be coming to him to-day."

Mick lit his pipe and went on home. When Mick left the forge, and since he had nothing else to do, Tim went in to shave and clean himself for the fair. He was but half-shaved when Phil struck his head in the door, saying, "God bless all here."

"God and Mary bless you," says Tim, but not from his heart, as he had a notion that Phil did not come without business. "I suppose you're going to town."

"Indeed I am not; I have something else to do besides street-walking," says Phil.

tuaipim aise nár táinig Pilib san gnó; “ir dóca go bfuilir ag dul ar an tppáir.”

“Nílim, go déimín; tá a malairt de gnó agam ná ppáirig-eaé,” arya Pilib.

“Ir iomda lá beir tú ar taobh an teampaill, a Pilib.”

“Má ’reabó féin, ’ré ir ceart dom mo díceall a déanam an fáir atáim ar an raogal ro, 7 anoir baó máit liom dá gcuirpeá mo céacda i tpeo dam. Cím nac bfuil tú ró-gnótaé.”

“Ir truaig liom, a Pilib, nac féidir liom don ní a déanam leo’ céacda inoiu—níl don gual agam, agus tá iacall orm dul go Cill Áinne dá iarraid.”

“Ní gábadó duit don trioblóir a beir ort mar gheall air rin; tá máilín gual ra trucaill agam.”

“Droic-éiric ort féin ir do céacda,” arya Tadhg fá n-a piac-lairb. “Cad tá le déanam ar do céacda, a Pilib?”

“Tá clár a cup air, cruair a cup ar an roc, 7 é ’cup beagán ra bpo. Teartuigeann beagán cruairé ó bapp an cóltair 7 caiteir bolca nua a déanam do’n paca.”

“Ní l don cruair agam aét don pmuitín amáin a geallar a cup ar pann-aicin do Sheagán Séamuir,” arya an gába.

“Tá lán mo dóctair cruairé agam-ra ra baile,” arya Pilib.

“Bí-re ag baint an tpean-clár do’n céacda; beadó-ra ar n-air leir an gcruair san moill.”

“Duó máit liom, dá mb’féidir liom é, do gnó a déanam inoiu, aét do rgoil cor m’úir doé nuair a bíor ag cup iapainn ar roé le Sheagán bpe c, agus beir iacall orm cor nua cup ann. Bíor cun cor a bpeir abailé liom inoiu ó’n donac.”

Fear beag canncapac do b’eabó Pilib Óg. Connaic ré go máit sur a d’iarraid leir-rgeil do déanam do bí Tadhg Saba, agus bí a cócal ag éirge:

“’Sé mo tuaipim, a Tadhg,” ar reiréan ra deiréabó, “nac bfuil don fonn ort m’obair do déanam. Baó cóir go mbéabó mo cúro airgí-re cóim máit le hairgeabó filicil na gcleap, aét cím nac mar rin atá an rgeal, agus ó tá mo cor ar an mbótar tá gairne eile ’ra pappóirde cóim máit leat-ra.”

“Déan do roga iuto; nílim-re a’ brait ar do cúro airgí, a rganphóir! Beir leat do fean-céacda pé áit ir máit leat,’ arya an gába:

“Ir máit é mo buiréacár, a Tadhg; aét ir dóig liom go mb’féidir duit panamaint ’ra baile ná beir io’ maidpín laéaige ar ppáir Cill Áinne, ag caiteam do cóo’ airgí 7 do pláinte.”

“Ir cuma duit-re, i n-aínm an diabail! Ní hé do cúro airgí-re a bím ag caiteam, a rppuínlóigin. B’féidir nac é gac don gába beabó cóim bog leat ir bíor-ra ag déanam crúirde doo’

"You'll be many a day beside the church, Phil."

"Even so, I ought to do my best while in this world; and now I would like you to put my plow in order for me. I see you are not very busy."

"I am sorry, Phil; I cannot do anything to your plow to-day. I have no coal, and I am obliged to go to Killarney for it."

"You need not trouble about that, I have a bag of coal in the cart."

"Bad luck to you and your plow," says Tim, under his teeth. "What has to be done to your plow, Phil?"

"It wants a board, to steel the sock, and to put it a little in the sod. The point of the coulter wants a little steel, and you must make a new bolt for the rack."

"I have no steel but one little scrap I promised to to put on a furze spade for Jack James," says the smith.

"I have plenty of steel at home," says Phil. "You be taking the old board off the plow and I'll be back with the steel without delay."

"I would like if I could to do your job to-day, but the handle of my sledge split yesterday when I was putting tires on a wheel for Jack Brack, and I must put a new handle on it. I was going to bring home a handle from the fair."

Phil Oge was a cantankerous little man. He saw clearly that it was trying to make excuses Tim the Smith was, and his choler was rising.

"It is my opinion, Tim," says he at last, "that you have no intention of doing my work. One would think my money would be as good as Tricky Mick's; but I see that is not how the case stands, and as my foot is on the road, there are other smiths in the parish besides you."

"Do as you like; I'm not depending on your money, you fright. Take your old plow to where you please," said the smith.

"How well I am thanked, Tim, but I do think it would be better for you to stay at home than to be puddle-trotting on the streets of Killarney, spending your money and your health."

"You need not care a damn. It is not your money I am spending, you mean little creature. Maybe 'tis not every smith would be as easy with you as I have been, making shoes for your 'crock' out of your gathering of old iron. Be off now, and maybe you would pick up an old horseshoe on the road," and with that Tim shut the door.

fean-ghosa ar do bailiúgadh fean-iarraimn: Iméis leat anoir, agus b'féidir go fágá fean-éirí cearaill ar a' mbótar," agus leir rin do dhún Taois an doir.

Bí sílín ag cur de gur bain ré amac ceapóca Áir-a'-Cluigín. B'é an gába bí i n-Áir-a'-Cluigín fear ós a bí tamall maí ó foin 'n-a príntíreac ag Taois Gába. Ó d'fás ré Taois bí ré tamall dá ainm i gCorcais 7 bliadain nó dó i nAibain. Buacail ciallmair do bí ann 7 ceapóirí maí. Eoghan Ua Laoisair do b'ainm dó: Ní raib móran fáilte aige foin sílín nuair do connaic ré é ag teacht, agus ní mó 'ná rin bí aige foinmair nuair d'innir sílín dó ar an gcairmir do bí ioir é féin 7 an fean-gába.

Dubairt an gába ós le sílín go raib eagla air ná béad caoi aige ar don ní do déanam le n-a céacda go dtí deiread na reachtmaine. Níor maí leir sílín d'eiteac, aic bí sílín aige ná béad sílín fáirta le feiteam com fáda rin agus go mbéad ré ag breic a céacda leir ar n-air go dtí Taois nó go dtí gába éigin eile, aic ní raib don maí dó ann.

"Fáirta-ra annro mo céacda," arsa sílín, "dá mb'éigean dom fúireac leir go ceann coisctoir ó 'nriu, 7 tar éir an doir béil a fúairear ó Taois Gába an lá ro ní baogal dó go bráic arís pinginn uaim-re."

"Anoir, a sílín," arsa Eoghan, "tá a fíor agat go maí nac bfuil Taois ró-buirdeac díom-ra i dtaoib teacht annro, agus nílim a fáid aic an fíinne nuair a deirim go mb'feair liom go móir ná fáirta-ra ceapóca Taois cun teacht cun mo ceapócan-ra."

"Ar an fíinne ir córa maí a beic," arsa sílín, "aic deirim leat muna mbéad don gába eile ar ro go caoir Corcais ná fáirta Taois Ua Boin don ní le déanam uaim-re."

Bí a réarún féin ag Eoghan Ua Laoisair. Ní raib do élainn ag Taois Gába aic don ingean amáin. Ní raib sí aic 'n-a gearraile ag dul ar ríoir nuair do bí Eoghan 'n-a príntíreac ag a haicair. Bí sí ana-éanamail ar Eoghan, agus níor b'áon iongnad é. Buacail ghrádmair rubáilceac do bí ann; níor b'feair leir beic mearf buacail eile maí é féin 'ná beic i lár ríata páirí agus gleo aca do cuirreac allairí opt. Maí gearr air reo ní raib leant 'ra baile gan beic éanamail ar an ngába ós, agus bíodair go léir go han-uaigneac nuair d'fás ré Taois Ua Boin. Da mó an t-uaigneac do bí ar Neillí bis a' gába 'ná ar don'ne eile nuair d'iméis Eoghan, agus éoin sí go fúireac 'na díar.

D'fás Neillí ruar 'n-a cailín deir ghrátmáil. Do cailleac a máirair nuair bí sí reacht mbliadna déas d'aoir, agus ó báir a máirair sí Neillí bí maí bean-tige ag Taois, agus ní mair a fáid go raib sí 'n-a mnaoi-tige maí. Ní raib ar pobal na Tuait

Phil continued on his way till he came to the forge of Ard-a-Clugeen. The smith at Ard-a-Clugeen was a young man who had been a good while ago an apprentice with Tim the Smith. Since he left Tim he spent part of his time in Cork, and a year or two in Scotland. A sensible young man was he, and a good tradesman. Owen O'Leary was his name. He had not much welcome for Phil when he saw him coming, and he had less for him when Phil told him of the row between himself and the old smith. The young smith told Phil that he was afraid he would have no time to do anything to his plow until the end of the week. He did not like to refuse Phil, but he was hoping that Phil would not be satisfied to wait so long, and that he would be taking his plow back to Tim, or to some other smith, but it was all in vain.

"I'll leave my plow here," says Phil, "if I had to wait for it till this day fortnight; and after the abusive language I got to-day from Tim the Smith, from this day forward there is no chance of his ever again receiving a penny from me."

"Now, Phil," says Owen, "you know very well Tim is not too thankful to me for coming here, and I am but telling the truth when I say that I would much rather you did not leave Tim's forge to come to mine."

"It is the truth which should thrive ('Tis in the truth the luck ought to be)," says Phil; "but I tell you, that if there was not another smith from this to the city of Cork, Tim O'Byrne would get nothing to do from me."

Owen O'Leary had his own reasons. The only family Tim the Smith had was a daughter. She was but a little girl going to school when Owen was an apprentice with her father. She was very fond of Owen, and little wonder. He was an affectionate, soft-natured boy. He would as soon be in the midst of a pack of children, who would deafen you with their noise, as with other lads like himself. On this account there was not a child in the village who was not fond of the young smith, and they were all very lonesome when he left Tim O'Byrne. The smith's little Nelly was more lonely than anyone else when Owen went away, and she cried bitterly after him.

Nelly grew up to be a pretty, graceful girl. Her mother died when she was seventeen years of age, and from the death of her mother Nelly was housekeeper to Tim, and it is not amiss to say that she was a good housewife. There was not a man in the Tuogh flock who had a prettier stocking than Nelly's

feap ba deire rṑoca 'nā aṑair Neilli, aḡur ar ṑon ḡo raib Taoḡs 'n-a ḡaba, aḡur ḡan cṑoiceann rṑo-ḡeal air, nī raib léine an tṑaḡ-airc féin nīor ḡile 'nā a léine ar maidin 'Dia Domnaḡs.

Iṑ beas an t-ionḡnaḑ nuair táinig Eoḡan Ua Laoḡaire abaile ḡo noubairc ré leir féin ḡo mbéaḑ Neilli óḡ mar mnaoi aḡe, aḡur iṑ dṑóḡs liom ḡo raib rīre ar an aḡnead céaṑna, aḑc nīor mar rin do'n tṑean-ḡaba. Nī raib aon deabaḑ air cun cleamṑair do dṑéanam dā ingin, mar bī a fīor aḡe ḡo maṑ ḡo mbéaḑ ré an-leaṑlámaḑ ḡan Neilli, aḑc i n-a aḡnead féin baḑ maṑ leir, dā mbéaḑ ponṑ pṑrta uirṑi, ḡo mbéaḑ Séamur Táilliúra mar élamain aḡe:

Bī feirm beas talman aḡ Séamur, aḑc ba minice é Séamur aḡ an ḡceapṑcain, a pīor 'n-a béal aḡe aḡur é aḡ féirṑeaḑ na mbuilḡs do'n ḡaba, nó a' bualaḑ dṑo nuair do bī Taoḡs aḡ cur cṑuaṑḑ ar painṑn nó aḡ dṑéanam cṑuaḑ do cṑaill, ḡ, ar nṑr Taoḡs féin, bī an-dṑil aḡe i rṑáirṑeaḑc. Bī tṑí rabaillíní bó aḡe aḡur cúpla colpaḑ, ḡ iad ḡo léir ar tṑḡáil ar teaḑc na Máṑta. Nī raib Pilib i bṑaḑ tṑar éir imteaḑta nuair do bī Séamur Táilliúra aḡur a tṑucaill aḡ dṑoṑar an ḡaba.

"Bṑuil tú ullam, a Taoḡs?" arṑa Séamur.

"Táim i ngiorpaḑc dṑo," arṑa Taoḡs; "nī'l aḡam le dṑéanam aḑc mo bṑóḡa do cur oṑm. Bṑortuḡs oṑt, a Neilli; tá an bṑóḡs rin maṑ ḡo leṑr anoir. Cá bṑuil mo cṑapaḑat? Ná bac leir a' rḡáṑán. Anoir, a Séamur, táim ullam."

"Nac bṑuil tṑra a' teaḑc linn, a Neilli?"

"Nī'lim, a Séamur, ḡo fṑill; b'féirṑi ar ball ḡo raḡainṑ féin le coir mṑáire Cṑóin, aḡur béir a' t-apal aḡainṑ."

"Iṑ feáṑr dṑuit teaḑc linn-ne. Dā olcṑar mo cṑaill, iṑ feáṑr é 'nā apailin mṑáire."

"ḡo raib maṑ aḡat, a Séamur. Do ḡeallṑar do mṑáire fṑirṑeaḑ léi. Béam i n-am ḡo leṑr i ḡCill Áṑine; nī'l puinn le dṑéanam aḡam-ra ar an aonaḑ."

"Beaṑa dṑuine a toil," arṑa Séamur, aḡur ar rīubal leḑ.

Nuair a bṑoḑar tamall beas ar a' mbṑcṑar dṑubairc Taoḡs le Séamur, "Ar buail Pilib óḡ umat?"

"Nīor buail; caḑ 'n-a taḑb?"

"Bī ré annṑo tamall beas ó ṑoin le n-a céaḑa. Do ḡeallṑar bó, tá reaḑcṑmain ó ṑoin, ḡo mbéinn ullam 'Dia Céaḑaoin'; aḑc nī béaḑ ré rṑárta ḡan teaḑc cṑuam ar maidin, aḡur mé tṑar éir mīcīl na ḡCleap do leḡint abaile mar ḡeall ar ná raib aon ḡual aḡam. Bī ḡaḑ re reaḑ aḡainṑ le 'n-a céile ḡo rabaṑar apaoṑ feapḡaḑ. D'áṑruḡs Pilib a céaḑa leir, aḡur iṑ dṑca ná béir rṑaḑ leir ḡo mbuailṑeaḑ ré ceapṑca Eoḡainṑ Ua Laoḡaire."

"Raib mīceál na ḡCleap aḡ an ḡceapṑcain ar maidin inṑiu?"

father, and though Tim was a smith, and without a very white skin, still the priest's alb on Sunday morning was no whiter than his Sunday shirt.

It is little wonder that when Owen O'Leary came home he said to himself that he would have young Nelly for a wife; and I think she was of the same mind; but such was not the case with the old smith. He was in no hurry to make a match for his daughter, for he knew very well he would be badly off without Nelly; but in his own mind he wished, if she had a notion of marrying, that he would have James Tailor for a son-in-law.

James had a little farm of land; but James was oftener at the forge, his pipe in his mouth, and he blowing the bellows for the smith, or sledging for him when Tim would be steeling a spade, or making shoes for horses, and like Tim himself he was very fond of street-walking. He had three little tatters of cows, and a couple of heifers that were lifting (ready to fall with hunger) on the coming of March.

Phil had not long gone when James Tailor and his cart were at the smith's door.

"Are you ready, Tim?" said James.

"I'm near it," says Tim. "I have but to put on my shoes. Hurry on, Nelly. That shoe is all right now. Where is my cravat? Never mind the looking-glass. Now, James, I am ready."

"Are you not coming, Nelly?"

"I am not, James, yet awhile. Maybe by and by I would go with Mary Crone, and we shall have the ass."

"You had better come with us. Bad as my horse is, he is better than Mary's little donkey."

"Thank you, James. I promised Mary to wait for her. We shall have time enough in Killarney. I have not much to do at the fair."

"Have your own way," says James, and away with them.

When they were a short time on the road Tim said to James, "Did you meet Phil Oge?"

"No. Why?"

"He was here awhile ago with his plow. I promised him a week ago that I should be ready on Wednesday, but he would not be content without coming to me this morning, and I after letting Tricky Mick home because I had no coal. We had every second word with each other until we were both angry,

"Náé bfuilinn, tar éir a ráð leat go raib cun ruo éigin do d'éanam le 'n-a céadó." "

"Bíod' geall," arsa Séamur "supab é Míceál do cupr i gceann Pilib teacht eugat."

"Ar m'anam 7 san d'poic-ní ar m'anam, go mb'féidir go bfuil an ceart agat, agus má'r mar rin atá an rgeál nára fada go b'fagaró Míceál toparó a d'eag-oirbeada. Dubart le Míceál féin na raib don gual agam, agus eus Pilib máilin gual 'n-a tpucaill leir. San amhar 'ré Míceál bun a' tubairte."

"Ní cuprinn tairir é."

"I' d'ois liom féin ná beaó ré páirta san béit ag d'éanam miorghair imeas comharan," arsa Taois.

"I' ríor duit rin. Ar eularóir cao' do d'ein ré ar Dómnall Ruad? Bí Dómnall ag dul le roc go dtí ceapóca na Ceapaise nuair táinig Míceál na gCleap ruar leir, agus é ag dul a d'iarraíó ráil móna ó'n bpoirtaó."

"Cá bfuil tú ag dul?" arsa Míceál.

"Táim ag dul leir reo go dtí an ceapóca cun é cupr bliúipe beas 'ra b'fó. Támaoio ag tpeabao páircín na gCloó, 7 i' ana-d'eacair i tpeabao le roc atá beagán ar a b'fó."

"Cait' do roc 'ra tpucaill agus tar irteac tú féin. I' mór an ní anró na marcaid'eacá."

"Go raib maí agat, a Míeíl; agus b'féidir ó táim leat-lámaó go b'fáspá an roc ag an gceapócaín; abair le Tomár é cupr ríor-beagán 'ra b'fó."

"D'éanpaó é rin agus fáilte," arsa Míceál, agus d'iompuig Dómnall Ruad abairte. Aét cao' do d'ein an cleapaoe aét a ráó leir a' ngaba roc Dómnall do cupr beagán eile ar an b'fó, i rligió go raib a céadó go mói níor meara ná bí ré."

"Lá eile bí Míceál a d'iarraíó rleagáin tall ar an nGort m'buide. Car ré irteac i n'orar Séamur mlaol. Bí Séamur 'n-a fuide ar ríol ar agair an d'orair irteac ag cupr taoibín ar a b'fóig. Ó bí an lá go han-b'roctallaó, agus Séamur ag cupr allair de, do bain ré de féin a p'irb'ic agus éróc ré ar éróca é i rtaoib' tair do'n d'orair. Do d'eas Míceál a ríor agus bí ré ag gabáil dá cuio b'earcaid'eacá, mar ba g'nátaó leir. Táir éir leat-uair nó mar rin do d'ruio ré ríor i n-aice an d'orair. D'fan ré ag an d'orair tamall beas agus a lám ar an leat-d'orair. D'féac ré ar an gcrúca, ag leigint air go raib náire air. "'S amlaio," ar r'iréan, "do cupr Máire anonn mé féacaint a b'fagáinn i'raóct na ruo rin (an p'irb'ic) cun ceapc do cupr ag g'orann."

"Bí Séamur Maol ar d'eas-buile, agus léim ré 'n-a fuide, aét má léim bí Míceál imighe. Do cait Séamur a carúr leir,

and I suppose he will not stop now until he reaches Owney O'Leary's forge."

"Was Tricky Mick at the forge this morning?"

"Am I not after telling you that he was, to get something done to his plow?"

"I'll bet," says James, "that it is Mick put it into Phil's head to come to you?"

"On my soul, and not putting anything bad on my soul, I believe you are right, and if such is the case, I hope it won't be long until Mick gets the reward of his good works. I told Mick himself I had no coal, and Phil had a little bag of coal in the cart with him. Without doubt Mick is the root of the mischief."

"I would not put it past him."

"I think myself he would not be happy if he were not making mischief between neighbors," says Tim.

"'Tis true for you. Did you hear what he did to Daniel Roe? Daniel was going with a sock to the Cappagh forge, when Tricky Mick overtook him as he was going for a rail of turf to the bog."

"'Where are you going,' says Mick.

"'I am going with this to the forge, to put it a little bit 'in the sod.' We are plowing the little stony field, and it is very hard to plow it with a sock a little out of the sod.'

"'Pitch the sock into the cart and come in yourself. It is a good thing to get the lift.'

"'Thank you, Mick; and maybe, as I am very short of hands, you would leave the sock at the forge. Tell Tom to put it just a little in the sod.'

"'I will do that and welcome,' says Mick, and Daniel turned home. But what did the trickster do, but tell the smith to put Daniel's sock a little more out of the sod, so that his plow was far worse than before.

"Another day Mick was looking for a slaan over at Fortbee. He turned into the house of James the Bald. James was sitting on a stool opposite the door putting a patch on his shoe. As the day was sultry and James sweating, he took off his wig and hung it on a hook behind the door. Mick lit his pipe, and he was, as usual, going on with his pranks. After half an hour or so he moved down near the door. He stayed at the door a little while, with his hand on the half-door. He looked at the hook, pretending that he was ashamed. 'It is how,' says he, 'Mary sent me over to see if I could get the

aet, i n-ionad Míeíl do bualað leir an gcarúr, 'd'amprið ré coicéan móir bí ar iaracht ag a mhaoi cun ollan do 'dachuð. 'Bpuil eógan na laogaine 'na ceapdaige maít ?”

“Cá b'pior 'dam-ra roin,” arpa TadŶs, 7 ní go ró-milip; “aet ní 'dóis liom supab é feabhar a ceárhoirdeacht' atá ag tarrmac na ndaoine cuige; 'ré a cuio bladair meallann iad. Bí an teanga go pleamain puam aige. 'Dad cuna liom 'd' gcuirfead ré puar 'dó féin ag 'Dhoicead na leamna nó tíor ar a Mianur, aet ip 'dóis liom-ra sup móir an náire 'dó teacht 7 ceapóca do cup puar cóim atécumair 'dam agus cá ré 'noip.”

CABITOIL II.

CAPTAR na daoine ar a déile,
aet ní captar na enuic ná na pléibte.

Nuair do buail an beirt Cill Áinne d'éigean 'dóib 'deoc beir aca i 'dóis Séamuir Uí 'Bpuigín 'ra Spáio Nuair, agus níor b'fada 'dóib go raib bpaon eile aca i Spáio na gCeare nuair capad orpa beirt nó triúr eile agus tarb orpa. Ní raib leat an lae caitte nuair bí an gaba rúgac go leór.

Ní raib Neilli i b'fad ar a' r'ráio sup connaic pí a hatair agus é ar leat-meirge. Ip gairio do bí pí féin agus an cailín eile ag 'déanam a ngnóca. Nuair do bíodair uillam cun teacht abaille do 'dein Neilli a 'dóceall a hatair do meallad léi, aet ní raib maítear 'dó beir a tatant air; 'd'fan ré féin agus Séamuir ar an r'ráio go 'dóí tuicim na hoirde agus go raibadair aiaon ar meirge nó i n'giorraet 'dó.

Bí capailín beag cnearta ag Séamur Táilliúra. Bí an bótar péir agus an oirde geal, 7 'd' mbéad an beirt pára leir an méir do bí ólta aca nuair págadar r'ráio Cill Áinne 'd'ead an r'geal go maít aca, aet ní raibadair. Nuair tángadar go 'Dhoicead na leamna bí 'deoc le beir aca, 7 nuair bí an gaba ag teacht amac ar an 'd'pucail tuic ré ar plearg a 'd'roma ar an mbótar, agus 'fan am 'd'eaona do cup puo éigin an capall ar r'ubal. Cuair an poit trearna láime 'TadŶs. Do r'gnead an fear 'd'et cóim gáir rin sup iut na daoine amac cuige, agus nuair connaedair é pinte ar an mbótar páoileadar go raib a lám b'irte, aet ní raib.

Da móir an ní go raib an 'dóctúr 'n-a cóinnairde ar 'taoib an bótar ag 'Dhoicéoin na Spio'óige; bí ré ag baile. Tar éir 'féadaint ar lám an gaba 'ré dubairt an 'dóctúr, “Ní'l don énam b'irte, aet beir ré tamall go mbéir gneidm agat ar carúr, a 'TadŶs.” Do b'pior 'd'oran; bí an gaba páite gan don níð do 'déanam map geall ar a lám.

loan of that thing (the wig) to set a hen hatching in it.' James the Bald was mad; he jumped up, but if he did Mick was gone. James threw the hammer after him, but instead of hitting Mick with the hammer, he struck a big pot which his wife had borrowed to dye wool in. Is Owen O'Leary a good tradesman?"

"How do I know?" says Tim, and not sweetly; "but I don't think it is the excellence of his workmanship that is drawing the people to him; his blarney, that coaxes. He has always the slipping tongue. I would not mind had he set up at Laune Bridge, or below at Meanus, but I do think it is a shame for him to come and set up his forge so near to me as it is now."

CHAPTER II.

"People meet, but hills and mountains don't."

When the two reached Killarney they must have a drink in James Breen's house in the new street, and it was not long until they had another drop in Hen-street, where they meet three others with a thirst on them. Half the day was not spent when the smith was tipsy enough.

Nelly was not long in town when she saw her father, and he half-drunk. Herself and the other girl were but a short time doing their business. When they were ready to come home Nelly did her best to coax her father with her, but it was useless trying to persuade him. Himself and James stayed in town till nightfall, and until they were both drunk, or near it.

James Tailor had a gentle little horse. The road was good and the night bright, and had the pair been satisfied with what they had drunk when they left the town of Killarney things would have been well with them, but they were not satisfied. When they came to Laune Bridge they were to have a drink, and when the smith was coming out of the cart he fell on the flat of his back on the road, while at the same time something caused the horse to move. The wheel passed over Tim's hand. The poor man screamed so bitterly that the people ran out to him, and when they saw him stretched on the road they thought his hand was broken, but it was not. It was a great matter (it was fortunate) that the doctor was living close to

Λά'ρ na bámaς τὰρ εἶρ lae an aonaίς, ásur dáoine áς τεάστ zo
 otí ceárhoa τὰὸς bί ré buáðarða zo leóp. Cuir ré rḡeala cun
 ḡaba na ceapáige bί an-muinterða leir i ḡcómhaidé, áς réac-
 aint an ḡcuirpeáð ré a máac cuige ar peáð reáctmáine cun zo
 mbéáð am áige ar fear éigin eile do foláctar.

'Sé an rpeasra fuair an τεάctaire zo παðαρ pó-leat-lámaς
 ar an ḡceapáige, áct b'féoir i ndeipeáð na reáctmáine zo mbéáð
 an fear óς ábalta ar oul ar peáð lae nó dó cun cabruḡarð le
 Ταὸς.

"An rpreallairín ruḡaίς," arpa Ταὸς, nuair a éuala ré cat
 duðairt a duine muinterða, "tá fíor ágam-ra zo maít cat tá
 'n-a céann; áct béir an rḡeal zo cphuáð orp-ra nó rapócað-ra
 é." Nuair éuala eoḡan ua laoḡaire cat do tuit amac ar áctair
 Neilli níor b'fao i zo paib ré áς uopar tige an ḡaba. Ní paib
 mópán páilte áς Ταὸς noimir; áct rap ar fás ré an teinteán
 bί taob eile ar a' rḡeal.

"I'p truaḡ liom," arpa eoḡan, "tura beít mar 'taoi, ḡ ḡan
 don'ne ágat áct tú féin. An féoir liom-ra don níð do d'éanam
 duit?"

"Ní fearar," arpa Ταὸς; "i'p d'óca zo bfuil do d'óctain le
 d'éanam ágat féin, ásur béir níor mó ágat anoir ó táim-pe mar
 a bfuilim.

'An té bionn fíor buailtear cor air,
 ásur an té bionn ruar óltar d'eoc air.'"

"Ní béir i b'fao fíor, le congnaím dé; ásur mó lám i'p m'focat
 duit naé bfuil don traintt orp-ra obair a b'reit uait-pe. Mar
 a bfuil don ḡaba eile ágat f'ór cuirpeáð-ra mo p'innctíreac
 éusat ḡan móill."

"Zo paib maít ágat," arpa Ταὸς, áς cur láime plán amac
 ásur áς b'reit ḡneim dainḡean ar lám eoḡain.

Nuair bί an ḡaba óς áς imteaét ruḡ Neilli ar lám air ásur
 a'ubairt "Míle beannaét opt. B'íor a' cuimneam opt; bί rúil
 ágam leat, áct bί eáḡla orp d'á otiocpá féinis zo mbéáð m'áctair
 pó-ḡoirḡeac leat, mar bί fíor ágam zo maít ná paib ré pó-
 buíðeac díot."

"Ní móp i'p féoir liom a d'éanam, áct d'éanfað mo díceall;
 ásur tá 'r ágat-ra, a Neilli, zo nd'éanpáinn mópán ar do
 f'on-ra."

"Táim zo han-buíðeac díot, a eoḡain," arpa Neilli, ḡ luirne
 'n-a cionnaéairb.

Cuarð an ḡaba óς ábaile 'r níor b'faoa τὰρ εἶρ imteaét' dó
 ḡo d'táinis Séamur Táillúpa rpeac. Bί Neilli áς an uopar.

"Cannor tá t'áctair, a Neilli?"

little Spiddogue Bridge. He was at home. After looking at the smith's hand the doctor said "there was no bone broken, but it will be a while before you can handle a hammer, Tim." 'Twas true for him. The smith was three months without doing anything, owing to his hand.

Next morning after the fair, and people coming to Tim's forge, he was troubled enough. He sent a messenger to the Cappagh smith, who was always very friendly with him, to see if he would send his son to him for a week, until he had time to provide some other man.

The answer the messenger got was that they were very busy at Cappagh, but perhaps at the end of the week the young man might be able to go for a day or two to help Tim. "The little sooty sweep," says Tim, when he heard what his friend said, "I know what is in his head, but it will go hard with me or I'll be even with him."

When Owen O'Leary heard what had happened to Nelly's father it was not long until he was at the smith's door. Tim had not much welcome for him, but before he left the hearth there was another side to the story. "I am sorry," says Owen, "to see you as you are, with no one but yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

"I don't know," says Tim. "I suppose you have plenty to do yourself, and you will have more now since I am as I am."

"He that is down is trampled;
He that is up is toasted."

"You won't be long down, please God, and my hand and word to you, I do not covet the taking of your work from you. If you have no other smith yet, I will send my apprentice to you without delay."

"Thank you," says Tim, putting out his sound hand and firmly grasping the hand of Owen.

When the young smith was leaving Nelly caught him by the hand, saying, "A thousand blessings on you. I was thinking of you, but I feared that even if you did come my father would be too surly with you, for I know very well he was not too thankful to you."

"It is not much I can do, but I'll do my best, and you know, Nelly, I would do much for your sake."

"I am very grateful to you, Owen," says Nelly, and a blush on her countenance.

“Tá ’r aḡat go maít cannoṛ tá ré, a Séamuir: Tá ré ’na luíge ar a leabaíḡ aḡur tá eagla oim go mbéíḡ ré ann go fóill: buail ruar cuíge; táim-pe aḡ dul a ’o’iarríḡ cana uirge ó’n abáinn.”

“D’fán Séamuir tamall maít aḡur nuair bí ré iméighe do ḡlaoró-aíḡ Taois ar Neillí cún deoc uirge ruair do tabairt dó. “Suirḡ ar a’ ḡcaḡaoir go fóill, a Neillí, a cuíḡ; tá ruo éigin aḡam le ráḡ leat.”

“Do ruíḡ Neillí ar an ḡcaḡaoir aḡ taoib na leabḡa, aḡt ḡan cuinne aici caḡ do bí ’n-a céann.

“Tá eagla oim go mbéaḡ im’ maírtíneac, a Neillí, i n-eapball mo faoḡail; aḡt baḡ cúma liom dá bḡeicinn tupa aḡur do teinteán féin aḡat. Ir’ doḡa dá mbéaḡ go faiginn-pe cúinne uait ann.”

“Táim páṛta mar a bḡuilm,” aḡra Neillí; “aḡur ’oḡaoib tupa beít iḡ’ maírtíneac, ní mar rin a béíḡ an rḡéal aḡat, le conḡnaím Dé.”

“D’féidir rin, a ḡráḡ; aḡt mar rin féin baḡ maít liom dá bḡeicinn tú póṛta.”

“Ní’l don fonn póṛta oim-ra, a aḡair, aḡur dá mbéaḡ féin ní anoir an t-am cún beít aḡ cuimneamḡ air.”

“Táim-pe dul i n-aoir, aḡt baḡ móir an páṛam aigníḡ oim é dá mbéíteḡ-ra i ’o’ait biḡ féin. Tá feirm beaḡ deaṛ aḡ Séamuir Táilliúra, ní’l cior tṛom air, ḡ tá fíor aḡam náḡ bḡuilm cailín eile ’ra páṛpóirde do b’féaṛr le Séamuir a beít mar mnaoi aige ’ná tú féin.”

“Táim an-burdeac do Séamuir. Ní le heapbaíḡ mná tige a béíḡ ré aḡ póṛaḡ; tuḡann a máḡair aipe doṛ na buaib aḡur leatann a deirbḡíur an t-aoileac ar na prátaí. An bean-treabḡa atá uairḡ anoir?”

“O’ḡḡail Taois a fúile. Ní raib don cuinne aige ná beaḡ a inḡean páṛta le Séamuir do póṛaḡ. Bain a noubairt rí an t-anál de aḡur ní raib’ fíor aige caḡ do b’feapra dó do ráḡ aḡt i ḡceann tamall dubairt ré—

“Saoilear, a Neillí, go raḡair féin aḡur Séamuir Táilliúra muinteapḡa go leḡr le déile.”

“Táimíḡ, ar fon náḡ bḡuilm mó-burdeac de ’oḡaoib oibṛe an lae inḡé.”

“ḡoo é an leigear a bí aige air?”

“Dá mbéaḡ ré ’ra baile aḡ tabairt aipe dá ḡnó féin, ’n-ait ba cóṛa dó beít, tíocpá-ra abaille liom-ra, aḡur ní béíḡteḡ mar aḡaoi inḡiu.”

“Taoi mó-ḡruair ar Séamuir boḡt, a Neillí. Cíḡeann tú ḡur mimic a taḡann ré cún conḡnaím a tabairt doim-ra nuair a bím

The young smith went home. It was not long after his departure when James Tailor came in. Nelly was at the door.

"How is your father, Nelly?"

"You know very well how he is, James. He is lying in bed. I fear he will be there awhile yet. Go up to him; I am going for a can of water to the river."

James stayed a good while, and when he was gone Tim called Nelly to bring him a drink of cold water. "Sit on the chair awhile, Nelly dear, I have something to say to you."

Nelly sat in the chair beside the bed, but without any notion what was in his head.

"I am afraid I shall be a cripple, Nelly, in the end of my life; but I would not mind if I saw you in possession of your own hearth. I suppose if you had it, I would get a corner from you in it."

"I am content as I am," says Nelly, "and as to your being a cripple, that is not how the case will be with you, with God's help."

"Maybe so, Nelly, my dear; but all the same, I wish I saw you married."

"I have no notion of marrying, father, and, even if I had, this is not the time to be thinking of it."

"I am getting into age, and it would be a great satisfaction to my mind if you were in your own place. James Tailor has a nice little farm, there is not a heavy rent on it, and I know that there is not another girl in the parish he would rather have for a wife than yourself."

"I am very thankful to James. It is not for want of a housekeeper he will marry; his mother minds the cows, and his sister spreads the manure on the potatoes. Is it a plow-woman he wants now?"

Tim opened his eyes. He had no notion that his daughter would not be ready to marry James. What she said took his breath away, and he did not know what he had better say, but after awhile he said—

"I thought, Nelly, that you and James were very friendly with each other."

"We are, though I am not too thankful to him as to the work of yesterday."

"How could he help it?"

as cupr iarrainn ar roðað nò nuair a bíonn obair tríom mar rin roir lám' asam."

"B'fearra dó go móir aise a tabairt dá páirde beas talman. Nác minic ro' béal 'An té bíonn 'n-a b'pórféirbiread dó féin, bíonn ré 'na f'pórféirbiread máit do na daoimib eile."

"Ír beas a f'aoilead, a Neilli, ná d'eanfá fuo oim."

"Dad máit liom fuo a d'eanam oit, a d'air; áct mar a mbéir ar talam a' domain áct é féin amáin ní béinn mar céile aise Séamur Táilliúra."

Le n-a linn rin d'fás Neilli an reómpa, asur do gol rí go fuigeas ar fead tamall.

Nuair d'fás Séamur tead an gaba bí ré páirta go leor. Saoil ré ná raib anoir le d'eanam aise áct d'oul asur an "páiréar" do b'péir d'baile leir cun Neilli an gaba do pórad. Bí ré gan tobac asur éar ré írtead i ríopa Seagán an leara cun blúipe tobac do ceannad.

"An fíor," arfa Seagán an leara, "sur b'pí an gaba a lám as tead ó Cíll Áine aréir?"

"Ní'l ré fíor asur ní'l ré b'péasac," arfa Séamur. "Ní'l a lám b'píre, áct tá rí goirteáde com móir rin go b'píil eagla oim ná b'píil don máit ann go deo. Tá an fear boct buadarta go leor, áct 'ré an fuo ír mó tá cupr air anoir, gan Neilli beir pórt."

"B'fearra duit féin i pórad, a Séamur. Ní fuláir nò tá múiple beas aise as Taðs, asur tá Neilli 'n-a cailín cailínmar."

"B'féirí go b-pórfainn," arfa Séamur, asur d'iméir ré air d'baile.

Lá ar na bárad bí ré leatá ar fuo na p'píóirde go raib cleammar d'eaná roir Séamur 7 ingin an gaba.

Ar fead reatmaine tar éir goirteáde láime Taðs do dein Eogan Ua Laoaire asur a p'píntíreac obair an dá ceapócan cun go b'fuair Taðs gaba ós ó baile an Muilinn. Ír beas laete pít na reatmaine ná raib Eogan tamall as ceapócan Taðs asur tamall beas as caint le Taðs féin asur b'féirí le Neilli.

Nuair táinig an gaba eile ó baile an Muilinn d'iarra Taðs ar Eogan tead anoir asur arí nuair a b'ead am aise, asur táinig go minic. Nuair bíod an beir 7 duine aca ar gac taob do'n teme ír mó fuo do bíod aca as cupr tré 'na céile, 7 Neilli i mbun a ngnóca féin timceall na cipóinead. Nuair fuair Eogan r'gála go raib cleammar roair roir Neilli asur Séamur Táilliúra bí iongnad air, áct d'ubairt ré leir féin má'r mar rin do bí an r'géal ná raib ré ceart dó-ran a beir com minic írtead 'r amad i

"If he were at home attending to his own business, where he ought to be, you would have come home with me, and you would not be as you are to-day."

"You are too hard on poor James, Nelly. You see it is often he comes to give me help when I am putting tires on wheels, or when I have other similar heavy work on hands."

"It would be much better for him to mind his little bit of land. Have I not often heard from your own mouth, 'He who is a bad servant for himself is a good one for others'?"

"I little thought, Nelly, that you would not obey me."

"I would like to obey you, father; but if there was but him alone on the face of the earth, I would not be the partner of James Tailor." With that Nelly left the room, and she cried bitterly for awhile.

When James left the smith's house, he was satisfied enough. He thought that he had nothing to do but to go and bring home the lines in order to marry the smith's Nelly. He was without tobacco, and he turned into John of the Lis to buy a bit of tobacco.

"Is it true," said John of the Lis, "that the smith broke his hand coming from Killarney last night?"

"'Tisn't true and 'tisn't lying," said James. "His hand isn't broken, but it is hurt so much that I am afraid it will never be any use. The poor man is troubled enough, and the thing that is troubling him most is Nelly to be unmarried."

"You'd better marry her yourself, James. It isn't possible but Tim has a bit of money, and Nelly is a sensible girl."

"Maybe I would," said James, and went on home.

Next morning it was spread all over the parish that there was a match made between James and the smith's daughter. For a week after the injury to Tim's hand Owen and his apprentice did the work of the two forges until Tim got a young smith from Milltown. There were few days during the week that Owen wasn't at Tim's forge, and a little time talking to Tim himself, and maybe to Nelly.

When the other smith from Milltown came, Tim asked Owen to come now and again when he had time; and he often came, when the pair of them used to be one at each side of the fire. They used to discuss many things while Nelly was about her own business in the house. When Owen heard the news, that a match was settled between Nelly and James Tailor, he was surprised; but he said to himself, if that was the case, it wasn't right for himself to be in and out so often at the forge

“oig na ceárbócan. D’iméig lá nó dó mar reo 7 san tuar as
Eogán ar an gceárbócan. Arsa Taois le Neillí:

“A bpeaca tú Eogán inoiu nó inóe?”

“Ní feaca,” arsa Neillí.

“Tá rúil agam nac bfuil don ní air. Ní faib re annro ‘nir ó
atruagad ‘noé; ní feadair cad tá á coimead.”

“Ní’l fíor agam-ra,” adubairt ríre, aet bí amhar aici, mar
cuala rí rgeal an cleamhnair.

I r’uóca ná faib Eogán ró-parca i n’aisnead. Bí fonn ir fite-
cear air. Baó maít leir tuar do tabairt anonn go ceárbócan
Taois, aet mar rin féin bí beagán náire air géillead go faib
buaðairt air. Bí ré as obair go dian, aet ba cuma dó beít
dóimaoín nó gnoctac, níor b’féoir leir pórad Neillí do cup ar
a ceann.

Trátnóna an tarra lá, nuair do bí veiréad le hobair an lae
asur an ceárbóca dúnta, buail Eogán trearna na páirceanna,
asur bí ré as cup de go dtánis ré amac ar an mbótar i n-aice
tíge na ceárbócan. Bí Neillí as an dorar.

“Cannor tá t’atair, a Neillí?” arsa Eogán.

“Tá ré dul i bpeabar. Tar irteac. Ní’l ré leat-uair ó bí
ré as caint oit. Bí iongnad air go rabair cóm-fada san bualaó
irteac cuige.”

“Ní béad as dul irteac anoir, a Neillí. Ta deabad oim.”

“Ní é rin Eogán, a Neillí?” ar’ an Saba:

“Sé, a atair.”

“Cad ‘n-a taob nac bfuil ré teact irteac?”

“Deir ré go bfuil deabad air, a atair.”

“Adair leir teact irteac. Tá gno agam de.”

Do buail Eogán irteac.

Arsa an Saba, “Cá rabair le reactmain? Bíor cun rgeala
cup anonn cúgat féacaint cad a bí oit.”

“Ó! ní faib ploc oim, aet go rabar an-gnoctac, asur sur
faoilear go mbéad puó éigin eile búir gcur tré ‘n-a céile ‘ná
rú a beít a cuimneam oim-ra.”

“Aet go mbéad mo lám bacac plán agam air, asur buiréadar
le Dia tá rí dul cun cinn go maít, ní béad don ní as cup buaó-
arfa oiminn.”

“Go veimin, ní cúir buaðarfa an rgeal agaib, aet a malairt,
asur go n-éirigib búir bpórad lib,” arsa Eogán, asur toet ‘n-a
croide.

“Arú goó é an pórad?” arsa Taois Saba.

“Nac bfuil Neillí asur Séamur Táillúra le beít pórt a i
noiaró an Capaigir?”

“Fiafrais do Neillí féin an fíor é nó bréas.”

house. A day or two passed in this way without Owen taking a turn to the forge.

Says Tim to Nelly, "Did you see Owen to-day or yesterday?"

"I did not," says Nelly.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him. He wasn't here since 'ere yesterday. I don't know what's keeping him."

"I don't know," says she; but she had a suspicion, for she heard the tale of the match.

It is likely Owen wasn't very easy in his mind. He was between hope and fear. He would like to take a turn over to Tim's forge; but for all that, he was a little ashamed to admit his trouble of mind. He was working hard, but it was all the same to him whether idle or busy, he couldn't put Nelly's marriage out of his head.

On the evening of the second day, when the day's work was finished and the forge shut up, Owen went over across the fields, and was going ahead until he came out on the road close to the forge house. Nelly was at the door.

"How's your father, Nelly," says Owen.

"He's improving. Come in. It isn't half an hour since he was speaking of you. He was wondering you were so long without dropping in to him."

"I won't be going in now, Nelly, I'm in a hurry."

"Is that Owen, Nelly?" says the smith.

"Tis, father."

"Why isn't he coming in?"

"He says he is in a hurry, father."

"Tell him to come in. I want him."

Owen walked in.

Says the smith, "Where have you been this week past? I was going to send over a message to see what was wrong with you."

"Oh, there wasn't a bit wrong with me, but that I was very busy, and that I thought you would have other things to bother you than for you to be thinking of me."

"Were my lame hand but better again, and, thank God, it is going on well, there would be nothing troubling me."

"Indeed, your case is not a case of trouble, but the opposite, and I hope the marriage will be prosperous," said Owen, with a load at his heart.

"Why, then, what marriage?" said Tim the Smith.

"Are not Nelly and James Tailor to be married after Lent?"

"Ask Nelly if it is truth or falsehood."

"An fíor é, a Neillí?"

"Ní'l, agus ní déir go deo," arsa Neillí, agus amac an doirar léi.

Ar feadh tamaill níor labair don'ne do'n deirt focal.

"D'féidir, a Taidg," arsa Eoghan, "go dtabairfá Neillí dam-ra?"

"Sé ir fearra dúit an deirt rin a cup cuici réin."

Agus do cuir, agus ní gábad inniint cad é an freagra fuair ré ó Neillí. Bí an páirpíroae ag magadh fá Séamur Tálluúra; áct fuair ré rtopóigín beag ó Gleann na gCoileac ná raib nó-ós áct go raib fice púnt rppéir aici.

T A D G S A D A :

Altaróir—deafness.

Rabalíní bó—miserable cows.

Ar tógáil—"lifting." not able to lift themselves owing to winter want.

Sac ar a feadh or sac ne feadh—every second word, "one word borrowed another."

Ir gearr = ir gearr = ir gearr—soon, very soon.

Ar m'anam—by my soul. The m is aspirated.

Páirpéir—dispensation from banns.

Múirle beag airgid— a little lump of money.

Toct 'na éirí— a load at his heart.

Sean-ghoisa—an old, worthless horse.

"Is it true, Nelly?"

"No, and it never will be," says Nelly, and out the door with her.

For awhile neither of the pair spoke a word.

"Maybe, Tim," says Owen, "you'd give Nelly to me?"

"You'd better put that question to herself."

And he did, and it is needless to tell the answer he got from Nelly.

The parish was laughing at James Tailor; but he got a little stump from Glennagolagh, who wasn't too young, but who had a fortune of twenty pounds.

ΔΙΤΡΙΣΤΕ ΑΝ ΡΕΑΔΩΡΑΙΣ:

Α ΡΙΣ ΤΑ ΔΙ ΝΕΙΜ 'Ρ Δ ΕΡΥΤΑΙΣ ΑΔΑΜ,
'S Δ ΕΥΡΕΑΡ ΕΑΡ Ι ΒΡΕΑΔΩ ΑΝ ΎΒΑΙΛ,
ΟΕ! ΡΣΡΕΑΔΑΙΜ ΟΥΤ ΑΝΟΙΡ, ΟΡ ΔΡΟ,
Ο ΙΡ ΛΕ ΤΟ ΣΡΑΡΑ ΤΑ ΜΕ ΑΣ ΡΑΙΛ.

ΤΑ ΜΕ Ι Ν-ΑΟΙΡ, Δ'Ρ ΤΟ ΕΡΩΝ ΜΟ ΒΛΑΤ,
ΙΡ ΙΟΜΩΔ ΛΑ ΜΕ ΑΣ ΤΟΥΛ ΑΜΥΣ',
ΤΟ ΤΟΥΤ ΜΕ Ι ΒΡΕΑΔΩ ΑΝΟΙΡ ΝΑΟΙ ΤΕΡΑΤ,
ΑΕΤ ΤΑ ΝΑ ΣΡΑΡΑ ΔΙ ΛΑΙΜ ΑΝ ΎΒΑΙΝ.

ΝΥΑΙΡ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΟΣ Β'ΟΙΕ ΙΑΤ ΜΟ ΤΡΕΙΤΕ,
ΒΟΥΤ ΜΩΡ ΜΟ ΡΡΕΙΡ Ι ΡΕΛΕΙΡ 'Ρ Ι Ν-ΕΑΕΡΑΝΝ,
Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΣΟ ΜΩΡ ΑΣ ΙΜΙΡΤ 'Ρ ΑΣ ΟΙ
ΔΙ ΜΑΙΩΙΝ ΤΟΜΝΑΙΣ ΝΑ ΤΡΙΑΙΛ ΕΥΜ ΔΙΡΡΥΝΝ:

ΝΙΟΡ Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΡΥΙΩΕ 'Ν ΑΙΕ ΕΑΙΛΙΝ ΟΙΣ
ΝΑ ΛΕ ΜΝΑΟΙ ΡΩΡΤΑ ΑΣ ΕΕΙΛΩΕΑΕΤ ΤΑΜΑΙΛ,
ΤΟ ΜΙΟΝΝΑΙΒ ΜΩΡΑ ΤΟ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΤΑΒΑΡΤΑ
ΑΣΥΡ ΤΡΑΙΡ ΝΟ ΡΩΙΤΕ ΝΙΟΡ ΛΕΙΣ ΜΕ ΤΑΡΜ:

ΡΕΑΔΩ ΑΝ ΎΒΑΙΛ, ΜΟ ΕΡΑΔΩ 'Ρ ΜΟ ΛΕΥΝ!
ΙΡ Ε ΜΙΛΛ ΑΝ ΡΑΟΓΑΙ ΜΑΡ ΣΕΑΙΛ ΔΙ ΒΕΙΡΤ Ι
Δ'Ρ Ο'Ρ ΕΟΙΡ ΑΝ ΕΡΑΟΡ ΑΤΑ ΜΙΡΕ ΡΙΟΡ,
ΜΥΝΑ ΒΡΩΙΡΡΩ ΙΟΡΑ ΔΙ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ ΒΟΕΤ:

ΙΡ ΟΥΜ, ΡΑΡΑΟΡ! ΤΑ ΝΑ ΕΟΙΡΕΑΔΑ ΜΩΡΑ,
ΑΕΤ ΤΙΛΤΩΕΑΤ ΤΩΙΒ ΜΑ ΜΑΙΡΥΜ ΤΑΜΑΙΛ,
ΣΑΕ ΜΩ ΒΥΑΙΛ ΑΝΥΑΡ ΔΙ ΜΟ ΕΟΛΑΙΝΝ ΡΩΡ,
Α ΡΙΣ ΝΑ ΣΙΩΙΡΕ 'ΣΥΡ ΤΑΡΡΤΑΙΣ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ.

* *Literally*: O King, who art in Heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep), but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my

RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

[From Douglas Hyde's edition of "Songs ascribed to Raftery," page 356.]

O King of Heaven, who didst create
The man who ate of that sad tree,
To Thee I cry, oh turn Thy face,
Show heavenly grace this day to me.*

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,
And though in truth our sense be dull,
Though fallen in sin and shame I am,
Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,
Caught by the devil I went astray;
On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,
But I sought, alas! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,
Each in her way was loved by me,
I shunned not the senses' sinful sway,
I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,
Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,
For my riotous appetite Christ alone
From His mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,
But grant to me time to repent the whole,
Still torture my body and bruise it sorely,
Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

Ὁ'έλαις ἀν λά δ'ῖρ νίον τὸς μέ ἀν πάλ,
 Ἡο συρ ἰθεσθ' ἀν βάρι ann ἀρ εὐιρ τῷ οὐί,
 Δέτ α ἄιρ-μυς ἀν Ἐιρτ, ἀνοιρ πέιρ μο ἑάρ;
 Δ'ῖρ le ρρῦτ na ηςῖάρα ριυὲ μο ρῖιλ:

Ἰρ le το ἡάρα το ἡlan τῷ Μάιρ,
 Δ'ῖρ ραορ τῷ Ὀάιβιρ το ἡunne ἀν διέφυγε,
 Το τυς τῷ Μάοιρ ρλάν ὅ'η mbάττω,
 'S τῷ ερῶτῶτὸ λάιριρ συρ ραορ τῷ ἀν ἡαυιρθε:

Μαρ Ἰρ πεσάτ μέ naς ηῶεαρῖna ρτῶρ,
 Ἡά ρόλάρ μόρ το Ὀia ἡά Μυιρ,
 Δέτ ράτ μο ὕρῶin τῷ μο εῶιρεάα ρῶmām,
 Μαρ ρεῶil μέ ἀν ρεῶρ ἀρ ἀν μέαρ Ἰρ ρυρθε.

Α Ῥίς na ἡῶiρ τῷ lán 've ἡάρα,
 'S τῷ ἡunne βεῶρ δ'ῖρ ρion 've'η uιρς,
 le βεῡᾶn ἀρῖin το ἡαρ τῷ ἀν ρλυᾶς,
 Οἑ! ρρεαρῶil ρῶρ ᾶσυρ ρλᾶnαις μιρς:

Ο α ἴορᾶ Ἐρῶρτ α ὀ'ῑυλᾶις ἀν πᾶρ,
 Δ'ῖρ το ᾶῶλαῑτ, μαρ το βί τῷ ὕmal,
 Cuιrῖm cuιrῖuῑ* m'ᾶnām ἀρ το ρῡᾶτ,
 Δ'ῖρ ἀρ uαῖρ μο βᾶρ ἡά ταβᾶρ ὀam cῖl:

Α Ὑαηρῖοῡᾶin ῑᾶρρῑᾶρ, mᾶτᾶρ δ'ῖρ mαιςῑvean,
 ἡῡᾶτᾶn na ηςῖάρα, ᾶηςῑeal δ'ῖρ naom,
 Cuιrῖm copᾶiῑt m'ᾶnām ἀρ το λάm,
 Ο τὸς μο ῑᾶρτ, 'ῖρ βεῶτ μέ ραορ.

* "Cuιrῖuῑ" ἰ ἡConnaῑῑᾶil, ἰ η-ᾶιτ "comᾶιρce," .ῖ. ὀῖῑῑonn.

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while (longer), beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made,
The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by;
O King of the Right, forgive my case,
With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,
And David was saved upon due repentance,
And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,
—O Christ, upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store
By holy lore, by Christ or Mary;
I rushed my bark through the wildest sea,
With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,
Who madest wine of the common water,
Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,
Must I be led to the pen of slaughter!

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will
Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,
I place myself in Thy gracious hands
Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,
Mirror of graces, angel and saint,
I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,
And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud (*aliter* score) upon the longest finger (*i.e.*, put things off).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beoir and wine of the water; with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, oh, attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion and wast buried, because Thou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon me.

'Nóir tá mé i n-aoir 'r ar bhuac an báir,
'S i'r gearr an rpár go dtéigim i n-úir,
Aéir i'r gearr go d'eiheannac ná go brát,
A'sur fuasraim páirt ar Rí na n'Óul.

I'r cuaille san máit mé i gcoirnéall fáil,*
No i'r cormúil le báir mé a cáill a rtiúr,
Do bhuirfidhe ardeac a n-aghair capraig 'ra 'bhráig†
'S do beirdeac dá báir 'r na tonncaib fuar.‡

A fíora Críort a fuair báp Dia n-Doine,
A d'éirig ar ann do m'g san loct,
Nac tú eug an t'rig le aiténe do d'éanam,
'S nac beag an rmuaineac do m'nnear ort!

Do t'pá, ar dtúr, míle 'r o't gceud,
An ríde go beac, i gceann an do-déas,
Ó'n am tuirling Críort do reub an gearraí,
Go dtí an bliadain a n'gearraí Reachtúraig an aiténe.

* Aliter, "i'r cuaille cor mé i n-éadan fáil," G.

† = fairrige. Aliter, "ar bhuac na trá."

‡ Aliter, "beirdeac 'gá báir 'r a cáillreac a r'nám"; aliter, "reól," a'iter, "ríúal"; a'c d'áiríag mé an líne le comfuaim do d'éanam."

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary, refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps, "I proclaim that I am on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat

Now since I am come to the brink of death
And my latest breath must soon be drawn,
May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark
From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,
Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,
Where the ruining billows pursue its track,
While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,
And hast risen again without stain or spot,
Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,
Ah, why in my day have I sought it not !

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,
And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,
Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,
To the year when Raftery made this Repentance.

that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about Thee? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

AN CÚIS D'Á PLÉIR:

(Leir an Reachtúraí.)

Éirighíde ruar tá 'n cúrra ag teannaíó lib,
 Bíod cloídeamh a'r rleas aguib i bpaobair gear,
 Ir gearr uaid an Cúis, tá 'n dáta caite,
 Mar rghíob na hAbroaid na naoim 'r an cléir;
 Tá an coinneall le mácar tug lúiteir larta leir,
 Aét téiríó ar búr nglúnaib a'r iarraró atcuinge,
 Suiríó an tUan 'r beiró an lá ag na Catolcais,
 Tá an Mhumhan tpe lapaó 'r an Chúir d'á pléir.

Tá 'n dá Chúige Máman ar riubal, 'r ni rtaofair
 So leashtar dóib deachmáó a'r cíor dá réir,
 'S dá otugfairde dóib congnam a'r éirle [do] fearam
 Dheiró' gáiríóir las a'r gac bearna réir.
 Dheiró' Sall ar a g-cúl, a'r san teact ar air aca,
 Agus 'Orangemen' bhrúigte i scúimhar* gac baile 'gáinn
 Dheirteam a'r Júrý† i oteac cúirte ag na Catolcais'
 Sacraua marb, 'r an éiríon ar ghaeéal:

* Sghíobta "ingóeóin" 'ran ms. mar labairtear r g-Connaétaib é.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceart coiréionn aét veir an Reachtúraí "Júry" le "comharra," no com-fuaim, oo déanam le "cúl" agus "bhrúigte."

* *Literally*: Rise ye up, the course is drawing near to you, let ye have sword and spear with sharp edge, not-far-off from you in the [mystic number] "Five," the date is expired, as have written the apostles, the saints, and the clergy. The candle is to be quenched which Luther brought lit with him, but go ye on your knees and ask a petition. Pray ye the Lamb and the day shall be won by the Catholics, Munster is on fire, and Cúis dá plé—i.e., the cause a-pleading.

† This would make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1834, since the tithe war did actually come to a successful issue in 1835, and in the same year Thomas Drummond inaugurated a new régime at Dublin Castle.

‡ Pronounced "*Koosh dew play*," which means "the cause a-pleading."

§ The two provinces of Munster are afoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given

THE "CUÍS DÁ PLÉ."

(BY RAFFERTY.)

(From "The Religious Songs of Connacht.")

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,*
 With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,
 For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,
 The time of the "FIVE"† is not far away.
 We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherns.
 Down on your *knees*, let us pray for the Southernns,
 God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics,
 Munster's afire and Cúis dá plé.†

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces;§
 It's "down with the tithes and the rents we pay."||
 When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,
 The guards of England must fall away.
 Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,
 We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges;
 We'll have jury and judge in the courts for Catholics,
 And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

them and [we were] to stand by Ireland the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Galls (*i.e.*, English) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

|| From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock, in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him, "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by and by." To which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted, "There is a great difference, sir, between tithes and rents; we get *some value* for the rents, we get the land anyway for them; but we get no value at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock, in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the "Life of Meagher," who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage and at the same time so good a specimen of

Béir d'gáinn faoi Chárts pléaráca 'r curdeácta;
 Ól d'r imirt d'r rporit d'á péir,
 Béir maire 'sur blát d'gur fár ar éirannaib,
 Snuaó 'sur rnar d'gur rpuét ar feup;
 Feiciró ríó fán d'r neam-áir ar Shacránais;
 Ár námair le fán d'gur leasao d'r lear (?) orra;
 Teinnteaóca enám ann gac áir d'g na Catolcais;
 'S nac rin i gan brabad (?) an Chúir d'á pléir:

Ir iomrda fear breá d'g faoi an trát ro teilgte*
 O Chopca go h-innir 'r go Baile Roirene,
 d'gur buacailiúe bána le fán d'g imteaó
 O fíáiró Chille-Chainniú go "Dantirí Báe."
 Áét iompócair an cáir d'á béir lám mair d'gáinn-ne
 Seaprair an máó ar élar na h-imirté,
 D'á breicinn-re an pára o Phortláirge go Dorrpa 'rra
 Sheinnfínn go veimín an Chúir d'á pléir:

*Lábarítear an focal ro mar "tlicte." Ir focal coitíonn i gConnacáir é.
 Ir ionann "bí ré teilgte" d'gur "Chuaró breiteamnar na cúirte 'na d'gairó."

Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it—

"Oh, who could desire to see better *sporting*,
 Than the peelers *groping* among the *rocks*,
 With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,
 Their fine long *noses* and ears cut *off*!
 Their roguish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,
 May thank his heels that so nimbly ran,
 But all that's past is but a *token*,
 To what we'll *show them* at Slieve-na-man!"

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,*

Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,
Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,

Dew on the grass through the live-long day.†
We'll set in amaze the Gall and the Sassenach,
Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,
Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,
Kindling the chorus of *Cúis dá plé.*

There are many fine men at this moment a-pining

From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,
And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying

From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.
But there's change on the cards and we'll now take a hand again,
Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,
Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,
It is I who shall lilt for you the *Cúis dá plé.*‡

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the tithe war: "Never mind, their time will come; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him, "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was, "'Twill come, and soon, too," as it did.

* By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and playing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassenachs, our enemy precipitated, and overthrow and defeat (?) upon them, bonfires in every art, (*i.e.*, point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and nothing over, the *Cúis dá plé.*

† The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish peasant.

‡ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea, and White Boys wandering, and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn, and we shall have a good hand; the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on 'hem [*i.e.*, them driven to fly] from Waterford to Birr, I would sing you indeed the *Cúis dá plé.*

Éirighíde ruar, a'r gluaíróe uile,
 Téiríde ar an genoc asur glacais buir ngleur,
 As Dia tá na spápa a'r béir ré 'n buir scuirdeacta,
 Bíod asaib meirneac, ir breas an rseul é.
 Snótócair rib an lá ann sac áirí de Shacranais',
 Duailir an clár 'r béir na cárdair teact eugaib,
 Ólaid ar láim, anoir, rláinte Raipceiró,
 'S é cuirpead óaoib baili ar an scúir o'a pleiró.

* Rise up and proceed all of you. come upon the hill and take your equipment, God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage; it is a fine story [I have to tell you], ye shall gain the

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay;
God is around us and in our company,
Be not afraid of their might this day.
Our band is victorious, their cards are valueless,
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,
Now drink ye in chorus, "Long life to Raftery,"
For it's he who could sing you the Cúis dá plé.*

day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery; it is he who would put success for you on the Cúis dá plé.

IS FADA O CUIREAD SÍOS:

(Leir an Reachtúra.)

Is fada ó cuiread ríor go dtuicfaid ré 'ran traoḡal
 Go ndóirctíde fuil 'r go ndeunfaíde rleúcta,
 'Do réir mar rḡríob na naoim l mbliadain an naoi* tá 'n
 baogal

Má ḡeillimid do'n rḡriortúir naomta:
 An balla deuntar fuar ni fanann ré a bpaḡ fuar,
 ḡḡriortann ré ó'n ḡrioc-"foundation,"
 Aet an áit a ndeadaid an t-aol ni coródaid cloc ar coród',
 Tá an cappaig faoi 'na ruidé naḡ bpleurḡfaid.

Is ríorruide rean an Chúirt do raoilead tabairt anuar
 Aet 'ré meapaim-re ḡur nio naḡ réidir,
 Tá naoim beadair le n-a bpuac ḡur Cúirt [do] ceur an rluag
 A'r conḡbódaid ríad na h-uain le céile.
 Adaltranur 'r ḡríur do coraig an rḡeul ar ḡtúir,
 ḡur hannraoi an t-Oet do tréig a céile,
 Aet díogaltair ríe a'r ruais ar "Orangemen" go luac
 Naḡ bpuair ariam an "conracration."

* Is corḡúil go raib an tpean-cappaingireact reo i ḡ-cuirḡne ag an Reachtúra.

nuair cailltear an leóman a neart
 'S an fótanán breac a bḡig,
 Seinnfid an élairead go binn binn
 Ioir a h-oet ḡur a naoi.

Is corḡúil go meapann re an rḡriortúir ḡur rean-cappaingireacta le
 céile! Labairtear "baogal" mar "baigéal" ann ro, aet "naomta" mar
 "naémta." 'Dá bpoirfead ré o'á pann deunfaḡ ré "baéḡal" de "baogal"
 ḡur "naoimta" de "naomta"!

* No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated:—

"When the tawny Lion shall lose its strength,
 And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,
 Sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length,
 Between the Eight and the Nine."

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID ?

(BY ANTHONY RAFTERY, OF THE CO. MAYO.)

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,
 And blood flow red like a river?
 In the year of the "NINE," when the crimson moon shall shine,
 (It stands written in the Scripture for ever).
 The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt
 Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,
 But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide
 and time,
 As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.†

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport;
 But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather?
 St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,
 And to gather all his lambs in, together.
 Adultery and lust began the game at first,
 When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation;
 But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,
 Never favored by our Lord's consecration.‡

Literally: "When the Lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle his vigor, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine." In another poem of his called the "History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the "Gael's would score a point in the 29th year."

† *Literally:* It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we submit to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it forever; the rock is under it settled, which shall not burst.

‡ Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible, St. Peter is at its brink (*i.e.*, by its side), and Christ, whom the multitude crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but vengeance, running and rout [fall] speedily on the Orangemen, who never got the consecration.

Aς éiríge d'aoib 'r aς luíde, rmuáiníod' ar an rí,
 'Do éiríde ar fad an cine daonna,
 1r íomda cor 'ran n'gaíde, aet ní lía 'ná 'ran traosgal;
 'Sur 1r beas an daoi le' b'ruigimír péirdeac:
 1rebél do faoil an eaglaíe tadhairt faoi d'úige
 Aς cur anadair an beata naomda,
 Tá rí i n'gébionn fíor a'r lúiteir le n-a daíde,
 'S íoc do cuairt faoi an "reformation." *

A d'oma, nae móir an r'póit an d'eam do faoil ar n'óga
 'So mbuó éigin d'óib a b'ota do féuna,
 A'r William do tiorghain gleó a'r do cuir na Saebil d'a
 't'péir
 Ní f'eiríod f'ad níor mó é gleurta:
 Bainfeair clog 'ran Róim, béir teinnite cnám a'r ceól,
 Ann 'r gac beas agur [gac] móir t'pé éirinn,
 O táinig Seóirre i g-cróin tá O'rangemen faoi b'íon;
 A'r san neart aca a r'pón do f'eirdeac.

A f'ora éurta i g'pánn ná f'euc ar lár an d'eam
 Náir d'íol an bean d'óil tu ar don cor,
 Aet lúiteir 'r a d'úige cam 'r an bunad éiridear ann
 Nae oic an ceart do b'ruigíod' géillead.
 Má'r fíor do O'rangemen ní'l maíe do'n élér i g'aint
 'Sa éroctagad ar rúo le léigead aς éirinn
 Sur eugéir fiongaíe 'r feall agur clíreac clainne Gall
 D'iompaíe an díobla anonn 'ran mbéarla:

* Tá d'íol móir aς an Reatúrae, mar éiomio, ann r'na f'oclaib áro-glóraea
 galloa r'o éirídear i n-"aion" (= "éirinn"). Na ceo f'íle de na
 Saobalaib do r'píob i mbeurla rugad na f'ocla r'o artea ann 'r gac p'ann,
 beas-nae!

* On rising up of you and on your lying down, think ye upon the King
 who created, throughout, the human race; there is many a change in
 the wind, but not more plentiful than are in the world, and it is a little
 way through which we might find rescue. Isabel (i.e., Elizabeth), who
 thought to bring the Church under law, opposing the holy life, she is
 down in chains, and Luther at her side paying dearly for the Reformation.

When'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,
And practise all his virtues—we need them—
This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast;
From a small thing may arise our freedom.
Elizabeth, who thought Faith might be sold and bought,
And who harassed all the just of the nation,
In chains she now is tied with Luther at her side,
They are paying for their "Reformation."*

Dear God! but this is play! they thought to burn and slay,
But their courage ebbs away down to zero;
Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,
They shall never again see that hero.
A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,
With bonfires, and music, and cheering,
Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,
They run cold in every bone—they are fearing! †

O Christ for us who died, *we* never sold Thy bride,
Do not see us set aside we beseech Thee;
But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,
Shall their impious petitions reach Thee!
The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,
Insulting us since Luther's arrival;
May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame
Of turning into English the Bible.‡

† Oh, God! is it not great the sport, the lot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote? And William, who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Erin. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

‡ O Jesus crucified on tree, do not see the people put down who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration; but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. If it is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.

Chualair mé, munab bheus, go dtiocfaid ré ran traelgal
 Go s-cuirfidé máisirir léigin ann zac cúinne,
 Ní bfuil 'ran zacár aet rseim* as meallad uainn an tréio
 Asur diultaisir do gnotaisir lúiteir;
 Creidid do'n élair 'r ná téidid ar malairt féir;
 No caillid ríb Mac Dé 'r a cúmácta,
 'S an long ro cuair a léig (?) má téideann ríb ann de léim
 Iompócaid rí a'r béid ríb fúite:

Altaisir le Dia, tá an t-áair bairilid ríar,
 'S congobócaid ré ar na caorócaid zárda,
 An ríocht i s-cae ná i ngliae náir díol an páir aruam
 Asur reappaid ré anaíad búrcáig a'r dálaig.
 Tá Clanna Gall 'n ár ndiaig mar bheidead maora alla ar ríad
 Bheid' as iarraid an t-uas do goir ó'n máair.
 Aet [r] O Ceallaig deunfaid a briaóac san cú san eac san
 rrian
 Le toil a'r cúmáet ríg na n-záira:

Níl fígeadóir láun na bheide ná zréaraid anólaig a lae
 Nac mbionn as piocad bheus ar úgair,
 A mbíobla ar báir a méar, as deapbúgaó 'ran éiteac,
 Aet iocfaid ríad i ndeire cúire.
 Fear san raóarc san léigean a minígear óaoib an rseul,
 Raifteirid d'éirt le ar' duibrad,
 '[S] aoir go flaitear Dé nac raócaid neac go h-eus
 Bheidear as plé le leabhaib lúiteir:

*= An focal béarla "scheme."

*I heard, unless it be a lie, that it shall come in the world that a master of learning shall be placed in every corner. There is nothing in the case but a scheme deceiving the flock from us, and refuse ye the works of Luther. Believe in the clergy and go not exchanging grass, [i.e., remain on your own pasture] or ye shall lose the Son of God and His power, and this ship that went to ruin (?), if ye go into it of a leap, it will turn and ye shall be underneath it.

I heard, if it be true, a rumor strange and new,
That they mean to plant schools in each corner;
The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,
And to train up the spy and suborner.
Our clergy's word is good, oh seek no other food,
Our church has God's own arm round her;
But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,
It shall turn in the sea and founder.*

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,
Set fast in our midst as a nail is;
'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clan was not for sleep,
He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.†
The Gall is on our tracks, like wolves that rage in packs,
They seek to tear the lamb from the mother;
But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,
Till we see them fall to tear one another.‡

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,
They read learned authors now!—cause for laughter—
Their Bible on their lips and at their finger tips!
But they'll pay for it all hereafter.
A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,
Raftery, whose heart in him is burning,
Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go
On the strength of their Luther's learning.§

† The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

‡ Render thanks to God, Father Bartley [*i.e.*, Bartholomew] is in the West, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold the pass"], and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The children of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon the mountains, that would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother; but O'Kelly will hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power of the King of the Graces.

§ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze, or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their Bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring; but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [it is] who expounds to you the story, Raftery, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

malluḡað an bōeir ar sácsanaib;

(leir an "nḡéḡán ḡlar.")

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoirio
An uair 'r an lá
Δ bḡeicḡimio sácrana
leḡḡa ar lá!

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoirio
An lá 'ḡur an uair;
Δ bḡeicḡimio i
Δ' r a cḡoirde-re ḡo fuar.

ḡo fuar Δ' r ḡo cḡapḡa,
'S i cḡáirde ḡan bḡiḡ;
ḡan cḡor ann Δ lámāib
ḡan cḡor ann Δ cḡoirde;

bainḡiḡain bí innḡi,
bainḡiḡain ḡan bḡón;
Δét bainḡimio 'oi-re
ḡo póil Δ cḡóin.

béir an bainḡiḡain álunn
ḡo cḡáirde Δ' r ḡo 'óubac;
Óir ḡeobair pí cúitiuḡað
An lá rin, Δ' r luac;

luac na póla
Óo 'óoirḡ pí 'na ḡruḡ;
ḡuil na bḡear bán
Δḡur ḡuil na bḡear 'óub;

luac na ḡcḡoirde rin
Óo bḡir pí ḡo tiuḡ,
Cḡoirde bí bán
Δḡur cḡoirde bí 'óub;

luac na ḡenáin
Tá 'ó'á mbánuḡað an'óú;
Cnámā na m'bán
Δḡur cnámā na n'Óub;

luac an ocáir
Cuir pí ar bonn,
luac na bḡiábḡar
ḡḡaóil pí le ḡonn;

THE CURSE OF THE BOERS ON ENGLAND.

(TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY.)

O God, may it come shortly,
 The hour and this day,
 When we shall see England
 Utterly overthrown.

O God, may it shortly come,
 This day and this hour,
 When we shall see her
 And her heart turned cold.

It is she was a Queen,
 A Queen without sorrow;
 But we will take from her,
 One day her Crown.

That Queen that was beautiful
 Will be tormented and darkened,
 For she will get her reward
 In that day, and her wage.

Her wage for the blood
 She poured out on the streams;
 Blood of the white man,
 Blood of the black man.

Her wage for those hearts
 That she broke in the end;
 Hearts of the white man,
 Hearts of the black man.

Her wage for the bones
 That are whitening to-day;
 Bones of the white man,
 Bones of the black man.

Her wage for the hunger
 That she put on foot;
 Her wage for the fever,
 That is an old tale with her.

Luac na mbaintreabac
 D'fás rí san fír,
 Luac na ngairgiðeac
 Cuir rí ar bior:

Luac na n'villesacta
 D'fás rí fá érad,
 Luac na n'vibireac
 Cait rí ar fán.

Luac na n-Inðianac
 (Tpuag a gcár),
 Luac na n-Dirpiceac
 Cuir rí cum báir:

Luac na n-Éireannac
 Céar rí ar éoir,
 Luac sac cinn
 D'a n'oeapnaid rí r'gmor:

Luac na milliún
 Do lúb rí 'r do búr,
 Luac na milliún
 Fá ocgur anoir:

A Tigeapna go dtuitir
 Ar mullaac a cinn
 Mallaet na n'aoine
 Do tuit le n-a linn:

Mallaet na ruapac
 A'r mallaet na mbeag,
 Mallaet na n-anb'fann,
 A'r mallaet na lag:

Ni éirteann an Tigeapna
 Le mallaet na mór,
 Aet éirteir Sé coirde
 Le opna faoi deoir.

Éirteir Sé coirde
 Le caoinead na mboet,
 'S tá caointe na míltir
 D'a r'gaioilead anocht.

Her wage for the white villages
She has left without men ;
Her wage for the brave men
She has put to the sword.

Her wage for the orphans
She has left under pain ;
Her wage for the exiles
She has spent with wandering.

For the people of India
(Pitiful is their case) ;
For the people of Africa
She has put to death.

For the people of Ireland,
Nailed to the cross ;
Wage for each people
Her hand has destroyed.

Her wage for the thousands
She deceived and she broke ;
Her wage for the thousands
Finding death at this hour.

O Lord, let there fall
Straight down on her head
The curse of the peoples
That have fallen with us.

The curse of the mean,
And the curse of the small,
The curse of the weak
And the curse of the low.

The Lord does not listen
To the curse of the strong,
But He will listen
To sighs and to tears.

He will always listen
To the crying of the poor,
And the crying of thousands
Is abroad to-night.

Éireócaíó na caointe
 So Dia, tá fuar,
 Ní fada go rroirfirí
 Sác malláct a éluar.

Béiró cúmaect, an lá rí
 As sác uile deór
 Long-cogaíó do bátaó
 'S an bfairrge móir.

Asur tuicpro, mar malláct,
 So trom ar an luét
 D'fás dírric na fáraé
 A' r' bóraig go boét.

CÚMA ÉRÍDE CAILÍN:

Donnéaó ua Darrgáin d'áitir, 7 Taóó ua Donnéaó do éuir ríóir.

A Dómnaili Óis, má téiríóir tar fairrge
 Beir mé péin leat, ir na déin do dearmad,
 Ir béiró asat péirín lá donais ir margaíó,
 Ir ingean Ríogó Spéirge mār céile leaptá asat.

Má téiríóir-re anonn tá comaréta asam ort;
 Tá cúl ríonn asur dá fúil glara asat
 Dá cocán deas ro' cúl buirde bacailac,
 Mar béaó béal-na-bó nó póir i ngarraité.

Ir déirdeanac aréir do labair an sádar ort;
 Do labair an naoragac 'ra' éurraicín doimín ort;
 Ir tu ro' "caogairde donair" ar fuo na geoilte;
 'S go rabair san céile go brát go bfaóair me.

Do geallair dam-ra, asur d'innir bréas dam,
 So mbeiréa romam-ra as cío na scaorac;
 Do leigear fead asur trí céad glaothac eúgar,
 'S ní bfuairar ann aét uan a' méiríó.

Do geallair dam-ra, ní ba deacair duit,
 Loingear óir fá ériann-reoil airtíó;
 Dá baile deas do bailtib margaíó;
 Ir cúirt bréas solóa coir taob na fairrge.

That crying will rise up
To God that is above ;
It is not long till every curse
Comes to His ears.

Every single tear
Shall have power in that day,
To whelm a warship
In the great deep.

And they shall fall for a curse
Heavily upon the people
Who have left Africa a waste
And the Boers in poverty.

1901.

THE GRIEF OF A GIRL'S HEART.

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

Do gheallair dam-ra, ní nár b'féidir,
 So dtiubhrá laiminne do éirícean éirí dam;
 So dtiubhrá bhróga do éirícean éan dam;
 Ir cularó do'n trídóda ba d'aoiríe i n'éirínn.

A Domhnall óig, b'féidir duit míre aghat
 'Ná bean uasal uaidheac iomarcac;
 Do éirídeann bó aghat do-ghéanainn cuirgean duit;
 Ir, dá mbaó éiríde é, do buailfínn buille leat.

Oc, ocón, aghat ní le hocpar,
 Uiréarba bíó, vige, ná corlata,
 Fá n'óearr damra beir tanairde trídcalóda;
 Aet gráó fíri óig ir é b'píoró so follur me!

Ir moé ar maidín do connac-ra an t-óigféar
 Ar muin éapail ag gabáil an bótar;
 Níor óruir ré liom ir níor éirí ré ríoró orim;
 'S ar mo éapó abairle dam 'r ead do góilear mo bótar.

'Nuair éiríom-re féin so Tobar an Uaignir,
 Suríom ríor ag déanam buadairé,
 Nuair éim an raogal ir ná feicim mo buacail;
 So raib ríáil an ómar i mbairr a ghráóda.

Siúó é an Domnac do éugar gráó duit,
 An Domnac víreac íom Domnac Cárga;
 Ir míre ar mo glúinib a' léigead na páire,
 'S ead bí mo dá fúil a ríor-éabairt an gráó' duit.

Ó! adé, a máirín, tabair mé féin do,
 Ir tabair a bfuil aghat do'n tráoagal so léir do;
 Éirí féin ag iarraró déirce,
 Aghat ná gab ríar ná aniar im' éileam.

Dubairt mo máirín liom gan labairt leat
 Iníu ná i mbáireac ná Dia Domnais,
 Ir oic an tráó do éug rí roga dam,
 'S é "dúnaó an d'óir é tar éir na roglá."

Tá mo éiríde-re com dúb le háirne,
 Nó le gual dúb a béaó i gceardócin,
 Nó le bonn bróige béaó ar hallaib bána;
 'S gur deirí líonn dúb díom or cionn mó pláinte;

Dó bainir íom díom, ir do bainir ríar díom,
 Do bainir íomam, ir do bainir im' díar díom,
 Do bainir géalac, ir do bainir grian díom,
 'S ir ró-mór m'eagla gur bainir Dia díom!

You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish ; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird ; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall óg, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady : I would milk the cow ; I would bring help to you ; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened ; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse ; he did not come to me ; he made nothing of me ; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble ; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you ; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion ; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O, aya ! my mother, give myself to him ; and give him all that you have in the world ; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come back and forward looking for mè.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you to-day, or to-morrow, or on the Sunday ; it was a bad time she took for telling me that ; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge ; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls ; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me ; you have taken the west from me ; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me ; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me !

bÁn-énoic Éireann óg:

(Le Donnchad Mac Conmáir.)

Beir beannaíocht óm' éiríde go tír na h-Éireann,
 bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!
 Cum a maireann de píolraí 1r a'r Éirísh,
 Ar bÁn-énoic Éireann óg.
 An áit úr 'na b'aoibinn binn-ghé éan,
 Mar fáin-éruit éoin ag caoinead Saódal;
 'Sé mo cáir a beir míle míle + gcéin,
 Ó bÁn-énoic Éireann óg.

Birdeann bairra bog ríim ar éoin-énoic Éireann,
 bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!
 'S ir fearra ná 'n tír ro vit gac ríeíde ann,
 bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!
 Dob áir a coilte 'r ba díreac réir,
 'S a mbíad mar aol ar maolinn geug.
 Tá gáir ag mo éiríde i m'intinn péin
 Do bÁn-énoic Éireann óg.

Tá gairra lionmair i dtír na h-Éireann,
 bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!
 A'r fearadóin gíoríde ná claoiríreac ceurta
 Ar bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!
 m' fadóirre éiríde 'r mo cuimne rgeul;
 Iad ag Galladóir ríor fá gheim, mo leun!
 'S a mbailte d'á póinn fá éir go daor,
 bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!

Ir fairsing 'r ir móir iad cruada na h-Éireann,
 bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!
 A gcuir meala 'sur uactair a' gluaireact 'na pláoda,
 Ar bÁn-énoic Éireann óg:
 Raicir mé ar cuairt no ir luac mo faogal,
 Do'n talam beag fuairc rin ir dual do Saódal!
 'S go mb'fearra liom 'nā duair dá uairleact é
 Beir ar bÁn-énoic Éireann óg.

* Composed whilst the poet was in exile, on the Continent (at Hamburg), during the penal régime. The name Eiré (Ireland) is dissyllabic and may be pronounced as "eyrie." The bard was born at Cratloe, Clare County, about 1710, and outlived the century. In spite of the penal laws against education, he succeeded in acquiring, at home and

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRÉ.

(BY DONCATH MAC CONMARA. CIRCA 1736.*)

(Translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall.")

Air: "Uileacan Dub O."

Take my heart's blessing over to dear Eiré's strand—
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 To the Remnant that love her—Our Forefathers' Land!
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 How sweet sing the birds, o'er mount there and vale,
 Like soft-sounding chords, that lament for the Gael,—
 And I, o'er the surge, far, far away must wail
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O.

How fair are the flowers on the dear daring peaks,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 Far o'er foreign bowers I love her barest reeks,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 Triumphant her trees, that rise on ev'ry height,
 Bloom-kissed, the breeze comes odorous and bright,
 The love of my heart!—O my very soul's delight!
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Still numerous and noble her sons who survive,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 The true hearts in trouble,—the strong hands to strive—
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 Ah, 'tis this makes my grief, my wounding and my woe
 To think that each chief is now a vassal low,
 And my Country divided amongst the Foreign Foe—
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

In purple they gleam, like our High Kings of yore,
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 With honey and cream are her plains flowing o'er,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 Once more I will come, or very life shall fail,
 To the heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael,
 Than king's boon more welcome the swift swelling sail—
 For the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

on the Continent, a mastery of classic and foreign languages. Besides short poems, he wrote a mock-heroic *Æneid*, detailing his adventures. In his old age he became blind, and the Irish teachers and pupils in Waterford, with old-time liberality and appreciativeness, laid a tribute on themselves for his maintenance.

Sgairpeann an t-úacht ar gheamhar agus féar ann;
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg;
 Agus tagaíodh rín uíla cumra ar gheugaibh ann;
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.
 Bíolair agus rama i ngleannthaibh ceo
 'S na ríochta 'ran tramha-a' labhairt ar neoin;
 A'r uirge na Siúipe a' bpuict 'na flóig,
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.

Ir orgailte fáilteach an áit rín Éire,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 Agus toíad na pláinte a mbárr na déire;
 A mbán-énoic Éireann óg.
 Ba binne 'nā meura ar téadaibh ceoil,
 Seinn 'gur géimpead a laog 'r a mbó,
 Agus taitneam na gréine oíche dorcha 'r ós
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Where green boughs darkle the bright apples burn
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,
Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,
While the great River-voices roll their music grand
Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above
The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold
Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold,—
Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—Young and Old,
'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

SEADHNA:

(Coir na teinead: peg, nóra, sobnuir, síle beag, cáit ní bhuaicalla).

Nóra. A peg, innir rgeul dúinn:

Peg. B'ait liom rin! Innir féin rgeul:

Sob. Níl don maidt inni, a peg; b'feairr linn do rgeul-ra:

Síle. Déin, a peg; beirimid ana-focair.

Peg. Nac maidt náir fanair focair aréir, 'nuair bí "maora na n-Oct 5Cor" agam dá innirint!

Síle. Mar rin ní rtaofad Cáit ní buaicalla ac am' ppiocad:

Cáit. Thuairr d'éitead! Ní rabar-ra ad' ppiocad, a cáit léin!

Sob. Ná bac i féin, a Cáit; ní raib doinne' dá ppiocad ac i dá leigint uirri.

Síle. Do bí, artoin; agur muna mbeirdead go raib, ní liug-fainn.

Nóra. Abair le peg nac liugfairr anoir, a Shíle, 7 inneorairí rí rgeul dúinn.

Síle. Ní liugfad, a peg, pé ruo imteodairí oim.

Peg. Má' ead, ruig annro am' aice, i tpeo ná feurairí doinne' tá ppiocad san fíor dom.

Cáit. Bidead geall go bppiocairí an cat i. A toice bíg, beirdead rgeul breag againn, muna mbeirdead tú féin 7 do cuio liugraige.

Sob. Éir, a Cháit, no cuirrii ag sul i, 7 beirimid san rgeul. Má cuirtear fearg ar peg, ní inneorairí rí don; geul anocht.

Sead anoir, a peg, tá gac doinne' ciuin, ag brait ar rgeul uait. Peg. Bí fear ann rad ó, 7 ir é ainm do bí air, Seadhna; 7 gneupairde b'ead é; bí tíg beag deap clúcthar aige, aig bun cnuic, ar taob na foitine; bí catairí fúgán aige do dein pé féin do féin, 7 ba gnát leir fuidé inni um tráctóna, 'nuair bidead obair an lae criochnuigte; 7 'nuair fuidéad pé inni, bidead pé ar a fártact. Bí mealbóg mine aige, ar crioctad i n-aice na teinead; 7 anoir 7 aríur cuirtead pé a lámh inni, 7 tógad pé lán a dúirín de'n mín, 7 bidead dá cogaint ar a fuaimnear. Bí crann uball ag fáir ar an taob amuic de dorpur aige, 7 'nuair bidead tarit air, ó beir ag cogaint na mine, cuirtead pé lámh 'ro crann ran, 7 tógad pé ceann de 'rna h-ublaib, 7 d'itead pé é—

Síle. O a Thaircair! a pheg, náir deap é!

Peg. Ciacó, an catairí, nó an mín, nó an t-uball, ba deap?

Síle. An t-uball, san ampur!

SEADNA'S THREE WISHES.

FROM SEADNA (SHAYNA), BY FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

(BY THE FIRESIDE—PEG, NORA, GOBNET, LITTLE SHEILA,
KATE BUCKLEY.)

NORA.—Peg, tell us a story.

PEG.—I'd like that. Tell a story yourself.

GOBNET.—She is no good, Peg; we prefer your story.

SHEILA.—Do, Peg; we will be very quiet.

PEG.—How well you did not keep quiet last night, when I was telling "The dog with the eight legs."

SHEILA.—Because Kate Buckley would not stop, but pinching me.

KATE.—You lie! I was not pinching you, you little hag!

GOB.—Don't mind her, Kate. There was no one pinching her, but she pretending it.

SHEILA.—But there was; and only that there was I would not screech.

NORA.—Tell Peg that you won't screech now, and she will tell us a story.

SHEILA.—I won't screech now, Peg, whatever will happen to me.

PEG.—Well, then, sit here near me so that no one can pinch unknown to me.

KATE.—I'll engage the cat will pinch her. You little hussy, we would have a fine story but for yourself and your screeching.

GOB.—Whist! Kate, or you'll make her cry, and we'll be without a story. If Peg is made angry she will not tell a story to-night. There, now, Peg, everyone is mute, expecting a story from you.

PEG.—There was a man long ago and the name that was on him was Seadhna, and he was a shoemaker. He had a nice well-sheltered little house at the foot of a hill, on the side of the shelter. He had a chair of *soogauns* which he himself made for himself, and it was usual with him to sit in it in the evening when the work of the day used to be completed, and when he sat in it he was quite at his ease. He had a *malvogue* of meal hanging up near the fire, and now and then he used to put his hand into it and take a fist-full of the meal, and be chewing at his leisure. He had an apple-tree growing outside his door, and when he used to be thirsty from chewing the meal, he used to put his hand into that tree and take one of the apples and eat it.

Cáit. b'fearr liom-ra an mín; ní bainfeadh an t-uball an t-ocpar de duine.

Sob. b'fearr liom-ra an cátaoir; 7 cuirpinn peg i n-a fuíde innti, aís innrint na rgeul.

peg. Ir maít cum plámaí tú, a Sobnuir.

Sob. Ir fearr cum na rgeul túra, a pheg. Cionnur d'imeis le Seathna?

peg. Lá dá maib ré ag déanamh b'pós, tug re pé ndeara ná maib a tuille leatáir aise, ná a tuille rnáite, ná a tuille céipead. Bí an taoibín déirdeanac fuar, 7 an s'peim déirdeanac curta; 7 níorb fuláir do toul 7 dóbair do folátaí rui a b'feudrad ré a tuille b'pós do déanamh.

Do gluaíré ar maidin, 7 bí trí r'gillinge 'n-a póca, 7 ní maib ré aét míle ó'n dtí 7 nuair buail duine boét uime, aís iarrad déirce. "Tabair dom déirce ar pon an tSlánuigíteora, 7 le h-anmannaió do maib, 7 tap éann do pláinte," ar an duine boét. Thuag Seathna r'gilling do, 7 annran ní maib aise aét dá r'gilling. Dubairt ré leir féin go mb'éirid go ndéanrad an dá r'gilling a g'nó.

Ní maib ré aét míle eile ó baile 'nuair buail bean boét uime, 7 í cor-noctuihte. "Tabair dom congnad éigin," ar ríri, "ar pon an tSlánuigíteora, 7 le h-anmannaió do maib, 7 tap éann do pláinte." Do glac truaige ví é, 7 tug ré r'gilling ví, 7 d'imeis rí. Do bí don r'gilling amáin annraim aise, aét do tiomáin ré leir, a b'at air go mbuailfeadh rianr éigin uime do cuirfeadh ar a cumur a g'nó a déanamh. Níorb fáda gur capad air leanó 7 é ag sul le fuadé 7 le h-ocpar. "Ar pon an tSlánuigíteora," ar an leanó, "tabair dom fuo éigin le n-ite." Bí tís órta i n'gar dóib, 7 do cuair Seathna irtead ann, 7 ceannuig ré b'ic aráin 7 tug ré cum an leinó é. 'Nuair fuair an leanó an t-arán d'atruis a dealb; d'fár ré fuar i n-áirde, 7 do lar polar iongantac 'n-a fúilib 7 'n-a ceanaócaib, i dtreo go dtáinig r'gannrad ar Sheathna.

Síle. Dia linn! a peg, ir dóca gur tuit Seathna boét i luige.

peg. Níor tuit; aét má'r ead, ba díceall dó. Chom luat agur d'feud ré labairt, dubairt ré: "Cad é an radar duine túra?" agur ir é f'neasra fuair ré: "A Sheathna, tá Dia buirdeac díot. Ainseal iread míre. Ir mé an tríomad h-ainseal gur túsair déirce dó anraim ar pon an tSlánuigíteora, 7 anoir tá trí gurde agat le r'gail ó Dia na glóire. Iarr ar Dia don trí gurde ir toil leat, 7 geobair iad; aét tá don comairle amáin agampa le tabairt duit,—ná dearmáir an Trócaire."

SHEILA.—Oh, my goodness! Peg, wasn't it nice?

PEG.—Which is it; the chair or the meal or the apple, that was nice.

SHEILA.—The apple, to be sure.

KATE.—I would prefer the meal. The apple would not take the hunger off a person.

GOB.—I would prefer the chair, for I would put Peg sitting in it telling the stories.

PEG.—You are good for flattery, Gobnet.

GOB.—You are better for the stories, Peg. How did it go with Seadhna?

PEG.—One day as he was making shoes he noticed that he had no more leather nor any more thread nor any more wax. He had the last piece on, and the last stitch put, and it was necessary for him to go and provide materials before he could make any more shoes. He set out in the morning and there were three shillings in his pocket, and he was only a mile from the house when he met a poor man asking for alms. "Give me alms for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health," said the poor man. Seadhna gave him one shilling, and then he had but two shillings. He said to himself that possibly two shillings would do his business. He was only another mile from home when he met a poor woman, and she barefooted. "Give me some help," said she, "for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health." He felt compassion for her and gave her a shilling, and she went away. He had one shilling then; still he went on expecting that he would meet some good fortune which would put it in his power to do his business. It was not long till he met a child and he crying with cold and hunger. "For the sake of the Saviour," said the child, "give me something to eat." There was a stage house near them and Seadhna went into it, and he bought a loaf of bread and he brought it to the child. When the child got the bread his figure changed. He grew up very tall, and light flamed in his two eyes and in his countenance, so that Seadhna became terrified.

SHEILA.—Oh! God help us! Peg, I suppose poor Seadhna fainted.

PEG.—He did not, but then, he was very near it. As soon as he could speak, he said, "What sort of person are you?" The answer he got was, "Seadhna, God is thankful to you. I am an angel. I am the third angel to whom you have given alms to-day for the sake of the Saviour. And now you have

“Asgur an n-deirniú liom go bfaigead mo gairde?” arsa Seathna: “Deirim, gan amhar,” ar’ an t-aingeal. “Tá go maith,” arsa Seathna, “tá cataoir beag dear fúgán agam ’ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann artea, ní fuláir leir fuide innte. An ceo duine eile a fuirpíod innte, aót mé féin, go gceanglaíod pé innte!” “Faire, faire! a Sheathna,” ar’ an t-aingeal; “rin gairde breag imtígte gan cairde. Tá d’á ceann eile agat, 7 ná dearmáid an Trócaire.” “Tá,” arsa Seathna, “mealbóigín mine agam ’ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann artea, ní fuláir leir a doirn a fátaod innte. An ceo duine eile a cuipríod lám ’ra mealbóigín rin, aót mé féin, go gceanglaíod pé innte,—feuc!” “O a Sheathna, a Sheathna, ní’l faras agat!” ar’ an t-aingeal. “Ní’l agat anoir aót don gairde amáin eile. Iar Trócaire Dé do t’anam.” “O, ir fíor duit,” arsa Seathna, “ba dóbair dom é dearmáid. Tá crann beag uball agam i leat-taob mo doirniú, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann an t-reo, ní fuláir leir a lám do cup i n-áirde 7 uball do rtaod 7 do bheit leir. An ceo duine eile aót mé féin, a cuipríod a lám ’ra crann roin, go gceanglaíod pé ann—O! a daoine!” ar reiréan, as rgaritead ar gáiríde, “nác agam a beir an rporit orra!”

‘Nuair táinig pé ar na triúirí, d’feuc pé ruar 7 bí an t-aingeal imtígte. Dein pé a macnam air péin ar fead tamail maith, 7 pé deiréad riar táll, duhairt pé leir péin: “Feuc anoir, ní’r don amadán i n-éirinn ir mó ioná mé! Dá mbeiréad triú ceangailte agam um an taca ro, duine ’ra’ cataoir, duine ’ra’ mealbóigín, 7 duine ’ra’ crann, cad é an maith do déanfar ran domra 7 mé i bpad ó baile, gan bia, gan deo, gan aig sead?” Ní túirge bí an méirín cainte máirde aige ná tu, pé pé ndeara ór a cómair amac, ’ran áit a raib an t-aingeal-fear fada caol dub, 7 é as glinneamaint air, 7 teine cheara as tead ar a d’á fúil ’n-a rpreacáib nime. Bí d’á d’airc air mar beiréad ar pocán gabair, 7 meigioll fada liat-gorm garb air, eirboll mar beiréad ar márad ruad, 7 crúb ar coir leir mar crúb cairb. Do leat a beul 7 a d’á fúil ar Sheathna, 7 do rtao a caint. I gceann tamail do labair an fear dub. “A Sheathna,” ar reiréan, “ní gá duit don eagla do beir ort póim-amra; ní’lim ar tí do díogbála. Ba mian liom cairde éigin do deanam duit, dá nglactá mo cómairle. Do cloiréar tú, anoir beag, dá rá go rabair gan bia, gan deo, gan aigsead. Tiub-painn-pe aigsead do d’órain duit ar don cóingíoll beag amáin.” “Asgur greadad tré lár do rgarit!” arsa Seathna, 7 táinig a caint dó; “ná feurpá an méirín do rá go gan duine do millead leo’ cuir glinneamna, pé h-é tú féin?” “Ir cuma duit cia h-é mé, aót beirpá an oiréad aigsead duit anoir asgur ceannócaid

three wishes to get from the God of Glory. Ask now of God any three wishes you please, and you will get them. But I have one advice to give you. Don't forget Mercy." "And do you tell me that I shall get my wish?" said Seadhna. "I do, certainly," said the angel. "Very well," said Seadhna. "I have a nice little *soogaun* chair at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to sit in it. The next person that will sit in it, except myself, that he may cling in it!" "Oh, fie, fie! Seadhna," said the angel; "there is a beautiful wish gone without good. You have two more. Don't forget Mercy!" "I have," said Seadhna, "a little *malvogue* of meal at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to stick his fist into it. The next person that puts his hand into that *malvogue*, except myself, that he may cling in it, see!" "Oh, Seadhna, Seadhna, my son, you have not an atom of sense! you have now but one wish more. Ask the Mercy of God for your soul." "Oh, that's true for you," said Seadhna, "I was near forgetting it. I have a little apple-tree near my door and every *dalteen* that comes the way makes it a point to put up his hand and to pluck an apple and carry it away with him. The next other person, except myself, that will put his hand into that tree, that he may cling in it!—Oh! people!" said he, bursting out laughing, "isn't it I that will have the amusement at them!"

When he came out of his laughing fits and looked up, the angel was gone. He made his reflection for a considerable time, and at long last he said to himself, "See now, there is not a fool in Ireland greater than I! If there were three people stuck by this time, one in the chair, one in the *malvogue*, and one in the tree, what good would that do for me and I far from home, without food, without drink, without money?"

No sooner had he that much talk uttered than he observed opposite him, in the place where the angel had been, a long, slight, black man and he staring at him, and electric fire coming out of his two eyes in venomous sparks. There were two horns on him, as there would be on a he-goat, and a long, coarse, greyish-blue beard, a tail as there would be on a fox, and a hoof on one of his feet like a bull's hoof. Seadhna's mouth and his two eyes opened wide upon him, and his speech stopped. After a while the black man spoke: "Seadhna," said he, "you need not have any dread of me. I am not bent on your harm. I should wish to do you some good if you would accept my advice. I heard you just now say that you were without food, without drink, without money. I would

an oirleadh leatdair aghur coimeadofaidh ag obair eú go ceann trí mbliadhain n-deug, ar an scoingíoll ro—go dtiocfaidh liom an uair rin ? ”

“ Aghur má péiréitigim leat, cá maímaoio an uair rin ? ” “ Cá beas duit an éirí rin do éirí, ’nuair beir an leatdair foighe 7 beiróimí ag gluairead ? ” “ Táir geurcúiread—bíodh agat, feiceam an t-airgead. ” “ Táir-re geurcúiread, feuc ! ” “ Do éirí an fear dúb a lámh ’n-a póca, 7 tarraing ré amach rparán mór, 7 ar an rparán do leis ré amach ar a bair capn beas d’óir breas buíde. ”

“ Feuc ! ” ar réirean ; 7 rin ré a lámh 7 éirí ré an capn de híoraidh gleoróte gléineamla ré fúilbh Sheadhna boict. “ Do rin Seadhna a d’á lámh, 7 do leatdair a d’á lagair cum an óir. “ Go péiré ! ” ar’ an fear dúb, ag tarraingt an óir cuise ar tead ; “ ní’l an maraídh déanta fód. ” “ Bíodh ’n-a maraídh ! ” ar’ra Seadhna. ”

“ San teip ? ” ar’ an fear dúb. “ San teip, ” ar’ra Seadhna. ”

“ Dair bhrígh na mionn ? ” ar’ an fear dúb. “ Dair bhrígh na mionn, ” ar’ra Seadhna. ”

[An oirde na diais rin.]

Nóra. Seadh !—a péig—támaoio annro—airí—cá raotdair oim—bíor ag iú—bí eagla oim—go mbeirdeadh an rgeul ar riubal roimam, 7 go mbeirdeadh cuio de cailite agam. ”

Péig. Am’ bmaídh go bparpamaoio leat, a Nóra, a laois. Ní’l i bparó ó táinig Sobnuit. ”

Sob. Mar rin do bí cuigíon agam d’á deunam, 7 b’éigín domra d’ul riap leir an im go beul an gearrta, 7 ’nuair bíor ag tead a baile an cómgair, do tuit an oirde oim, 7 geallaim duit gur baineadh ppe. b aram. Bíor ag cummíugadh ar Seadhna 7 ar an óir 7 ar an bparí n-dúb, 7 ar na rpreadaidh bí ag tead ar a fúilbh, 7 mé ag iú pul a mbeirínn déirdeanach, ’nuair tógar mo ceann 7 cad do éirínn aet an puo ’n-a fearam ar m’ aghair amach

give you money enough on one little condition." "And, torture through the middle of your lungs!" said Seadhna, as soon as he got his talk, "could you not say that much without paralysing a person with your staring, whoever you are?" "You need not care who I am; but I will give you as much money now as will buy as much leather as will keep you working for thirteen years, on this condition, that you will come with me then."

"And if I make the bargain with you, whither shall we go at that time?" "Will it not be time enough for you to ask that question when the leather is used up and we will be starting?" "You are sharp-witted. Have your way. Let us see the money." "You are sharp-witted. Look!" The black man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse, and from the purse he let out on his palm a little heap of beautiful yellow gold.

"Look!" said he, and he stretched his hand and he put the heap of exquisite glittering pieces up under the eyes of poor Seadhna. Seadhna stretched both his hands, and the fingers of the two hands opened for the gold.

"Gently!" said the black man; "the bargain is not yet made."

"Let it be a bargain," said Seadhna.

"Without fail?" said the black man.

"Without fail," said Seadhna.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things?" (shrines: hence oaths) said the black man.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" said Seadhna.

(NEXT NIGHT.)

NORA.—There!—Peg—we are here—again—. There's a *saothar* on me—. I was running. I was afraid—that the story would be going on before me, and that I would have some of it lost.

PEG.—Indeed, Nora, my dear, we would wait for you. It is not long since Gobnet came.

GOB.—Yes, for we were making a churn, and it was necessary for me to go west with the butter to Beul-an-Ghearrtha; and when I was coming home the short cut, the night fell on me, and I promise you that there was a start taken out of me. There was not the like of it of a jump ever taken out of me. I was thinking of Seadhna, and of the gold, and of the black man, and of the sparks that were coming out of his eyes, and I running before I would be late, when

—An Gollán! ar an gceud amháin dá dtugas air, do tiubhainn an leabhar go raib a dháic air!

Nóra. A dháic, a Gollán, éir do beul, 7 ná bí dár mboth-
rao leo' Gollánaib 7 leo' dháicab. Dháic ar an nGollán!
feuc air rin!

Gob. B'éir, dá mbeiréa féin ann, gur beas an fonn mairé
do beiréad ort.

Sile. Feuc anoir! cia atá ag coras an rseil? B'éir go
gcuirfead Cáit ní buacalla oim-ra é.

Cáit. Ní cuirfead, a Sile. Táir do' cáilín mair anocht, 7 tá
ana-cion agam ort. Mo ghráó i rin! Mo ghráó am' éiríde
irtis i!

Sile. Sead go díreac! fan go mbeir fearis ort! 7 b'éir ná
dearrá "Mó ghráó i rin!"

Nóra. Seo, reo! rtao, a cáilín. Mire 7 mo Gollán fa
nóear an obair reo. Cairt uair an rtao roin, a péis, 7 rtao
cuirfead an rseil. An bfuair Seadhna an rparán? Ir iomda
uine bí i moct rparán d'fagáil 7 nac bfuair.

Péis. Com luat 7 duair Seadhna an focal, "dair bús na
mionn!" do táinig atreud gne ar an bfuair noub. Do noct
ré a fiacla fíor 7 truar, 7 ir iad do bí go díreac ar a
céile. Táinig róro cionán ar a beul, 7 do teir ar Seadhna a
deunam amac cia 'co ag gáirde bí ré nó ag ranncuad. Aet
'nuair d'feuc ré ruar ior an dá fáil air, ba dóbair go dtuicfead
an rannrao ceudna air a táinig air i rtao. Do cuis ré go
mair nac ag gáirde bí an díolmuineac. Ní feacair ré mair
roime rin don dá fáil ba meara 'ná iad, don feucant ba mair-
uighe 'ná an feucant do bí aco, don clár eudain com dúr, com
roct-aigeanra leir an gclár eudain do bí ór a gionn. Míor
laóair ré, 7 do rin' ré a díceal l gan a leirint air gur tug ré
fé nóear an ranncuad. Le n-a linn rin, do leis an fear
dub an t-ór amac air ar a bair, 7 do comairim.

"Seo!" ar reir, "a Seadhna. Sin céad punt agat ar an
gceud rillling cuair uair inoiu. An bfuair díolta?"

"Ir móir an bfuair i!" ar Seadhna: "Dad cón go bfuair."

"Cón nó eugcón," ar' an fear dub, "an bfuair díolta?"
7 do ghuir 7 do bhoruig ar an ranncuad.

"Ó! táim díolta, táim díolta!" ar Seadhna, "go raib
mair agat-ra."

"Seo! má 'reac," ar reir. "Sin céad eile agat ar an
dair rillling cuair uair inoiu."

"Sin i an rillling cuair do'n mnaoi a bí cor-noctuighe."

"Sin i an rillling cuair do'n mnaoi uair ceudna."

I raised my head, and what should I see but the thing standing out overright me—the *Gollan*! On the first look I gave it I'd swear there were horns on it.

NORA.—Oyewisha, Gobnet, whist your mouth, and don't be bothering us with your *Gollans* and your horns. Horns on a *Gollan*! Look at that!

GOB.—Maybe if you were there yourself, 'tis little of the inclination of fun would be on you.

SHEILA.—See, now! who is stopping the story? Maybe Kate Buckley would put it on me.

KATE.—I will not, Sheila; you are a good girl to-night. I am very fond of you. My darling she is! My darling in my heart within she is!

SHEILA.—Yes, indeed! Wait till you are angry, and maybe then you would not say "my darling she is."

NORA.—Come, come! stop, girls. I and my *Gollan* are the cause of this work. Throw away that stocking, Peg, and let us have the story. Did Seadhna get the purse? Many a person was on the point of getting a purse, and did not.

PEG.—As soon as Seadhna uttered the words—"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" a change of appearance came on the black man. He bared his teeth above and below, and it is they that were clenched upon each other. A sort of low sound came out of his mouth, and it failed Seadhna to make out whether it was laughing he was or growling. But when he looked up between the two eyes on him, the same terror was near coming on him that came on him at first. He understood well that it was not laughing the "lad" was. He never before then saw any two eyes that were worse than they, any look that was more malignant than the look they had, any forehead as evil-minded as the forehead that was above them. He did not speak, and he did his best to pretend that he did not notice the growling. At the same time the black man let the gold out again on his palm and counted it.

"Here!" said he, "Seadhna, there are a hundred pounds for you for the first shilling you gave away to-day. Are you paid?"

"I should think I am."

"Right or wrong!" said the black man, "are you paid?" and the growling became sharper and quicker.

"Oh! I am paid, I am paid," said Seadhna, "thank you!"

"Here! if so," said he, "there is another hundred for you, for the second shilling you gave away to-day."

“Ma ba bean uasal í, cao do beir cor-noctuiḡte í, 7 cao do beir dí mo rḡilling do bpeit uaim-re, 7 san aḡam aḡt rḡilling eile i n-a diaḡ?”

“Má ba bean uasal í! Dá mberdeao a fíor aḡat! Sin í an bean uasal do mill mipe!”

Le linn na bpocal rain do iáḡ do, do táinig cuit cor 7 lám air, do rḡao an ḡpanntán, do luis a ceann riap ar a muineál, ḡ’feuc ré ruar inr a’ rpeir, táinig ḡriuḡ báir air 7 clóḡ cuirp ar a ceannaḡaib.

’Nuair connaic Seathna an iompáil lí rin, táinig ionḡnaḡ a cḡrḡide air.

“Ní fuláir,” ar peirean, ḡo neamḡuireaḡ, “nó ní hé reo an céao uair aḡat aḡ aipeaḡtain teaḡt táirri riúo.

Do léim an fear ḡub. Do buail ré buille dá cḡrḡib ar an ḡtalam, i ḡtneo ḡur cḡit an fḡo do bí ré cor Seathna.

“Cíorḡbaḡ oir!” ar’ eirean. “Éirḡ do beul no baḡḡar tá!”

“ḡabaim páirḡúin aḡat, a ḡuine uasail!” ar’ Seathna, ḡo moḡamail, “ceapap ḡo mb’ éirir ḡur bḡaon beaḡ do bí ólta aḡat, ḡ’iáḡ ’r ḡur tuḡair céao punt map málairḡ ar rḡilling ḡam.”

“ḡiubḡainn—7 reaḡt ḡcéao dá ḡtiocpaḡ liom baint ó’n ḡtairḡe do rin’ an rḡilling céaoḡa, aḡt ’nuair tuḡair uair í ar ron an tSlánuiḡḡeḡra, ní féirir a tairḡe do lot corḡce.”

“Aḡur,” ar’ Seathna, “cao ir ḡáḡ an maḡt do lot? Ná fuil ré com maḡt aḡao tairḡe na rḡillinge úo ḡ’páḡbáil map tá ré?”

“Tá an iomaḡ cainte aḡat—an iomaḡ ar fao. ḡubair leat do beul ḡ’ éirḡeaḡ. Seo í rin é an rḡapán ar fao aḡat,” ar’ an fear ḡub.

“Ní héirir, a ḡuine uasail,” ar’ Seathna, “ná berdeao ḡaḡtin na haimpíe ann. Ir iomaḡ lá i ḡḡí bliadḡaib ḡeaḡ: Ir iomaḡ bḡós berdeao ḡeunta aḡ ḡuine i ḡcaḡeam an méro rin aimpíe, 7 ir iomaḡ cuma i n-a n-oirpeaḡ rḡilling do.”

“Ná bíḡ ceirḡ oir,” ar’ an fear ḡub, aḡ cur rḡuta ḡáir ar. “Tarrainḡ ar com ḡeup i néirinn 7 ir maḡt leat é. Berḡ ré com teann an lá berdeanaḡ 7 tá ré inḡiu: Ní berḡ puinn ḡnḡta aḡat de ar rain amaḡ.”

"That is the shilling I gave to the woman who was barefooted."

"That is the shilling you gave to the same gentlewoman."

"If she was a gentlewoman, what made her barefooted? and what made her take from me my shilling, and I having but another shilling left?"

"If she was a gentlewoman! If you only knew! she is the gentlewoman that ruined me!"

While he was saying those words a trembling of hands and feet came on him. The growling ceased. His head leaned backwards on his neck. He gazed up into the sky. An attitude of death came on him, and the stamp of a corpse came on his face.

When Seadhna saw this deadly change, the wonder of his heart came on him.

"It must be," said he, in a careless sort of way, "that this is not the first time with you hearing something about *her*."

The black man jumped. He struck a blow of his hoof on the ground, so that the sod which was under Seadhna's foot trembled.

"Mangling to you!" said he; "shut your mouth or you will be maimed!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Seadhna, meekly; "I thought that perhaps it was a little drop you had taken, and to say that you gave me hundred pounds in exchange for a shilling."

"I would, and seven hundred, if I could succeed in taking from the good which that same shilling did; but when you gave it away for the sake of the Saviour it is not possible to spoil its good for ever."

"And," said Seadhna, "what need is there to spoil the good? May you not as well have the good of that shilling as it is?"

"You have too much talk; too much altogether. I told you to shut your mouth. Here! there is the purse entirely for you," said the black man.

"I suppose there is no danger, sir," said Seadhna, "that there would not be enough for the time in it. There is many a day in thirteen years. 'Tis many a shoe a man would have made in the lapse of that portion of time, and many a way he would want a shilling."

"Don't be uneasy," said the black man, putting a bit of a laugh out of him. "Draw out of it as hard as ever you can. It will be as plump the last day as it is to-day. You will not have much business of it from that forward."

“NÍ AR DIA A BUIÓEACAS.”

‘Do tarraigis Diaimuro a dúroin dúb donn ar a póca, 7 do fín cuige í, 7 d’iméig 7 do éuair feirean annran go meatalacán teimead do bí ar bárr na trága, beirear ar meacán airte 7 féirdear, féirdear í go tréan tiug tearuibe; áct d’á tréine a anál 7 da tiuga a féirdear, ní maib maib do ann; féirdear arí 7 arí eile níor tréine, níor tiuga, níor tearuibe ná ceana, áct do bí a gno ‘n-a fárac air, mar do bí an tear ion éas an an rppéig. Beirear ar rppéig eile 7 féirdear fúití go feargac fuinneamail fíocmar, 7 a fúile ar dearglara, 7 féiteanna a muiníl cóm atuígte rin go rabadar i meact a bpléargta: ‘dob’ fárac do a féirdear am. Beirear ar an rppéig 7 caitear irteac i gcoimleacán an éuair í, as rá, “Go féirdear mácar an áirdeirreora tú mar teimí!” 7 tugtar buille d’á coir deir do’n éir eile do’n teimí 7 rcairdear ar fu do an báin í. ‘Do connaic an éir eile é díreac donn le n-a linn rin, 7 do éirdear don ula-dáirteig amáin arta do tógfa do maib ar a n-uaisib. Éirigro uile—an méir d’ar nac maib í n-a rearm díob—7 tagair í n-a tímcioll, as lúdarraig le leacán-gáire 7 as rcairtear ar a lán-dícioll. Beirear duine ar rppéig, duine eile ar rppéig eile, 7 mar roin díob riar ríor go hearball tímcioll, an beas 7 an móir, an t-óg 7 an t-dorta; 7 reo as féirdear íar, ar énam a noicill, as tnuí le teimí 7 tear do éir arí í n-gac rppéig, 7 é riar orra, do brí gup rgar teodact le gac rmeacair díob beas nac o lúib laðair.

“Átá teine im’ rppéig-re,” arra neac éigin:

“Séir leat a buacail!” arra Domnall: “Cá bfuil tú?—féir leat go ttagad éigat.”

‘Do léim fé de lúit-rreir 7 táiníc í n-a aice—“Séir! féir, a diabail!” ar reirion, “7 ná leis an rmeacair ion eug—féir!—ar do báir féir!”

‘Do léig an buacail rcairte 7 do rtor de’n tréirdear:

“Tairbeáin orú, a diabail!” ar reirion:

‘Do éir an buacail ar báiní gáir; beirior féin ar an rppéig, le amplad 7 airc éin gail, dógta a órdóg 7 caitear an rppéig uad d’iarraact. Éir rí ar an mbán; níor bhrí rí amact. Cuirear a órdóg í n-a béal le coir na píopa.

“Tarraigis! tarraigis anoir!” arra áillteoir éigin í n-a mearg:

‘Do bí fé ar buile,—beirior ar an rppéig le n-a láim éle, 7

THE THANKFULNESS OF DERMOT.

BY PATRICK O'LEARY.

DERMOT drew his dark-brown *dudeen* from his pocket and handed it to him, and he went then to a smouldering fire which was at the top of the strand. He catches a dying coal of fire out of it and blows, blows it strong, quick, fierce; but though strong his breath, and though quick his blowing, it was in vain for him. He blows again and again stronger, quicker, fiercer than before, but his labour was of no avail, for the heat had died in the ember. He seizes another ember and blows it angrily, livelily, wrathfully, his two eyes flaming, and the veins of his neck swelled to such an extent that they were ready to burst; his blowing was to no purpose, however. He catches the ember and flings it into the centre of the harbour, saying, "May the devil's mother blow you for a fire!" and deals a blow of his right leg to the rest of the fire and scatters it about the *bawn*. The others saw him just at that very moment, and they raised one wild, ringing shout that would wake the dead out of their graves. They all rise—such of them as were not standing—and they gather round him, breaking their sides with broad mirth, and laughing their level best. One catches up an ember, another another, and so on of all the rest from first to last, small and big, young and old, and they set to blowing as well as ever they could, fain to put fire and heat again into each ember, and it impossible, for warmth had parted from each little coal of them all but a few.

"There is fire in my coal," said someone.

"Blow on, my boy!" said Donal. "Where are you?—blow on till I come to you."

He jumped quickly and came to his side. "Blow! blow, you devil!" says he; "and don't let the little ember die—blow!—for your life, blow!"

The boy laughed and stopped blowing.

"Fetch it to me, aroo, you devil!" says he.

The boy burst into a fit of insuppressible laughter; himself seizes the coal through greed and burning desire for a smoke; he burns his thumb and throws down the coal all of a sudden. It fell on the *bawn*; but it did not break though. He puts his thumb in his mouth along with the pipe.

"Smoke! smoke now!" says some arch fellow in the crowd.

He was raging mad. He seizes a coal with his left hand and blows it so furious that sparks flew from it. He blows

féidear cón haircínneac roin i gup rppéac ní. Séidear arís 7 léimear rmeadaio do'n deaig laiair irteac i n-a uét, mar do bí buillac a léinead ar leatad, 7 dógar é láiteac. Do con saib ré gneim ar an rppéig dh, 7 brúgar an laiair ríor i mbéal na píopa 7 tarraigea, tarraigea, tarraigea, ar cuma gup geáir go raib deatac as éiríge go gorm glóimair n-a flamaíar cídib or cionn a cinn.

Annran do bí ré ar a toil: Do fuir na daoine go léir as breicniugad ar an múr as luagad or a gcóimair, 7 é as teact irteac go mear. Do bí Dóinnall as dúbad a píopa 7 gan don duine as cup éiríge ná uair. Níor b'fada gup éiríge rtailc dá píopa ámhac, do tarraig ré i dár ndóig ar dhám a dhéil, acé níor b'fú dhuit feudaint ar an ngal beas báir do bí as teact amac air. Annran do cuir ré ríugad ar féin, ir díbeas ná'r ceangail a béal iocair dá béal uacair le doic tarraigte acé ní raib brí 7 n-a gno.

“Fagbad duine éigin féiteoir dom—ar ron Dé fagbad!” ar reirion, 7 do luig ré níor dúluite ar an dtarrac; i n-asaid beic as baint an tralacair ar poll na píopa, ir amlaib bí re as a daingniugad ann—gan coinne leir gan aimpéar. Faoi deiríod, 'nuair do fuair ré an réan rgarca le n-a faotar, 7 go raib as dul de, dá tréine luig re éiríge, do dóg ré an duir ar a béal, 7 do glaoib go haircínneac ar duine éigin, féiteoir d'fagbáil do. D'iméig trúir nó ceatrar de buacailiríob go raig páir do bí lán de tráitíniríob, acé do bí ré rceannas maic uair-ran. D'fan reirion as feicíom orra go dtiocfaíoir tar n-air, anoir as cup na píopa ion a béal, 7 arís as a baint ar, 7 arís eile as ráad a lúirín innti d'feudaint a raib motáil an teair iméigte air. 'Nuair do cuair fuil tar feiteamantar aise, do léim ré féin tar cloirde irteac; reo as cuarta é anonn 'r anall, 7 bíor ar a fáil le fagairc cun fagbála, dá mb'féirí. Do bí raic ion áiríom air fá ceann tamail—fuair ré bpoib cuibeacac reamair, 7 do rácuig i gco na píopa é go tapaid. Annran eug ré foza faoi n-a tarrac, acé d'fan an bpoib mar a bí, 7 ní corríócá do ar a lúiríacáib. Do tréall ré an ac-uair, acé b'é an rgeal céadna é. I ndeiriob rtracá do, buir an tráitín go caillte air, iricis i gco na píopa. Do léim ré i n-a caoir buile tar cloirde, ní raib fulas (=fulang) na foirne aise, 7 do caic an duir pad a urcáir amac annran mair mair. Ní raib méam ar donneac le heagla bhuighe, mar do bí toza an eolair aca go léir ar Dóinnall, 7 cad é an fagar b'eac é, 'nuair do beirdeac ré amuis leir féin. D'fan na daoine go léir i n-a fuirde go

again, and a spark of the red flame jumps into his breast, for the front of his shirt was open, and it burns him immediately. He kept his hold on the coal though. He bruises the flame down into the mouth of the pipe, and draws, draws, draws, in a manner that soon smoke was rising blue and glorious in wreaths above his head.

Now was he perfectly happy. All the people sat looking at the seaweed rocking right before them, while it was coming in fast. Donal was smoking his pipe, and nobody interfering with him. But it was not long till his pipe grew sulky; he pulled it, of course, as best he could, but it would not be worth your while to look at the little dying fume that was coming out of it. He then put a long neck on himself, the lower lip all but adhered to his upper lip through the strain of pulling, but his work was to no purpose.

"Let someone get a '*cleaner*' for me—for God's sake, let him!" says he, and he applied himself more earnestly to pulling, but instead of taking the dirt out of the hole of the pipe, he was only fastening it in it—unwittingly, of course. At last, when he found success separated from his labour, and that he was failing, though energetically he set about it, he took the *diuid* out of his mouth, and called furiously to somebody to fetch him a '*cleaner*.' Three or four boys went to a field that was full of *trahneens*, but it was a good distance from him. He remained behind waiting till they should come back, now putting the pipe in his mouth, again taking it out, and again thrusting his little finger into it to ascertain whether the feeling of heat had left it. When at length he could bear this waiting no longer, he himself jumped in over a fence, he commences searching hither and thither, and his eyes blazing through madness for finding, if possible. Luck was his in a little while. He got a pretty thick *brobh* and shoved it quickly into the tube of the pipe. He then tried to pull it back, but the *brobh* remained as it was, and would not move from its place. He tried again, but it was the very same as before. In the end of the pulling, the *trahneen* meanly broke *on him* inside in the tube of the pipe. He jumped out over the fence blazing mad; he could not keep his passion in check, and he threw the *diuid* as far as he could cast it into the great sea. There was not a tittle out of anybody for fear of a quarrel, for they all knew Donal full well, and what manner of man he was when he would happen to be ill at ease within himself.

ceann fearaid, 7 ar an bfead ro bí an múr. As d'fuirim leir an tcráig go bog rít. Táinig don tonn amáin, i ndeireadh na dála, do líon an cuan ruar go baic le múr ríogógaí fada dearg. Do phead Dóinnall i n-a coilg-fearaí 7 do cáit é féin ar a ghruga anuar ar éarín do'n múr 7 do bí as a réitíoc le fuire, 'nuair reo irteac tonn eile, do cuair lea'rtuar de 7 pul ra feud reirion cuimneam ar don-níó (acá ar an múr) do rcaab ar léi amac é roir fú fcaó. Do béic 7 do rgreao ar' cúbair, níct ní raib bheir deabair ar donne'—níó ná b'iongnadó—dul b'riúntar a cáillte cun eirion do fcaoraó.

“Cuimíir iarrair ar téir ruar go tig Dairmuíó léit,” arfa Diairíó Paor.

“Beirdeao re báitte pul a rroicéirde leat'rlige ruar,” arfa Paoríus Buirde.

“Cuir an raicín amac 7 b'feud go ngreamócaó ré é,” arfa Miceál óg.

Le n-a linn rin do luis an báitteacáin 7 do glaoir i n-áir a éinn 'ra guta as iarrair cábra, as ráó, “Ar ron Dé 7 paor mé! paor mé! a daoine, paor mé! ó a Dia, tá m báitte! paor mé, paor mé órá!” Níor rcaó ré do beir as callairíoc mar rin, mar do bí uédaí maí aige.

“Ragao 7 rnaípaó amac cuige,” arfa Dairmuíó Mac Amílaib.

“Ná teigíus,” arfa na daoine go léir i n-don béal.

“Ragao,” ar reirion. “Ní beirdeao a cuilleao as feucaint air annran amuis, as ragbáil báir ar ar gcomair.”

Rug Miceál Meata ruar ar b'ollac a léineao 7 dubairt, “Maire, go deimín ní ragair, ir fada fuar go gcuimneócaínn ar tá uogaint amac cuige.”

“Bog díom,” arfa Dairmuíó, “bog do greim díom.”

“Ní bograó,” arfa Miceál Meata, “ní beag a bfuil cáillte 7 pain-re ircíg.” Díreac donn do béic Dóinnall de cáoirgreao amuis. “Ní'l donne' cáillte fóir,” arfa Dairmuíó. “Bog díom, a deirim leat, bog díom;” acá ní bograó. Do rcpac reirion é féin uad 7 do cáit de a cúro éadaig 7 do léim irteac 'ran múir 7 'ran múir; do rnaím amac cun Dóinnall do bí beag nac tabairt 7 do rcpac irteac leir é ar cúma éigin go rctí an tráig. Cuic Dóinnall i laige 'mar ar go rctáinic ar an rcalam tírim 7 o' fan innti go ceann i bpaó. Nuair táinic ré cuige féin, dubairt duine éigin leir gur ceart do buirdeao do bheir le Dia i rcaob náir bátaó é.

All the people remained sitting for some time, and during that time the seaweed was drawing near the strand slowly and gradually. One wave came at long-last which filled the harbour up to the brim with branchy, long, red seaweed. Donal jumped to his feet, and flung himself on his hunkers down on a heap of seaweed, and was freeing it in a great fuss, when in comes another wave which went above him, and before he could think of anything (except the seaweed) it swept him clear out. He screamed and shrieked for help, but there wasn't too much haste on anybody—a thing not to be wondered at—to go at the peril of his life in order to save him.

“Let us send up for a rope to Dermot Liath's,” said Pierce Power.

“He would be drowned before one would reach half-way up,” says Paddy Buidhe.

“Put out the rake, and perhaps he would catch on to it,” says Mick Oge.

Just then, the drowning man screeched and called with erect head, and at the highest pitch of his voice, imploring aid, saying, “For God's sake and save me! save me! O men, save me! O God, I am drowned! save me, save me, oroo!” He never stopped but calling thus, as loud as he could, for he was long-winded.

“I'll go and swim out to him him,” says Dermot MacAuliffe.

“Don't,” said all the people in one voice.

“I will,” said he. “I won't be any longer looking at him there outside, dying before our very eyes.”

Meehawl Meata seized him by the bosom of his shirt, and said, “Wisha faith you won't. It is long, indeed, till I'd think of letting you out to him.”

“Let me go,” says Dermot MacAuliffe; “loose your hold of me.”

“I won't,” says Meehawl Meata; “there is enough lost, and let you stay inside.” Just then Donal screamed with a shrill shriek outside. “There's nobody lost yet,” says Dermot; “let me go, I tell you, let me go,” but he wouldn't. He tore himself from him, divested himself of his clothes, and jumped into the sea and into the seaweed, swam out to Donal, who was nearly exhausted, and dragged him with him, some way or other, to the beach. Donal fell into a faint just as he reached the dry ground, and remained in it a long time. When he came to himself, somebody said to him that he ought to

“Ná bí im bódrao,” ar reirion; “má táim rábáilte, ní ar Óia a buirdeácar, mar ní móir do bí ré im cúram; ‘d’fásfao annran amuis mé go mberdinn báitte, múcta, 7 ir beas an gearraduaid do cuirfeao ré ar aileir, gearlaím-re dúit; áct beirdeao buirdeao do Óiarmaio MacAmhlaoib, an fear glan glánta, éuaio i n-eineao a cáilte cun mé fadrao. A! a duine, má táim rábáilte,

Ní ar Óia a buirdeácar!”

SEATRÚN CÉITINN:

[Leir an Aitir O Duinnín.]

Ní’l don ugdar do funne an oirdeao le Céitinn cum léigean ir litrigheact do congáil beo i mearg na ndaoineao, go móir-móir daoine leacta moga. Níor b’ead sup reirio Seatrún reanear nio-beact, nio-cinnnte, áct sup cuir ré le céile i n-aon bolg amáin na tuairisgide do bí le fagbáil ar éirinn in na reanleabraib. Ní raib tuairisg eile le fagbáil com deap, com ruinnnte ir do leat ré ar fuair na tíre. Ní raib doinne ‘n-a rcoláire roanta ná raib eolar aise ar ptáir Céitinn, ir ní raib críocnuao deanta ar rcoláire i rcoil go mbeao macramail deanta aise do’n “bforar feara.” I mearg na otuacta rimplide ní leompaio doinne ampar do cup ar an gcunntar tugann Céitinn ar gabáil na héireann le paritolan, ir leir an gcuro eile do’n tneib rin tar lear. Ní leompaio doinne reanao sup créim-eao geardeal glar le natar nime, ir sup chearuis Maoir a cheao ‘ran éisirt le feartaib de. Bíodar na daoine realbuiscte ‘d’píunne na rgeal rain, ir bí a n-up-móir ‘n-a mbéal ada, ir ní raib dán ná laoir gan tagairt éigin dor na móir-gairisidib ar ar éiract Céitinn. Ir doig linn muna mbeao sup rgríobao an “forar feara” ná beao cuinne na rean-aimprie, ná ainmeada na rean-flait, ná éacta na leoman leat com abair i n-aigheao na ndaoineao ir bíodar leir-céao bliadan ó foim.

Ir píor, go deimín, go raib na neite reo i leabraib eile ar ar tóg Seatrún iao, áct ní’l up-móir dor na leabraib reo le fagbáil i ndiu. Do cáilleamar iao, ir tá an “forar feara” ‘n-ar mearg, gan focal, gan litir ag teartaibáil uair. Tamall ó foim ir ar éigin do bí duine uaral i gcúigeao Muman ná raib a macramail do’n “forar feara” go ceanamail i scoiméao aise. Bí



return thanks to God since he was not drowned. "Don't be bothering me," says he; "if I am saved, God is not to be thanked for it, for 't isn't much He was in my care; He would leave me there outside till I'd be drowned and suffocated, and it is little it would affect Him, I assure you; but I will be thankful to Dermot MacAuliffe, the good, decent man, who in the face of his being lost went to save me. Why, man alive, if I am saved,

God is not to be thanked for it!"

GEOFFREY KEATING.

Extract from "Irish Prose," by Rev. PATRICK S. DINEEN.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent, and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips, and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written, the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time

ré aḡ na daoineib boḡta com maic leir na huairlib. Ir cuimín linn féin figeadóir boḡt do mair i nIarlár Ciarráide, nár mór i tteannta doḡain na hoirdce do bí 'n-a feilt, do cairbedin dom a macramail do Céitinn go ceanamail, carra i linn-éadac, ir gan dul aḡ páirte breic air, ná díogbáil ar bit do dḡanam do. Da ḡeall le leabair naomta é ar a mear, ir níor díomsoin do bí an leabair rain, mar ir blarta cruinn do bí tuairis ar ḡac leatḡnac de i ḡceann an figeadóra, aḡur ba dḡeacair áiteam air go raib focal aḡt pírinne 'ran méid do rḡríob Céitinn ar fenniur fearrao, ar pártolan, ir an cúir eile aca. Tá cuimne Céitinn fór i mearḡ daoinead nár léig, ir ná fearaib riam a cúir raotair. Ir doig leir a lán go raib dḡaoideacḡ éigin ar an nḡuine, nó ḡur ó neam do táinig ré cum cunntar ar rean do tábairt dḡinn. Ní mór an t-ionḡad ḡur áireo na daoine nár dḡuine daonna Seatrún. Do tḡreib ḡallta do b'ead é, aḡt 'n-a diaib rin bí ré ior *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Catoiliceac ó cḡoideamaḡ, Saḡart, doctúir diaḡta do b'ead é. fear léigeannta i laoin ir i leabair na n-áitḡeac do b'ead é, ir caic ré a lán dá raḡal 'ran dḡrainc. Aḡt 'nuair d'fíll ré a baile tḡs ré é féin ruar ar raḡ d'obair na heaḡlaire le díḡrair ionḡantaig ḡur cuiread ruḡairt reata air, ir ḡur d'éigean do dul i bḡolac i ḡcumar doib i nḡleann eaḡrlac. Ir é an ruo ir ionḡantaig i mbeaib Seatrún go bḡuair ré uain ir caoi ar na leabair do tḡartuig uair i ḡcúir a feanḡair, do bailuḡad an raio do bí rán ir ruḡairt air. Do rḡubail ré go Connactaib ir go Doire, aḡt ní mór do mear do bí aḡ fearaib ulaḡ ná aḡ Connactaib air. i ḡcionn tḡí nó ceatair do bliadantaib bí an "fóru feara" go léir curta i ḡceann a céile aige (1631). Do rḡríob ré fór dá leabair diaḡa, "Eodair ḡiaḡ an áirinn," aḡur "tḡí bioir-ḡaoite an bair."

Dála an "fóru feara," tḡrnuigean ré ó'n bḡríortac, ir taḡann anuar go 1200. Tá ré lán do fean-rannaib i n-a mbailiḡtear ainmeac na dḡreab do táinig go héirinn, ir i n-a ḡuirtear le céile na heacḡa do bain leo. Tá a bḡuil i bḡrór de, leir, anro ir annró mḡca le ainmeacáib taoireac ir flait ir a ḡraob ḡeimealac. Níor ceap Seatrún don nro ó n-a meabair féin; ḡac a dḡuann ré dḡinn—na rḡealta, na heactraide, na ḡabá-lair, na heacḡa ar mair ir ar tḡr—ruair ré iad go léir i feanleabair do bí pá mear aḡ ollamnaib ir fáirib. Ní rinne ré aḡt iad do cup le céile ir d'áontuḡad. Dá mbead ré aḡ áit-rḡríobad na neitead rin i nroiu, aḡur a aignead lán do léigean na haimpíre reo, ní'l dḡarmad ná go ḡuirfead ré a lán díob i leat-taib, do bḡig ná baineann ríad le píir-feanḡar. Aḡt do

back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry, who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity, a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa," it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there overcrowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself; what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has

reiríob ré an “fópur feara” tá geall le trí céad bliadan ó fóin, agus ní mionsnaid ná faid an oirleadh rain amháir i dtaoibh fírinne na n-éadct ro an tríd rain. Agus ir mar an gcéadna atá an rgeal ag tíorctaid eile: Tá a lán éadct ir eadctra i reanctar na Rómá do cheir na Rómánaig go hiomlán i n-áimhriá dhírlir ir Oibíro—ná fuil ionnta adt úir rgealta na bfeilead. Ar an nór gcéadna ní géilleann don rgeoláir anoir d’éadctaid héngrir ir hórpa agus dá leictéoiríob d’éadctaríob i reanctar na bfeactaine.

Adt ’n-a díaró rin, ní ceart a d’eapmao go mbíonn bunadap fírinne inr na rgealtaid reo do gnat. Níor éum na filíde rgeal ar dtúir san deallnam éigin do beir air—*nec fingunt omnia Cretae*—ciúd go gcuirtear leir i rit na mbliadan, i dtreo ná haitneocairde é fá d’eirlead. B’oile an bail ar trí ná beir úir-rgealta do’n traspair rain cuinnigíte ir meapsta trío a cuir reanctar. Da comarctá é ná faid file ná fáid le rinreapaid i meapst a daoinead, ir náir móir aca a cáil ná a glóir.

Ir álainn an díon-bhollac a cuireann Seachtúin le n-a “fópur feara.” O teadct an dapa hénirí anall cugainn ir moine, níor gab for ná ruaimneap na huídarí Sagramnaig adt ag cur ríor bheaga ir rgealta airtre ar ar ndúctar. Giorroir do bapra, Stanhuprt, Camden, Hanmer, ir an tread rain uile—ní faid uata adt rinn do cur fá éoir ar dtúir, ir ó cheir rin oirta, rinn do marluíad i rctáiríob fallra. Agus tar éir ar bfeapann do baint dínn, ba bheaguité ir ba carcairmité do bíodar ’ná riam. Do tug Seachtúin fúta ’ran díon-bhollac le fuinneam ir le reirg. Do rtoit ré ar a céile an ráiméir marluigítead do cuir an bapra ’n-a leabap, níor fág ré puinn do Stanhuprt san réabad, ir triom é turrpaing a láimhe ar Camden ir ar Spenrer. Go deimh inr geall le gairgídead móir éigin é—le Com Cúlainn nó Aicill—a cuir airm gléarta ’n-a láim, éadac pláta ó mullac cinn go troigctíob air, ir é ag gabáil le díoghair ir le dian-reirg ar na daoimíob beaga ro do d’eapbuis éirtead i scoinníob a dúctar, ir do marluig a muinntear. Dá mbead ré ar marptean i noiu, tabap-fad ré faodar bata doir na reanctaríob atá anoir fá móir-meap, ar fíroude ir ar mlac Amílaom, ir ar Hume.

Adeir ré ’n-a díon-bhollac:—

“Ní’l rtairíde dá rgríobann ar éirinn nac ag iarraríob locta agus toibéme do tabairt do rean-ghallaid agus do gaevealaid bío; bíod a fáidnuire rin ar an teirt do beir Cambrenrir, Spenrer, Stanhuprt, Hanmer, Camden, bapclíob, Morpon, Dabir, Campion, agus gac nuad-ghall eile dá rgríobann uirté o

done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognise it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia* with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits; heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia* :—

"There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not

foin amac, ionnup supabé nór beagnac an príompoláin do ghnó as rígníobad ar Éireannaicib . . . : . ir é do ghnó cnomad ar b'éarab fo-daoinead agus caillead mbeas n-úir-íreal ar ttabhairt mairt-ghníom na n uasal i n'earmao, agus an méir a baineas fú na rean-šaebealaib do bí as áitiugad an oileáin reo ma ngabáltair na rean-šail," 7c.

Ir minic a goirtear an heperodotur šaebealac ar Seatúr, agus ir deimín sup mór a bfuil do córmaileact eatorpca araoir. Tá caint Seatúrán deas, rimplíde, mílir-briatpac, mar éaine "Átar an tSeanáir." Séanaio araoir baot-focail, neam-briogmápa, neam-fairómeamla, áct 'n-a n-ionad atá fuinneam ir tatac i ngac line dá rtáircaib. Cuipio araoir irteac na huir-réalta baineas le n-a dtír, san amhar do cur ar a b'írinne. B'é heperodotur an céad rtáiríde do cur reanár na nšpéigeac i n-easair ir i gcuinneas, agus cuib sup b'fada 'n-a diaio do rígníob ré, b'é Céitinn an céad reanáríde o'órduis ir do ceartuis i plaet, ir i n-easair reanár na nšaebeal. Do bain na filíde—na špéisig ir na Románais—á lán ar rtáircaib heperodutir, agus 'ran gcuma gcéadna tus Céitinn innbeas a n'óctain dor na filíob šaebealac, o'adogán ua Rataille, do Seagán Clápac Mac Domnáil, ir o'eošan Ruad. Áct ní feicimí oiošair i ttabo na rírinne, ná fearis cum namao á típe ar an nšpéagac. Bíonn ré cuin, focair, réim i gcomnuide i meas rtára ir úir-réil, *et quidquid Græcia mendax audet in historiis*, áct ní léisreac an šaebealac fuinne do ceart ná do cáil á típe le n-a deas namao.

Obar léigeanca, doimín ir ead "Tí bíor-šaoite an báir," lán do rmuaintib diao ir do máctnam fairómeamla ar an beacáio daonna, ir ar á érioc. Ir ionganac ar tós ré ar rean-ugdaraib ir ar oibreacáib na naom, agus ir blarta tá an obair ar fad poinnte i leabhair agus i n-altair. Áct ir trom, lairineamail an éaint atá ann ó túir go deiread, bíob go bfuil rí larta fuar annro ir annró le ršéal beas špeannmair mar an eactra pain ar "Mac Reccan."

Obar an-léigeanca i ndiaáct ir i nóranais na n'eaglaire ir ead "Eocair Šglae an Airpinn." Ní léir dúinn don ugdar eile cuipear an oiréad pain do tuairis ar neitib baineas leir an Airpeann, com beact, com cinnte rin i leabair dá méir. Áct 'n-a ceannca pain, tá an éaint com rimplíde, com špeannca, com binn, com briogmair pain, san baot-foclaib ná páirtib carca sup fupairte o'aoinneac é léigead sup i n'oiu.

endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility and everything relating to old Irish who were the inhabitants of this island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with astonishing fulness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled

expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.

EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST.

FROM "AN CNEAMHAIRE."

By UNA NÍ FHAIRCHEALLAIGH.

(Miss Agnes O'Farrelly.)

THE dancing had not long begun when the Cneamhaire slipped out unnoticed.

Up the path he went towards the cliff side of the island. Still onwards until he was on the top of the height. He paused there. Though a strong, stout man, age was pressing on him, and he had, perforce, to rest.

The moon was high in the sky, and the island and the sea could be plainly seen. The scene before him was beautiful and calm, but within the heart of the old man a storm was raging. Thus it was he did not notice how beautiful the world seemed about him. God only knew what was oppressing him.

He waved his arms above his head and spoke aloud:

"It is my own! Mine alone! Nobody else has any claim to it. I paid well for it—right well."

On he went again, walking, ever walking, just as if he had it in his mind thus to subdue the storm in his heart.

He was not long walking at that rate until he drew near to the cliffs.

Then he stopped suddenly, for he thought he heard somebody's voice. He set himself to listen, and after a short space of time he was certain of it. The voice of a woman crying, that it was, without doubt.

When he looked towards the place whence the sound came he saw clearly somebody leaning against the fence.

He drew near, and perceived at once that it was Máire Bhán who was there before him.

“Ná corruis, a leanaib. Ná bíod faitear ort, éor ar bit!”
Ní dubairt Máire focal, agus reo ar aghaid é le n-a cúro cainte:

“Ní ceart duit, a Mháire, a rtoir, beir amuis i n-donraic 7 an oirde atá ann. Tá an comluadar as fuireacht leat 'ra seir-din.”

Ní mearrad éinnead sup b'é an Cneamair do bí as caint.

“Ué! a Shéamair! an tura atá ann? Ná bac liom! Cait-pró mé leigint dom' cúro bróin. Déao níor fearr dá bárr i gceann tamail.”

“Aéit dubhradar liom, a Mháire, sup tú féin ar cionntaé leir an tura 7 an airdear reo: Tuise nac bpanpá as do mátdair 'ra mbaile 7 as Peadar fáda!”

“Tuise, a n-eaó? tá fáé go leór leir, muir, aéit cia an máit beir as caint anoir?” Ar an toirt, do fil na deóra léiti 7 érom rí ar sul aipr.

Níor cúir an Cneamair irtead uipri an fáro do lean rí ar beir as caoi, aéit nuair d'éipis rí níor ciúine ar ball d'fíarppuis ré d'i cia an fáé d'i beir as imteacht ar éireann.

“Ná ceil orm éin-deó do'n pípinne” ar' reirean ra deóir.
“Caó faoi ndeara go bfuil tú as imteacht uainn?”

“Do bpiis go bfuil earbair aipisio orm” ar' an cailín boét.

“An t-airgead! an t-airgead!” ar' an Cneamair go neam-foisdeach, “S é an rgeal céadna é i gcomnairde; aéit bíod 'fíor asat, a cailín, go bfuil a lán puodá 'ra domán níor fearr i bpaó 'ná an t-airgead féin.”

Ní tug Máire freagra ar bit air, do bí an oirde roin iongan-tair uipri:

“Nac bfuil Peadar asat!” ar' reirean “agus nac leór duit é rin?”

“Tá—Peadar—agam; ir fíor duit³ é, “Arfa Máire i ndeiread na dálaé, “aéit—ní tuigim tú. Nac bfuil dúil asat féin 'ran airgead? Gabaim pároun asat, a Shéamair; ní 'gá caraó leat atáim, éor ar bit.”

“Ní fuil focal bpiéige ann, a ingean ó. Ir móir i mo dúil 'ran airgead le leat-céad bliadan, aéit ní raib an rgeal mar rin agam puam. Dhi lá eile agam. Dhi mé ós 7 bíor i ngráó com máit leat-ra, 7 b'féidir níor domne 'ná mar atáir-re. Dhiór boét, 7 d'i ríre boét, freirín. D'págbair mo céad rlan aici 7 do bailigear liom go haimiépocá le capnán aipisio do cúir ar muin a céile 7 le bean uapal do déanam dom' rpeir-bean. D'iméigear liom ríar sup fíroicear lartair na Stát n-dontuigíte. Chaitear pinnit bliadanta ann 7 d'éipis an raogal liom go zeal: Ir

She did not know that there was man or mortal near her, and she started in affright when he laid his hand on her head:

"Do not stir, child. Don't be the least afraid."

Máire did not say a word, and he proceeded:

"It is not right for you, Máire a stóir, to be out alone this night. The company are watching for you in the kitchen."

Nobody would think it was the Cneamhaire who was talking.

"Och! Séamas! Is it you that is in it? Don't mind me! I must give way to my sorrow. I shall be the better of it after a little."

"But they told me, Máire, that it is you yourself are accountable for this journey. Why would you not stay at home with your mother and with Peadar Fada?"

"Why is it? There is plenty of reason for it; but what is the use of talking now?" Her tears fell on the moment and she began to cry again.

The Cneamhaire did not disturb her whilst she wept, but when she grew calmer by-and-by, he asked her why she was leaving Ireland.

"Don't conceal one scrap of the truth from me," he said at last. "What is the cause of your leaving us?"

"Because I am in want of money," said the poor girl.

"Money! money!" said the Cneamhaire impatiently. "The same story always; but know, girl, that there are plenty of things in the world better far even than money."

Máire was so surprised that she did not answer him.

"Have you not Peadar," he said, "and is not that enough for you?"

"I have—Peadar—it is true for you," said Máire at long last; "but—I don't understand you. Don't you yourself care for money? Forgive me, Séamus; it is not upraising you with it I am at all."

"There is not a word of lie in it, girl. I have been eager for money for the past fifty years; but it was not so with me always. I was once otherwise. I was young, and I was in love as well as you. I was poor, and she was poor also. I bade her a long farewell, and I took myself off to America to put some money together, and to make my sweetheart a lady. I moved on till I reached the west of the United States. I spent some years there, and the world throve with me. I used seldom get a letter from Ireland, except, now and again, a couple of words from her, to say she was well, or the like of that.

Once, a year went by, and never a word from her. I could

annam a geibinn leictir ó Éirinn aet amáin cúpla focal anoir 7 aipir uaiti-Sean 'gá ráð go raib rí go maic, agus a leictéirí rin.

“Don uair amáin cuair bliadain tarainn 7 gan focal agam uaiti. Níor b'féidir liom a fulang beic gan tuairis uirri, 7 ó tápla an t-am rin go raib roinnt maic aipisio i dtairisio agam, tug mé agair ar an mbaile aipir. Oé? mo léan gearr ír mo lomaó luain! ní raib roimam aet a huais. 'San uais céadna cuiread na comurraim uilis nac móir, bliadain na goirta. Sait-eaó irteac le céile iad i n-éan-poll amáin.

“Ó a Dha na ngráta! i ag fasbail báir leir an oclar ar taoib an bótar 7 mire i bpaó uaiti 7 gan rméaróio eólar agam ar a cáir! Sire gan ruo le cur i n-a beal aici 7 mire tall i n-dimeiriocá, mo póca lán go beal o'airgead.”

Do famluig éadon an tSean-fir go militeac fa folar na geal-aige. O'iompuig ré uaiti beagán 7 érom ré ar amharc amac tar an bpaipise ó cuair:

Bhí a fíor ag Máire go raib ré ag déanam maranta ar uais móir bliadna na goirtan tuar i gCondae Mhuigéó 7 níor leig rí focal ar láir. I n-a leabair rin, ír amlaib go ruig rí ar láim aipir: O'airis rí fuar gan bpiis gan fuinneam i:

Bhí an cailín ag bailleiric aet ní fuac na hoirde fa n-deara é. Níor b'é an Cneamair do bí or a comair aet tarbóire o'airis cuici ar laeteanntaib a óige.

“A Sheamair boict! a Sheamair boict!” ar' ríre or íreal. Níor cuir an Sean-fear éan-tfuim innti, aet o'fan ré ag amharc amac do taoib an Dha Dheinn Déas gan corraige ar

Bhíodar mar rin ar fear tamail maic aipir.

“B'féidir supab é an fáct go bfuil dúil agam 'ran aipgead,” ar' an Cneamair fa deiread, “sup iocar com daor rin & r. Bíonn an t-airgead mar fuil or comair mo dá fuil—go dearg, go dearg 7 gcomhairde. Ír mar rin a éim-re é.”

Do érom Máire a ceann fíor 7 póg rí a láim. O'airis Séamar deóir ag tuicim léiti.

Bhíodar araon i n-a dtóirt go ceann tamail.

“Ní imteóga ar an oileán, cor ar bit,” arfa Máire go haibíó.

“Ní imteóga tú, an n-eaó? An é rin a n-abrann tú? Aet an dtuigeann tú 'n-a ceart méad na boctanaecta a beap ag soill-eaó ort annreo, má fanair?”

“Ní fuil duine 'ra domán a tuigeannr níor fearr 'ná mire com trom 7 a bíonnr an ganntar 7 an boctanaect ag gabail do muinntir Áirann—aet 'n-a díad rin féin fanfad 'ra mbaile i n-ainm Dé.”

not bear to be without tidings of her, and since it happened, that time, that I had a good deal of money saved, I faced for home. Och! my sharp sorrow and my lasting woe! I found only her grave before me. In the same grave nearly all the neighbours were buried, the famine year. They were all cast into the one hole."

"Oh! God of Grace! she dying with hunger by the side of the road, and I far from her, without a gleam of knowledge as to her state! She without anything to put in her mouth, and I beyond in America, my pocket chock-full with money!"

The face of the old man looked wan in the light of the moon. He turned from her a little and gazed out over the sea to the north.

Máire knew that he was thinking deeply of the big grave of the famine year up in County Mayo, and she never let slip a word. Instead, she took hold of his hand. She felt it cold and nerveless and clammy.

The girl was trembling, but not from the coldness of the night. It was not the Cneamhaire who was before her, but a ghost which came to her from the days of his youth.

"Poor Séamas! poor Séamas!" she said softly. The old man did not heed her, but continued to look towards the Twelve Pins without ever stirring.

Thus they remained for a long while.

"Perhaps the reason I have such a desire for money," said the Cneamhaire at last, "is because I paid for it so dearly. Money is like blood before my two eyes—red, red, always. That is how I see it."

Máire bent her head and kissed his hand. Séamas felt a tear falling from her.

They were both silent for a time.

"I shall not leave the island at all," said Máire hastily.

"You will not go, is it, Is that what you say? But do you rightly understand the greatness of the poverty that will weigh on you if you stay?"

"There is no one in the world understands better than I do how heavy want and poverty lie on the people of Aran; but, even so, I shall stay at home, with the help of God."

"It is well," said the Cneamhaire.

* * * * *

The next morning the island folk went eastwards, one by

“Tá go maí,” ar’ an Cneamáire.”

* * * * *

Ar maidin lá ar n-a bárad cuad’ar muinntear an oileáin i n-oidiú a céile roir go dtí an fánán. Uhi na cupaca i gcóir cum na gcailíní do bí le dul tar lear do bheit ar bop’o an long-shaile.

“Tuise go bfuil tura ag caoinead?” ar’a pead’ar fada nuair d’ar’duig Máire Uhan a gut com maí le các. “I’r muidne a b’éar ag caoinead in do oidí.”

“Táim ag caoinead i n-oidiú na gcailíní atá ar tí imteacht, uainn,” ar’a Máire.

“An dá pírib atá tú, a Mháire? ‘Ar n’ó,’ ní ceart duit beit ag fonnáir fúm inoiu 7 ualac ar mo éiríde.”

“Ní ag déanam fonnáir’ fút atáim, muir. Tá m’innctinn focair agam ar fanaect leat, cibé boct fard’bhir tú, nó cibé an fard a cáit’fimid beit ag feiteam le n-a céile.”

Ní éirídear pead’ar a cluara féin.

“I’r ag magad fúm atá tú, tá mé ag ceapad.”

“Ní head go deimin! Ní déanpáinn a leitéir ort ar an domán.”

“Éirídeim tú anoir, muir. Acé ní tuigim an rgeal cor ar bit. Cad a tug ort an t-atarpuagad innctinn’ reo?”

“Airling a bí agam aréir, a phead’air, nó b’ionglóir, mar adéartá. Shaoilear go raib tura i’r fcan-fear éiríde san fuinneam i do g’éagaid ná g’áid d’éinne’ i do éiríde. Uhi tú i’r iargaire comportamail annro. Uhi mire t’éir dímeiríocá, clóca fíoda orm 7 hata gléarta go deap le ribíní agus a leitéirí eile, airgead mo d’óctaint im’ rparán agam 7 ‘c uile éineál maom’ im’ feilb. Uhiór-ra ag gabáilte ruar an bóit’rín i n-aice na roil’ 7 mé ag teact a baile. Capad dam annrín tú, acé níor aicín tú mé, cor ar bit.”

“‘Mire Máire Uhan,’ adubpar leat.

“‘Ní tú,’ ar’a tura go feargac; ‘ní tú go deimin. Uhi Máire—mo Mháire re—i n-a cail n ós fíactmar, agus cad mar g’eall ort-ra? Sean-bean portamail g’ánda tú atá córuigte mar péacóis i ngioblaicáil r’óil. Ní tura Máire go deimin.’

“D’féadar ríor i bpoll uirge a bí taob’ liom 7 do b’é rin an céad uair d’airgear mé féin aor’da g’ánda; bí an ceart agat.

“‘I’r mire Máire Uhan,’ adubpar ar’r.

“D’féad tú orm annrín roir an dá fúil 7 an fad a bíor mar don leat níor tóg tú do fúile díom.

“‘I’r amlaid’ adéir tú,’ ar’a tura, ‘acé ní éirídeim tú—ní tura an Mháire a tucag g’áid d’í fad ó. Thíor ‘ran roil’is úo b’fearr

one, towards the slip. The curachs were ready to bring the girls who were going abroad on board the steamer.

"Why are you 'caoining'?" said Peadar Fada, when Máire Bhán raised her voice like the others. "It is we who shall be 'caoining' after you."

"I am 'caoining' for the girls who are about to leave us," said Máire.

"Are you serious, Máire? In troth, it is not right for you to make fun of me to-day and a load on my heart."

"It is not making fun of you I am, maiseadh. I have my mind made up to stay with you, whether you are rich or poor, or however long we must wait for each other."

Peadar would not believe his own ears.

"It is making fun of me you are, I am thinking."

"It is not indeed! I would not do the like on you for the world."

"I believe you now, indeed! But I don't understand the story a bit. What caused you this change of mind?"

"A vision I had last night, Peadar, or a dream, as you might say. I thought that you had become an old, contrary man, without energy in your limbs, or love to anyone in your heart. You were a comfortable fisherman here. I had come back from America. I had a silk cloak on me, and a hat beautifully decked with ribbons and such like things, with plenty of money in my purse and every kind of means in my possession. You were going up the lane near the graveyard when I was on my way home. I met you there, but you did not recognise me at all."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said. 'You are not,' you replied angrily; 'not you, indeed. Máire—my Máire—was a fine young girl; and what about you? A proud, ugly, old woman, titivated like a peacock in silken rags! You are not Máire Bhán indeed.'"

"I looked down in a pool of water beside me, and that was the first time I noticed myself old and ugly. You were right."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said again.

"You looked at me then between the two eyes, and as long as I was with you you did not lift your eyes from me.

"'So you say, but I don't believe,' you said. 'You are not the Máire I loved long ago. Down in the graveyard yonder I would rather her to be than to resemble you now. I don't know you at all.' And saying that, you went off. I was

liom í 'beit 'ná beit mar tura anoir. Ní aithníim tú cor ar bit.' Agus 'sá náó rin, ar so brát leat. Bhíor pásta im' donarán so brónac. Sin í an bhionglóir a bí agam. Nac airt-eac é ?”

“Ní fuil tú ír' fearn-bean fóir, a nín! Do b'ághmarac an bhionglóir dam-ra í, cibé rgeal é. Agus, an n-abrann tú, a Mháire, gur bhionglóir a tug ort fanact 'ra mbaile ?”

Níor mear Máire gur ceart dí rgeal an Chneamháire d'innrint san ceat aici uair. Mar rin aubairt rí:—

“É rin agus nuad eile.”

“Buirdeacair mór do Ohia,” arfa Peadar.

* * * * *

“Nac mór an t-iongantair nac mbéiteá ag brait le do díol mná 'fagbáil ?” aubairt atair Pheadair leir cúpla lá i n-a diair rin. “Nac deap dactamail an cailín i Máire Chatac, in-gean na baintreabhaige tiar i gCionn an Bhaile ?”

Chuir Peadar cluar le héirteact air féin. Dá mba gur tuit an grian anuar ar an rpeir ní cuirfead pé níor mó iongantair air

Ní faib pé i n-innim oirfad le focal do náó.

“Tá pé i n-am do Chait, freirin, cur fúit i n-ait dí féin. Ní macad beirt máisirtear le céile i n-éin-teac amáin. Cad é do mear ar Mhac Uí Ohonnacáda. Ní fuil fóo talman aige, act mar rin féin, 'ar nód', ír breaš láidir an buacail é. Daoine macánta a b'ead iad a feact rinnirir poime.”

Níor féad Peadar focal do cur ar, agus níor tuis pé rtaio na ceirte cuise 'ná ar éan-cor. So deimín, níor tuis act an oirfad le ceap bróise, mar adéartá, act dá mbíod pé do látar 'ra reomra beas taoib tiar do'n círoin rgaatam beas i n-a diair rin ír dóda so dtuigfead pé an t-ionplán so dianmáit. Ír fearn-focal é, agus ír ríor, so dtairbeánann tráitnín treó na gaoite.

Ar bail nuair do bí an t-aor ós tíor ar an Muirbeac, reo é an Cneamháire irteac cum atar Pheadair agus mála aige i n-a láim.

Seo é ag tarraing lán a glaise do píopaib óir amac ar an mála, agus ag áiream trí píóir punnt ar an gclár or a comair, agus reo é fóir 'sá náó, agus é ag féacain so glinn géar ar an bdear eile:

“Ní cuirfid Tomár Sheagáin Ruairí barr a méire palaise ar mo cúir airtio so deó. Dar fiaó, ní cuirfid. Ír do'n ghráó agus do'n óise atáim 'sá tabairt.

left alone, deserted and in sadness. That is the dream I had. Is it not strange?"

"You are not an old woman yet, a *ruín*! It was a lucky dream for me anyhow. And, do you say, Máire, that it was a dream caused you to stay at home?"

Máire did not think herself justified in telling the Cneamhaire's story without leave from him; so she answered:

"That and other things."

"Great thanks be to God!" said Peadar.

* * * * *

"Isn't it a great wonder you wouldn't be looking out to get a wife to suit you," said Peadar's father to him a couple of days later. "Isn't Máire Chatach, the daughter of the widow over in Cronn-an-Bhaile, a nice, good-looking girl?"

Peadar set himself to listen. If the sun fell down out of the sky it would not surprise him more. He was unable to say as much as a word.

"It is time for Cáit, too, to settle down in a place of her own. Two mistresses would not go well together in one house. What do you think of young Mac Donnchadha? He has not a sod of land, but, even so, he is a fine, strong boy. Honest people they were, his seven generations before him."

Peadar could not get out a word, and he did not understand the state of the question at all. In truth, he did not, any more than a shoemaker's last, as one might say; but if he were present in the little room beyond the kitchen afterwards, it is likely that he would understand the whole matter right well. It is an old proverb, and it is a true one, which says that a straw shows how the wind blows.

By-and-by, when the young people were down in the *muirbheach*, the Cneamhaire comes in to Peadar's father and a bag in his hand.

He draws the full of his hand of gold pieces from the bag, and counting out sixty pounds on the table before him, he says, looking steadily and sharply at the other man:

"Tomás Sheaghán Ruaidhri will never put the top of his dirty finger on my money. By heavens, he'll not. It is to love and to youth I am giving it."

AN UAIH.

SIOTA AR AN “NGIOBLACÁN.”

(Díprgéal le tomár O n-Dotha.)

Bíor as féacaint timcheall oim an fáro do bí ré as caint, as bheathnugadh ar an reompa agus an éaoi 'n-a faib ré curta le céile agus 'gá fíapnuige im' aigneadh féin cá bfuair ré na rúgáin ar fáo nuair dubairt ré :

“Tá tú as déanamh iongantair dem' teaghlac agus dem' aicill-réaect: Nác deap-lámae an duine me?”

“Seadh, ar m' focal; aect cá bfuair na rúgáin go léir? Agus má'r uaim aca annro, ar ndóig ní faib éin-deal leir an mbotán ro i n-éan-cór.”

“Inneoradh mire duit ar ball; aect an mb'ait leat an uaim ar fáo d' fíreaint?”

“D'ait liom,” arfa mire, “aect tá ré ró-luat fóir an cór do cup fám.”

“Ní'l, pioc,” ar reiréan, “com fáda ir tá ré reo asat,” agus tós ré maide cpoire ó'n gcúinne agus rín ré cugam é.

“Raganaoio amac go fóill go bfeicfid tú mo ríogact-ra ar fáo,” ar ré.

“Aect cá bfuair an maide cpoire?” arfa mire leir.

“Cuirear le céile i an fáro do bí tú io' cothlad. Sab i leit annro anoir agus tabair aine do'n cór.”

Tós ré an tuillreán ó'n mbóro agus d' orsail ré dorar beas taob leir an teallac agus éuaðmar araon irteac. Ní fáca mé a leitéio de maðarc ó'n lá rugadh me go dtí rín agus ní fáca mé maðarc mar é ó roin. Bí an reompa beas déanta go díreac glan ar an gcaoi éadna i faib an ceann eile, aect do bí ré líonta ruar go dtí an dorar le harmaib de gac cineál, agus bíodar go léir com glan agus com roillreac roin ir sup baineadar an maðarc díom, nac móir, nuair do éuaðar irteac ar dtúr. Bíodar ar cpoicadh aise ór cionn a céile ar na ballaib tairt timcheall an treompa com fáda ir b'féidir leir rlighe d' págail dóib—gunnaí gearra agus piorcail go leór, agus a lán de claiomtib agus de baigheitib—agus bí cuio eile aca cruacta i ngrógánaib ar an úrlar. Bí úirnéir beas, inneóin agus úirliirí gabann i gcúinne, agus binnre agus úirliirí riúinéara i gcúinne eile. Bí an fear agus an áit as éirige níor airtige gac éan-noimint:

“Ir dóig liom go bfuilim fá bpaoréaect,” arfa mire, nuair do tógar lán mo fáil de'n treompa.

“Ní'lip, maire, i n-éan-cór,” arfa an “Gíoblaeán.”

THE CAVERN.

From the Novel "An Gioblachán," by Tomás O h-Aodha,
(i.e., Thomas Hayes).

I WAS looking round me, while he was speaking, examining the room and the manner in which it was constructed, and asking myself in my own mind where did he get all the hay-ropes, when he said:

"You are making a wonder of my dwelling and of my skill. Am I not a handy man?"

"You are, on my word; but where did you get all the hay-ropes? And if this is a cavern, there was certainly no necessity for the cabin at all."

"I'll tell you by-and-by; but would you wish to see the cavern entirely?"

"I would, indeed," I said, "but it is too soon yet to put the foot under me."

"Not a bit," he replied, "while you have this," and he took a crutch from the corner and handed it to me.

"We shall go out awhile," he said, "until you see my entire kingdom."

"But where did you get the crutch?" I said to him.

"I put it together while you were asleep. Come hither now and take care of the foot."

He took the lamp from the table, opened a little door beside the hearth, and we both went in. I did not see a sight like what I saw since I was born till then, nor did I see a sight like it since. The little room was made exactly in the same way as the other one, but it was filled to the door with arms of every description, and they were all so clean and so bright that they almost dazzled me when I entered first. They were hanging above each other, on the walls round the room, as far as he could find room for them—muskets and pistols in plenty, and many swords and bayonets—and others were stacked in heaps on the floor. There was a little furnace, an anvil, and a smith's tools in one corner, and a bench and a joiner's tools in another corner. The man and the place were getting stranger every moment.

"I think I am under some enchantment," said I, when I had taken the full of my eye of the room.

"You are not, indeed," said the Gioblachán.

He took up one of the guns and rubbed it affectionately with his hand.

'Do tós ré ruar ceann de na gunnaibh agus do éimil ré a go cineálta le n-a láim.

"féac," ar reirean, "nac deap an úirlir i rin. Táinig si o Ameriocá agus do éirpéad si piléar tré duine nac móir míle ó baile; aet éirimíó an éuro eile aca ariir. Sab i leit annro."

O'forsaíl ré doiar eile agus bagair ré amac orim. Níor féadar mo lám o' feirceint bí ré com doirca roin. Níor éim-nígear go rabamar inr an uaim agus nuair o' féadar amac dubhar.

"Uc, nac doirca i an oirde!"

Leis an "Sioblaacán" rmut gáire ar.

"Nac doirca i an oirde," arra gut taob amuis oiom: "há! há!" arra gut eile. Annroin do labair beirt nó triúr eile i n-éirpéad níor fuirde amac, "Uc! nac doirca"—"há! há!"—"an oirde"—"há! há! há!"—"Nac"—"Nac doirca"—"há! há!"—"an oirde"—"há! há! há!"—agus mar rin leó as rsiirpéad agus as déanam magair púm go raib an áit lan ruar de gutannaibh. Bíodar tíor púm, éuar or mo cionn, ar m'áirí amac agus ar gac taob oiom. O' iméigeadar uaim i ndiaib a céile agus o' írligeadar fá deirpéad ar nóir na raib ionnta aet rioparínac as creataó i gcúinnib na huama.

Deir mire gur bain ré pteab aram. Táinig rsgannraó orim ar otúr agus 'na diaib rin táinig iongantar agus uatbár an traosail orim, ar nóir náir féadar corruige ar an áit 'n-a rabar im fearam ar fead cúig nóiminte. Do bagair an "Sioblaacán" irteac orim.

"Mac-alla," arra mire, nuair bí an doiar dúnta aige.

"Sead," ar ré, "nac bpeas é?"

"Níor ariugear ruam poime reo éan-ruo mar é aet éan-uair amáin; aet ní raib tead ruar ar bit leir reo aige. Tá an uaim go han-móir ir doca."

"Bí cinnte de rin. Táir io' fearam anoir ar bpuac gáca uatbáraige agus má tá éan-óiríac amáin ann, tá ré ór cionn míle triois i ndoimnead. Ná téigir ió-faó amac nuair a beao as cairbeánt na huama duic, nó b'féidir go bfuigtea dúbán io' ceann; coinnis taob éiar oiom-ra agus ní beir daoal ar bit ort."

Tós ré rlipeós siumaire agus cuir ré rgoilt beas 'na héatall le tuais. Annroin ruair ré rop barrraig agus pocruis ré irteac 'ran rgoilt é agus car ré an barrac i mbacall mar beao méarós ar barr na rlipeóige. Nuair bí ré pocruigete go daingean aige, túm ré an rlipeós agus an barrac i bpoa ola agus o'fás ré ann iao go raib an ola rúigete irteac go maic ionnta. Tugar fá ndeara lom-láirpéac go raib ré as déanam cóirre cun na huama do cairbeánt dam.

"Look," said he, "is not that a pretty tool? It came from America, and it would put a bullet through a person almost a mile from home; but we'll see the remainder again. Come over here."

He opened another door, and he motioned me out. I could not see my hand it was so dark. I did not recollect that we were in a cavern when I looked out, and I said:

"Ugh! is it not a dark night?"

The Gioblachán let a little laugh out of him.

"Is it not a dark night!" said a voice outside me. "Ha! ha!" said another voice. Then two or three spoke together further out. "Ugh! is it not"—"Ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"Is it not"—"Is it not a dark"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—and so on with them, mimicking and making fun of me till the place was filled with voices. They were beneath me and over my head; they were directly in front of me and on both sides. They faded away one after the other, and they lowered at last so that there was not in them but a whisper, trembling in the corners of the cavern.

I say that I was startled. Fright came on me at first, and afterwards the wonder and awe of the world came on me, so that I could not stir from the place in which I was standing for five minutes. The Gioblachán beckoned me inside.

"An echo," said I, when he had closed the door.

"Yes," said he, "is it not fine?"

"I never before heard anything like it except once, but it could not come near this at all. The cavern is very large, I suppose."

"Be sure of that. You are standing now on the brink of an awful chasm, and if it's an inch, it's over a thousand feet in depth. Do not go too far out when I am showing you the cavern, or perhaps you might get a reeling in your head. Keep behind me and there will be no fear of you."

He took a chip of pinewood, and put a split in its end with a hatchet. Then he got a wisp of tow and fixed it into the split, and twisted it into a knob just like a ball on the top of the chip. When it was firmly fixed, he dipped the chip and the tow into a pot of oil, and left them there until the oil was well soaked into them. I observed directly that he was making a torch in order to show me the cavern.

"This will give us sufficient light now," he said, and he

“Tiubhairt ré seo polar ar n-óráint dúinn anoir,” ar ré, agus cuir ré teine leir. Cuadmair amac go bhuac na gága arís. Gac cor do cuirteamair óinn do cuir an mac-alla fheadra ear ar cúgáinn. O’ árouis an “Sioblaacán” an tóirre ór a éionn ar nór go bfuiginn maðarc maít ar an uaim, agus do fear ré go dána amac ar bhuac an puill. Ní déanfaínn féin é dá bfuiginn míle púnt; áct, ar n-óis, mar a veir an rean-focal—“Neatn na taitíge méaduigeann ré an taircuirne.”

Cé go dtug an tóirre polur bheadh uair níor féadair fuo ar bit d’ fheircint áct amáin joinnt beag de’n cappaiz ór mo éionn agus ar gac taobh óiom. Amac uainn ní raib ann áct dorcadair tnom tiug agus ir dóis liom féin náir vein an tóirre áct é do méaduigad. Bí ré com tiug roin gur faoilear go mb’ féidir liom é gearrad le rgin, no mán de tógaint im’ láim. Bíor as riarruige óiom féin, an faid do bíor as féadaint amac, cad do bí foluigte taobh ear de’n dorcadair, agus do bí ré com diaimair gnaíneamail rin gur cuir ré uatbár im éiríde.

“Ní l iomarca le feircint amac uainn no taobh ear óinn,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “áct tairbeánfair mé duit anoir doimneact an puill.” Cuairt ré ar a glúimib.

“Luis ríor agus tarrains amac go bhuac na cairrige,” ar reirean, “táim cun an tóirre do caiteam ríor.”

Ligeair ríor mar d’ árouis ré agus bfuidear amac go hairead go raib mo ceann ear bhuac na gága. Do vein ré féin an fuo céadna. Cait ré an tóirre amac uair agus ríor agus ríor leir trío an dorcadair. Bíor as bpat gac éan-nóimint go mbuailfead ré an tóin áct níor buail; agus níor tairbeán ré éan-fuo dúinn. Bíor as faire ar go dtí ná raib ann áct rpread. Táimis pian im’ fúilb agus dúdán im’ ceann ó veit as féadaint ar, agus do éirtear go rmiór. Fá veiread do cailleamair maðarc ar ar fao.

“Anoir, cad veir tú,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán” irtead im’ éluair nuair bí an tóirre iméigte ar maðarc.

“Leis dam go fóill,” arfa mire, “go gcuirpí mé leitead na cairrige idir mé féin agus an poll uatbárac úo.” Agus do cuadar as lapadail irtead ran mboacán. Ní leigfead an eagla dam éirge im’ fearam go maðar irtis, agus bíor mar duine do bead i n-áirde ar luarsán. Táimis an “Sioblaacán” irtead im’ duiad agus dún ré an doirar.

“Ir airdeas agus ir milltead an áit i seo,” arfa mire, “agus tá gheim im’ éiríde le huatbár.”

“Bíor féin mar rin ar dtúr,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “agus i bpat níor meara ná tá turfa anoir, mar ir beag náir cuitear irtead ar mullac mo éinn ran gág an tarna huair do tásgar

set fire to it. We went out to the brink of the chasm again. Every stir we made the echo sent us back an answer. The Gioblachán raised the torch over his head, so as that I would get a good view of the cavern, and he stood out boldly on the edge of the chasm. I would not do it myself if I got a thousand pounds; but, no doubt, as the proverb says, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Though the torch gave fine light, I could not see a thing, except a portion of the rock above me and at each side. Out from us there was nothing but a heavy, thick darkness, and I believe myself the torch only increased it. It was so dense that I thought it possible to cut it with a knife, or to take a handful of it in my hand. I was asking myself while I was looking out what was hidden behind the darkness; for it was so hideously gloomy that it filled my heart with terror.

"There is not much to be seen in front of us or above us," said the Gioblachán; "but I shall show you the depth of the chasm now."

He went on his knees.

"Lie down and draw out to the edge of the rock," said he "I am about to fling down the torch."

I lay down as he ordered, and moved out carefully till my head was over the brink of the chasm. He did the same thing himself. He threw the torch out from him and down, down with it through the darkness. I was expecting every moment that it would strike the bottom, but it did not, and it showed us nothing. I was watching it till there was in it but a spark. A pain came in my eyes and a reeling in my head from being looking at it, and I trembled to the marrow. At last we lost sight of it altogether.

"Now what do you say?" said the Gioblachán into my ear when the torch had disappeared.

"Let me be awhile," said I, "until I put the breadth of the rock between myself and that dreadful hole," and I went crawling into the cabin. The fear would not allow me to rise until I was inside, and I felt like one who would be on a swing. The Gioblachán came in after me and shut the door.

"This is a strange and dreadful place," I said, "and there is a 'lite' in my heart with terror."

"I was like that first," said the Gioblachán, "and far worse than you are now, for it is little but I fell head foremost into the chasm the second time I came here; but I am used to it now and do not mind it."

annro ; aét cá taitéige ašam aip anoir ašur ní cúipim ruim ar bit ann."

Tós ré anuap bóša ašur raišeao do bí aige ran mbočán aš o. ná

"Tairbeánfaid mé leiteao na gáša duit anoir."

Fuair pé mām bapraig ašur éar pé ar bíor na raišoe é ašur dein pé cóipre oe map do dein pé oe'n trlipreóis noime rin. Nuair bí a dótaint ola rúigte aš an mbapraig, do cúip pé teine leir ašur d'oršail pé an doap. "Péac amac anoir," ar pé ašur ršaoil pé uaid é trío an dopcádar leir an mbóša. Cuaid an traišeao ašur an rop bapraig ar lapad go poillpéac amac, b'féoiri céao ríac, šan an taob éall do bualaó ; ašur annroin do élaonuig pé ríor i noiaid a céile ašur tuit pé map do tuit an cóipre, ašur i šceann tamail do pluigeao i noimneacé na gáša é šan éan-puo do tairbeánt dúinn. Ní mipe a náó šur méaduig pé reo an méao ionšantair do bí im' époide céana:

Cúip pé rtól taob amuig oe'n doap. "Šur ríor annro go póil," ar peirean, "go šcuirpíó tú aítne ar an šcuirdeactain a bíonn annro ašam go minic."

an mac alla:

Ruš pé ar céann oe na šunnaib ašur cúip pé píleip ann. Šul a paib a šíor ašam cao do bí gá déanam aige o' árhoiŕ pé an šunna ašur éait pé upcar ar.

"Compaige Dé eušainn," arpa mire, ašur do ppeabar im feapam leir an ngeit do bain pé apam. Šaoilear go paib an ríab aš tuitim ipceac opainn. D'éipig an mac alla map blaódm cóipniŕe, ašur bí an fuaim com huatébapac poim šur móčuigear an capraig aš epiteao púm. D'imtiŕ pé uainn ašur táiniŕ pé ar aip apír ašur apír eile, ar nóš šur b'éigín oam mo méapaca do cúip im' éuapaid cun an "puaille buaille" do congšáilt amac. Ar oúp bí pé com boip bagapac leir an cóipniŕ ; annroin bí pé go šapš ŕlušapac pa map beao fuaim na paipre aš bpureao go tpom ar élocap tráša ; ašur n-a díaid rin bí pé an-éopamail leir an bpuaim do éucpaó ó élaide aš tuitim, no ó épucaillib do beao aš šabáil éar bócar šapš ; ašur trío an bpótpom ašur an truptar go léip táiniŕ eušainn fuaim map pléaršao šunnai móp i bpao uainn. Éait an "šíoblaéan" a do nó a trí d'upcaraid eile ašur bí ponm aip leanamaint do'n šnó, aét d'iarpar aip a éabairt ruar. Bí an mac alla go han-bpeaš ar paó aét bí mo dótaint ašam oe an uair rin go háipite. Aét ní

He took down a bow-and-arrow, which he had in the cabin, saying :

“I shall show you the breadth of the chasm now.”

He got a handful of tow, and wound it round the point of the arrow, and made a torch of it, as he did of the pinewood chip previously. When it had soaked a sufficient quantity of oil he set fire to it, and opened the door.

“Look out now,” said he, and he sent the torch away through the darkness by means of the bow. The arrow, with the wisp of tow lighting brightly, went out, perhaps, a hundred yards without striking the other side; then it inclined downwards gradually, and fell as the torch did, and after awhile it was swallowed in the depths of the chasm without showing anything to us. It is unnecessary to say that this increased the wonder which was already in my heart.

He placed a stool outside the door.

“Sit down here awhile,” said he, “until you make the acquaintance of the company I have, often here.”

THE ECHO.

FROM “AN GIOBLACHÁN,” BY THOMAS HAYES.

He took one of the guns and put a cartridge in it. Before I knew what he was about he raised the gun and fired a shot.

“The protection of God to us!” said I, and I jumped to my feet with the start he gave me. I thought the mountain was falling in on us. The echo arose like a burst of thunder, and the sound was so awful that I felt the rock trembling beneath me. It faded away and came back, again and again, so that it was necessary for me to put my fingers in my ears to keep out the roar of it. At first it was as fiercely threatening as thunder, then it was roughly rumbling, just like the sound of the sea breaking heavily on a stony shore, and afterwards it closely resembled the sound that would arise from the falling of a dry wall, or from carts going over a rough road; and through all the clamour and confusion came a noise like the explosion of big guns far away. The Gioblachán fired two or three other shots, and he was inclined to continue the business, but I asked him to desist. The echo was very fine indeed, but I had got quite enough of it, for this time at all

faib an “Sioblaacán” páirta fóir. Tós ré anuar fíoil bí ar crioctó, de’n bálta, agus cúir ré i gcóir í.

“An dtaitneann ceól leat?” ar reirean.

“Taitneann go maith,” arfa mife, “tá rpéir móir agam ann i gcomhnuithe.”

“Má’r mar rin atá an rgeál,” ar ré, “geobair tú ceól anoir nó riamh.”

“Má tá ré mar an ceól do tús an mac alla uair ó éianaiú ná bac leir.”

“Éir,” ar reirean, ag leigint gáire ar, “agus tabair do bheit nuair táim criochnuighe.”

Tornuig ré ag reinm, agus dá mbéinn ag caint go ceann reáct-maine ní féadfaínn tuarparbáil éarct do tabairt ar an gcomhreinm d’éirig ran uaim. B’áluinn an beirleatóir an “Sioblaacán” agus bí ré ’n-a cúmar, “ó neart na taitighe,” ir dóca, ceól do buaint ar an mac alla com maith leir an bfiol. Dá mbead gac éin-gléar ceól i n-éirinn bailighe irteac i n-éan-halla amáin agus iad go léir ar riubal i n-éirfeact, ní féadfaí ríad ceól níor binne ná níor áilne ná níor taitneamaisge do tabairt uata ná an ceól do tús an fíoil agus an mac alla dúinn an oirde úo. Tós ré an crioide agus an t-anam aram. Níor mótuigear pian ná tuirpe ná eagla ná éinnid eile áct amáin doibnear agus ráram aignid an faid do bí an “Sioblaacán” ag reinm agus d’fanfaínn annpoin ag éirteact leir ar fead lae agus oirde gan beit tuirpeac de.

Nuair bí ré páirta cúir ré uair an fíoil agus tornuig ré ag caint ar ceól na héirneann agus bí cup ríor móir agáinn mar geall air. Cainteóir áluinn dob’ ead an “Sioblaacán” agus b’ait leat beit ag éirteact leir. Ba liomta agus ba léigeannta na rmaointe do bí aige agus do tuit an gaeóilg ó n-a béal com blaró le ceól. Ní faib ré dall ar éinnid. Do bíor ag rmaointeam, anoir agus arí, an faid do bí ré ag caint, ar an gcaoi ’na faib re ag caiteam a códa aimpire agus ag riapnuighe díom réin cad é an rát bí leir. Bíor deimneac go faib ré leat-éadrom agus gur b’in é an éall go faib ré ag imteact, mar a deaprá, le haer an traogail agus ag cup a muinéil i gcontabairt; áct ní faib ríor agam an uair rin ar an méid ar cuair ré tríd.

Níor leis ré dam dul ro-fada leir na rmaointib reo mar tarrpang ré cúige feadógs agus tornuig ré ag reinm uirri. Dá feabair an ceól do buain ré ar an bfiol, b’earr ná rin reáct n-uair an ceól do buain ré ar an bfeadóigs. Do fáruig ré ar gac uile níd d’airigear ruar go dtí rin. Ní éuibrad éantait na cruinne dá mbeirir go léir ’ran uaim ag cantain le céile ceól

events. But he was not satisfied yet. He took down a fiddle which was hanging on the wall, and got it ready.

"Do you like music?" said he.

"I do, well," I said. "I always take a great delight in it."

"If that is so," said he, "you'll get music now or never."

"If it is like the music which the echo gave us awhile ago, do not mind it."

"Listen," said he, laughing, "and pass judgment when I am finished."

He began playing, and if I were speaking for a week, I could not give a proper description of the harmony which arose in the cavern. The Gioblachán was a splendid violinist, and he was able, from experience I suppose, to take music from the echo as well as from the violin. If every musical instrument in Ireland was gathered into one great hall, and that they were all playing together, they could not give sweeter, nor more beautiful, nor more delightful, music than the fiddle and the echo gave us that night. It lifted the heart and soul out of me. I felt no pain, no weariness, no fear, no anything but delight and satisfaction of mind, while the Gioblachán was playing, and I would stay there listening to him for a day and a night without being tired.

When he was satisfied he put aside the violin, and began to talk about the music of Ireland, and we had a long chat about it. The Gioblachán was a splendid speaker, and you would like to be listening to him. His ideas and thoughts were refined and learned, and the Irish fell from his lips as sweetly as music. He was not ignorant about anything. I was thinking, now and again, while he was speaking, of the way in which he was spending his time, and asking myself what was the reason for it. I was certain that he was half crazy, and that was why he was drifting, as you might say, with the winds of the world, and putting his neck in danger; but I had no knowledge then of all he had suffered.

He did not let me go too far with those thoughts, for he drew out a flute and began playing on it. Though excellent the music which he extracted from the fiddle, the music which he took from the flute was seven times better. It excelled everything I had heard till then. All the birds of the universe, if they were gathered in the cavern singing together, could not give more heavenly or more delectable music. The flute brought out the echo far better than anything else.

níor neamhda ná níor doibne uatha. “Do tús an feadóis an mac alla amach i bpar níor feara agus níor binne ná éan-ruo eile.

“Cad veir tú leir rin?” ar’ an “Sioblaacán” nuair r’gair ré dá reinneamaint.

“Ní fearaí fóir,” ar’ mair, “ná fuilim pá d’raoitead. Dá mbeinn as caint ar fear lae agus bliathna, ní fearaínn a innirint duit an méad doibneir agus taitneim agus páraim éiríde do tús an ceól úo dam. Ní’l éin-tead r’uar leat.”

“Ná bac leir an bplámáir anoir,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán.”

“Ní’lim as plámáir i n-éan-cóir,” ar’ mair, “ad b’féirir gur éirte dam a páo ná fuil éin tead r’uar le dearlámáir an “fíir i n’áirde.”

“Tá tú as caint go ciallmáir anoir,” ar reiréan, as cur r’gairte ar.

“D’féirir é,” ar’ mair, “ad bíor cun a páo nuair bíor as éirtead leat—”

“Agus leir an mac alla,” ar reiréan.

“Agus leir an mac alla, ar eagla an plámáir—do cuir ré i n-uimail dam an tuarpargbáil do léigear agus do éualar go minic i dtaob ceól na n-áingéal ir na flaitir.”

“Ní’lim críochnuighe i n-éan-cóir fóir,” ar reiréan, agus d’éirig ré ’n-a fearaí.

Tornuig ré as amáin. Bí gur breas ponnmáir ceólmáir as an “nSioblaacán” agus níor cáil re éanruo i dtaob veit irigí ran uaim. Ní fearaí féin cia aca do b’fearaí cun an mac alla do tabairt amach—an fíoir, an feadóis nó gur an “Sioblaacán”—nó cia aca a páo an bair aige i gcóimfeinn; ad ir d’óig liom gur páruig an gur orra go léir. Éualar trí éad daoine as gabáil amáin i n-éirtead éan-uair amáin i halla móir i mBaile-Áta-Cliat; ad cé go páo an ceól agus an cóimfeinn go han-breas ar fear, ní páo éin-tead r’uar aige le ceól an “Sioblaacán” nuair tús ré uair “An Raib tú as an gCarraig,” agus nuair do bí an mac alla agus an dóir do cuir ré r’uar ran uaim as cuideactain leir;

"What do you say to that?" said the Gioblachán, when he ceased playing.

"I don't know yet, but I am under some spell," said I. "If I were talking for a year and a day, I could not describe to you the amount of pleasure, and delight, and satisfaction of heart, that music gave me. There is no coming near you."

"Do not mind the flattery now," said the Gioblachán.

"I am not flattering at all," I said; "but perhaps it would be more correct to say there is no coming near the handiwork of the Creator."

"You are talking sensibly now," he said, laughing.

"Perhaps so," said I; "but I was about to say when I was listening to you—"

"And to the echo," he said.

"And to the echo—to guard against flattery—it reminded me of the descriptions which I often read and heard about the angel music in heaven."

"I am not finished at all yet," he said, and he stood up.

He began to sing. The Gioblachán had a fine resonant musical voice, and it lost nothing by being in the cavern. I do not know which of them was the best to bring out the echo—the violin, the flute, or the Gioblachán's voice—or which of them excelled in harmony; but I think his singing surpassed the others. I heard three hundred people singing together in a great hall in Dublin at one time, but though the music and the harmony were very, very fine, they could not come near the Gioblachán's singing when he rendered "Were You at the Rock," and when the echo and the musical murmur which he aroused in the cavern were accompanying him.

CASA D' AN TSUGHÁIN.

DRAMA AON-GHÍM.

NA DAOINE :—

TOMÁS O h-ANHRACHÁIN, fíle Connactaí atá ar feadhán.
MÁIRE NÍ RÍOGHÁIN, bean an tíge.

ÚNA, ingean Máire.

SÉAMUS O h-ÍARÁIN, atá luaithe le Úna.

SÍGLE, cómarra do Máire.

Piobaire, cómaranna agus daoine eile.

ÁIT.—

Teaí feilméir i gCúige Múman céad bliadan ó shin. Tá rir
agus mná ag dul tríd a céile in san tíg, no 'na fearaí coir
na mbaila, aithil agus dá mbeir dampra críochnuithe aca.
Tá Tomár O h-Anhracháin ag caint le Úna i bfiór-choraí na
rtáir. Tá an piobaire ag fársad a piobair air, le torusad
ar feinn air, aet do veir Séamar O h-Iarainn deoí cúige,
agus rtaíann ré. Tagann fear ós go h-Úna le n-a tabairt
amad ar an uirlár cum dampra, aet díaltann rí dó.

ÚNA.—Ná bí m'boíruisad anoir: Nac bfeiceann tú go bfuil
mé ag éirteat le n-a bfuil reirean d'a ríad liom. [Leir an
h-Anhracháin]: Lean leat, cad é rin do bí tú 'ríd ar bail?

TOMÁS O h-ANHRACHÁIN.—Cad é do bí an boíad rin d'a
iarrad oir?

ÚNA.—Ag iarrad dampra oim, do bí ré, aet ní tiúbráinn
dó é.

MÁC UÍ h-ÁIN.—Ir cinnte nac dtiubhá: Ir dóig, ní mearann
tú go leigfinn-re do duine ar bit dampra leat, com fáo agus
tá mire ann ro. A! a Úna, ní ríad rólár ná rícamail agam le
faoa go dtáinig mé ann ro anocht agus go bfeicid mé tura!

ÚNA.—Cad é an rólár duit mire?

MÁC UÍ h-ÁIN.—Nuair atá maíde leat-dóighe in san
teine, nac bfeáinn ré rólár nuair dóirtear uirge air?

ÚNA.—Ir dóig, ní'l tura leat-dóighe.

MÁC UÍ h-ÁIN.—Tá mé, agus tá trí ceatnamna de mo
éiríde, dóighe agus loirghe agus caitte, ag troio leir an
raogal, agus an raogal ag troio liom-ra.

ÚNA.—Ní fécánn tú com dona rin!

MÁC UÍ h-ÁIN.—Ué! a Úna ní Ríogháin, ní'l don eólar agao-
ra ar beata an báir boíet, atá gan teaí gan téagar gan tíog-

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

HANRAHAN.—*A wandering poet.*

SHEAMUS O'HERAN.—*Engaged to OONA.*

MAURYA.—*The woman of the house.*

SHEELA.—*A neighbor.*

OONA.—*Maurya's daughter.*

Neighbors and a piper who have come to Maurya's house for a dance.

SCENE.—*A farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago. Men and women moving about and standing round the wall as if they had just finished a dance. HANRAHAN, in the foreground, talking to OONA.*

The piper is beginning a preparatory drone for another dance, but SHEAMUS brings him a drink and he stops. A man has come and holds out his hand to OONA, as if to lead her out, but she pushes him away.

OONA.—Don't be bothering me now ; don't you see I'm listening to what he is saying. [*To HANRAHAN*] Go on with what you were saying just now.

HANRAHAN.—What did that fellow want of you ?

OONA.—He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

HANRAHAN.—And why would you give it to him ? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself as long as I am here. Ah, Oona, I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

OONA.—What comfort am I to you ?

HANRAHAN.—When a stick is half-burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it ?

OONA.—But sure, you are not half-burned ?

HANRAHAN.—I am, and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world and the world struggling with me.

OONA.—You don't look that bad.

HANRAHAN.—Oh, Oona ni Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings,

b'ar, a'c é a's im'teac't a'sur a's ríor-im'teac't le pán ar fuo' an trao'gail móir, san duine ar bit leir a'c é féin. Ní'l maroin in ran t'reac't'maín nuair éirísim ruar nac n-abraim liom féin go mb'feárrí dam an uais' 'ná an reacrán. Ní'l don fuo' a's rearam' dam a'c an b'ronntanur do ruair mé ó 'Dia—mo cuio abráin. Nuair toraigim orra rin, im'tigeann mo b'róin a'sur mo buair'pea'd 'diom, a'sur ní cuim'nigim níor mó ar mo g'éar-éirí'd a'sur ar mo mí-á'd. A'sur anoir, ó connaic mé tura, a 'úna, éim go b'fuil fuo' eile ann, níor binne 'ná na h-abráin féin!

ÚNA.—I'r ionganta'c an b'ronntanur ó 'Dia an b'ar'ouigeac't. Com' fa'da a'sur tá rin a'sad nac b'fuil tú ní r'par'ó'p'e na lu'c't r'puic a'sur r'tóir, lu'c't bó a'sur eal a'is.

MAC UÍ h-ANNA.—A! a 'úna, i'r móir an beanna'c't a'c't i'r móir an málla'c't, leir, do duine é do beir 'na báro. Feuc mipe! b'fuil capha'd a'sam ar an trao'gal ro? b'fuil fear b'ó ar ma'it leir mé? b'fuil g'rá'd a's duine ar bit or'm? Bim a's im'teac't, mo ca'dan bo'c't don'pána'c, ar fuo' an trao'gail, mar Oirín an'uaig na féinne. Bíonn fuac't a's h-uile duine or'm, ní'l fuac't a'sad-ra or'm, a 'úna?

ÚNA.—Ná h-abair fuo' mar rin, ní féir'oir go b'fuil fuac't a's duine ar bit or't-r.

MAC UÍ h-ANNA.—Tar liom a'sur rui'ó'p'im'ro i gcuinne an tige le céile, a'sur d'éarr'par'ó' mé d'uit an t-abráin do rinne mé d'uit. I'r or't-ra rinnear é.

[Im'tigeann r'ia'd go r'tí an coir'neull i'r r'ar'oe ón r'tá'd, a'sur r'ur'deann r'ia'd anaice le céile.]

[Tis Sigle ar'teac't.]

SIGLE.—Táim'is mé cugad com' luac't a'sur d'feuo' mé.

MÁIRE.—Céad fáilte róma'd.

SIGLE.—Cao tá ar r'íubal a's o anoir?

MÁIRE.—A's toru'gá'd atámu'ro. Bí don p'or't amáin a'sainn, a'sur anoir tá an p'io'ba'p'e a's ól uige. Tor'ó'ca'io' an d'am'pa ar'ir nuair béir'dear an p'io'ba'p'e p'í'ro.

SIGLE.—Tá na daoine a's bailiu'gá'd ar'teac't go ma'it, béir' d'am'pa b'reá's a'sainn

MÁIRE.—Béir' a Sigle, a'c't tá fear aca ann a'sur b'fearr' liom amuig ná ar'tis é! Feuc é.

SIGLE.—I'r ar an b'fearr' fa'da donn atá tú a's caint, nac ead? An fear rin atá a's com'pá'd com' olú't rin le 'úna in ran gcoir'neull anoir. Cá'r b'ar é, no cia h-é féin?

MÁIRE.—Sin é an r'sparr'te i'r mó táim'is i n-éirinn aruam', Tomár O h-Annpa'cáin cugann r'ia'd a'ir, a'c't Tomár R'ó'ga'p'e bu'd co'ir do bair'teac't a'ir, i gcearr't. Óra! nac r'ar'b an mí-á'd or'm, é do t'eac't ar'teac't cugainn, co'ir ar bit, ano'c't!

but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me, I forget my persecution and my ill luck, and now, since I saw you Oona, I see there something that is better even than the songs.

OONA.—Poetry is a wonderful gift from God, and as long as you have that, you are more rich than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

HANRAHAN.—Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me! have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive who has a wish for me, is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world; like Usheen after the Fenians; every person hates me. You do not hate me, Oona?

OONA.—Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

HANRAHAN.—Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together, and I will tell you the little song I made for you: it is for you I made it. [*They go to a corner and sit down together. SHEELA comes in at the door.*]

SHEELA.—I came to you as quick as I could.

MAURYA.—And a hundred welcomes to you.

SHEELA.—What have you going on now?

MAURYA.—Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

SHEELA.—There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

MAURYA.—Maybe so, Sheela, but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

SHEELA.—It's about the long brown man you are talking, isn't it? The man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner. Where is he from and who is he himself?

MAURYA.—That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaus Hanrahan they call him, but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night.

SÍGLE.—Cia'n róirt duine é? Nac fear déanta abhán ar Connacraib é? Cualaib mé caint air, céana, agus veir ríad nac bfuil damróir eile i n-Eirinn com maít leir: buò maít liom a feicirint as damra.

MÁIRE.—Spáin go deó ar an mbiteamnac! Tá'r asam-ra go ró maít cia 'n cineál atá ann, mar bí róirt carcanair roir é féin agus an céad-fear do bí asam-ra, agus ir minic cualaib mé ó Diarmuid boct (go ndéanaib Dia trócaire air!) cia 'n róirt duine bí ann. Bí ré 'na máigirtir rgoile, ríor i sConnacraib, áct bíod h-uile cleap aige buò meara ná a céi e. As ríor-déanam abhán do bíod ré, agus as ól uirge beata, agus as cup impir ar bun amearg na gcómarran le n-a cúro cainte. Veir ríad nac bfuil bean in rna cúis cúisib nac mealpaó ré. Ir meara é ná Dómnall na Spéine fao ó. Áct buò é veirpaó an rgeil gur ruais n ragar amac ar an bparrairte é ar fao. Fuarir ré áit eile ann rin, áct lean ré do na cleapannaib céadna, gur ruaispaó amac arir é, agus arir eile, leir. Agus anoir ní'l áit ná teac ná daobuib aige áct é veit as gabail na tíre, as déanam abhán agus as págail lóirtin na h-oirde ó na daoinib. Ní diúl-tócaib duine ar bit é, mar tá faicéor orra poime. Ir móir an ríle é, agus b'éirir go ndéanpaó ré rann orr do rreacmócaó go deó duir, dá rcurra fearg air.

SÍGLE.—Go bfuil Dia orrainn. Áct creao do tug arteaó anocht é?

MÁIRE.—Bí ré as tairteal na tíre, agus cualaib ré go raib damra le veit ann ro, agus táinig ré arteaó, mar bí eólar aige orrainn,—bí ré móir go leóir le mo céad-fear. Ir ionganac mar tá ré as déanam amac a ríge-beata, cor ar bit, agus san aige áct a cúro abhán. Veir ríad nac bfuil áit a raicair ré nac rucann na mná rpaó, agus nac rucann na rir ruat do.

SÍGLE [as breit ar gualainn Máire].—Iompais do céann, a Máire, feuch é anoir; é féin agus o' ingean-ra, agus an dá iloigionn buailte ara céile. Tá ré tap éir abhán do déanam oí, agus tá ré o'a munaó oí as cogarnuis in a cluar. Ora, an biteamnac! beir ré as cup a cúro pirreós ar úna anoir.

MÁIRE.—Oó ón! go deó! Nac mi-damail táinig ré! Tá ré as caint le úna h-uile móimio ó táinig ré arteaó, rí uaire ó ríor. Rinne mé mo ríctóill le n-a rgarao ó céile, áct teir ré orim. Tá úna boct tugta do h-uile róirt rean-abhán agus rean-ráiméir de rgealtair, agus ir binn leir an rreacuir veit as éirteaó leir; mar tá beal aige rin do breaspaó an rmólaó de'n cpaib: Tá'r asao go bfuil an póraó réirte rocruigte

SHEELA.—What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before, and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people. Nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?

MAURYA.—He was traveling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.

SHEELA (*catching MAURYA by the shoulder*).—Turn your head, Maurya, look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together; he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

MAURYA.—Ohone, go deo! isn't a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from each other, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories, and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him. The marriage is settled between herself and

uair ūna agus Séamur O h-lapainn ann rin, náite ó'n lá inoib: feuc Séamur boct as an doras agus é as faise orra. Tá brón agus ceannfaoi air. Is furur a feicint go mbuó maic le Séamur an rsgairde rin do taectad an móimio reo. Tá faicior mór orin go mbéir an ceann iompuište ar ūna le n-a cúro blaodaireact. Com cinnte a'r tá mé beó, tiucparó oic ar an oibce reo.

SÍGLE.—Agus nac bpeadpa a cup amac?

MÁIRE.—O'péapainn; ní'l duine ann ro do cúroedcá leir, muna mbeir bean no dó. Act is file mór é, agus tá mallact aise do rsgoitpead na cpainn agus do péabpa na cloca. Deir fia do lobtann an piol in ran talam, agus go n-imtiseann a gcuro bainne ó na bat nuair tugann file mar é rin a mallact dóib, má puaiseann duine ar an teac é. Act dá mbeir pé amuis, uipe mo bannuibe nac leigpinn arthead arir é.

SÍGLE.—Dá pacaró pé péin amac go toileamail. ní beir don bpiš in a cúro mallact ann rin?

MÁIRE.—Ní beir. Act ní pacaró pé amac go toileamail, agus ní tis liom-ra a puasga amac ar easla a mallact.

SÍGLE.—feuc Séamur boct. Tá pé dul anonn go h-ūna:

[Éiriseann Séamur 7 téirdeann pé go h-ūna.]

SÉAMUS.—An n'omrócáir tú an píl reo liom-ra, a ūna, nuair béirdear an piobaire réir:

MÁC UÍ h-ANN [as éirge].—Is mire Tomár O h-Annpacáin, agus tá mé as labairt le ūna ní Ríogáin anoir, agus com pas agus béirdear fonn uippe-re beir as caint liom-ra ní leigpí mé d'aon duine eile do taect eapainn.

SÉAMUS [gan aise ar mac uí h-Annpacáin].—Nac n'omrócáir tú liom, a ūna?

MÁC UÍ h-ANN [go pioemair].—Nár dubairt mé leat anoir sur liom-ra do bí ūna ní Ríogáin as caint? Imtis leat ar an móimio, a bodais, agus ná tós clampar ann ro.

SÉAMUS.—A ūna—

MÁC UÍ h-ANN [as beicil].—Fás rin!

[Imtiseann Séamur agus tis pé go oí an beirt sean-mnaoi.]

SÉAMUS.—A Máire ní Ríogáin, tá mé as iarrairó ceat opt-ra an rsgairte mí-ádamail meirgeamail rin do caiteam amac ar an tis. Má leigean tú dam, cuipiró mire agus mo beirt deap-bpácar amac é, agus nuair béirdear pé amuis rocrocáir mire leir.

Sheamus O'Herin there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

SHEELA.—And couldn't you put him out?

MAURYA.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

SHEELA.—If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then?

MAURYA.—There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

SHEELA.—Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her. [SHEAMUS gets up and goes over to her.]

SHEAMUS.—Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

HANRAHAN (*rising up*).—I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun, and as long as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

SHEAMUS (*without heeding HANRAHAN*).—Will you not dance with me, Oona?

HANRAHAN (*savagely*).—Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

SHEAMUS.—Oona——

HANRAHAN (*shouting*).—Leave that! (SHEAMUS goes away and comes over to the two old women).

SHEAMUS.—Maurya Regaun, I am asking permission of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house. Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him.

MÁIRE.—O! a Séamair, ná déan. Tá paitéioir oirm joiméi
tá mallacé aise rin do rgoiltefao na chainn, veir ríad.

SÉAMAS.—Iy cuma liom má tá mallacé aise do leagfao na
rpéarta. Iy oirm-ra tuitfíó ré, agus cuirim mo dúbhlán ríoi.
Dá marbócaó ré mé ar an móimio ní leigfíó mé dó a cuio pír-
treós do cup ar úna. A Máire, tabair 'm ceao.

SÍGLE.—ná déan rin, a Séamuir, tá cómairle níor feárr 'ná
rin agam-ra.

SÉAMUS.—Cia an cómairle í rin?

SÍGLE.—Tá ríge in mo ceann agam le n-a cup amac. Má
leanann ríó-re mo cómairle-re ríacaíó re féin amac cóm ríoiar
le uan, d'á toil féin, agus nuair geobair ríó amuis é, buailíó
an doirur air, agus ná leigíó arteac aríó go bráé é.

MÁIRE.—Rac ó Dá oir, agus innir dam cao é tá in do ceann.

SÍGLE.—Déanfamaoio é cóm deap agus cóm ríimpl de agus
éonnaic tú ariam. Cuirrimio é ag capaó rugáin go bfuigimio
amuis é, agus buailrimio an doirur air ann rin.

MÁIRE.—Iy ríoiar a ráó, acé ní ríoiar a déanam. Déanfaió
ré leat "déan rugán, tú féin."

SÍGLE.—Déanfamaoio, ann rin, nac bfacaió duine ar bit ann
ro rugán féir ariam, nac bfuil duine ar bit an ran tís ar féioir
leir ceann aca déanam.

SÉAMUS.—Acé an ríoiaríó ré ruo mar rin—nac bfacamar
rugán ríam?

SÍGLE.—An ríoiaríó ré, an eao? Ríoiaríó ré ruo ar bit,
ríoiaríó ré go ríoió ré féin 'na ríó ar éirinn nuair acá ríaine
óirca aise, mar acá anoir.

SÉAMUS.—Acé cao é an ríoiaríó cuirfeap ríinn ar an
mbíeís reo,—go bfuil rugán féir ag tearaí uainn?

MÁIRE.—Smuain ar érioiaríó do cup air rin, a Séamuir.

SÉAMUS.—Déanfaió mé go bfuil an ríoió ag éiríge agus go
bfuil cúmíac an tísge d'á ríuabaó leir an ríoiaríó, agus go
ríoiaríó rugán ríaríngt air.

MÁIRE.—Acé má éirteann ré ag an doirur bíó ríoiar aise nac
duil ríoió an ríoi m ann. Smuain ar érioiaríó eile, a Séamuir.

SÍGLE.—'noir, tá an cómairle éeap agam-ra. Abair go

MAURYA.—Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse, they say, that would split the trees.

SHEAMUS.—I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

SHEELA.—Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

SHEAMUS.—What advice is that?

SHEELA.—I have a way in my head to put him out. If you follow my advice he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb, and when you get him out slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

MAURYA.—Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

SHEELA.—We will do it as nice and easy as ever you saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

SHEAMUS.—It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

SHEELA.—We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

SHEAMUS.—But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

SHEELA.—Believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

SHEAMUS.—But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

MAURYA.—Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

SHEAMUS.—Sure I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house.

SHEELA.—But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

SHEAMUS.—Wait, I have a good idea now; say that there is

bhuil cóirte leagtha ag bun an énuic, agus go bhuil ríad ag iarrad rúgáin leir an gcóirte do learuagad. Ní feicfidh sé com ríad rín ó'n doir, agus ní beir fíor aige nac fíor é.

MÁIRE.—Sin é an rígal, a Sígle. 'Noir, a Séamuir, gab imear na ndaoine agus leis an rún l ó. Innir dóib cad tá aca le ríad—nac b'acair duine ar b'í fan tír reo rúgáin féir riam—agus cuir cpoiccionn maist ar an mbreig, tá féin.

[Imtígeann Séamuir ó duine go duine ag cogarnaig leó. Toráigeann cuid aca ag gáire. Tagann an píobaire agus toruigeann sé ag reinn. Éirígeann trí no ceatpar de cúpla cáib, agus toruigeann ríad ag dampra. Imtígeann Séamuir amach.]

MÁC UÍ h-ANN. [Ag éirge tar éir a beir ag féadaint oppa ar fead cúpla móimio.]—Pruit! rtopagair! An dtugann ríad dampra ar an rparapairead rín! Tá ríad ag buala an uplár mar beir an oiread rín d'eallac. Tá ríad com trom le bulláin, agus com ciotac le arail. Go dtáctar mo píobán dá mb'feair liom beir ag féadaint oppaib 'ná ar an oiread rín lachain bacac, ag léimni ag leat-coir ar fuo an tige! Fágair an t-uplár pá úna Ní Ríogáin agus fúm-ra.

FEAR [atá dul ag dampra].—Agus cad pát a b'ágramaoir an t-uplár fút-ra?

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Tá an eala ar bhuac na toinne, tá an phoénier Ríogá, tá péarla an b'ollaig bán, tá an b'énur amear na mban, tá úna Ní Ríogáin ag fearaí ruar liom-ra, agus áit ar b'í a n-éirígeann ríre ruar úmhuigeann an géalac agus an grian féin dí, agus úmhlócar ríad-re. Tá ríad áluinn agus ríad r'péireamail le h-aon bean eile do beir 'na h-aice. Áit fan go fóil, rúil táirbeánaim daob mar ghuideann an buacail b'ead Connactac rinne, d'arpar mé an t-ábrán daob do rinne mé do Reult Cúige Múman—o'úna Ní Ríogáin. Éirig, a grian na mban, agus d'arparmaoir an t-ábrán le céile, gac le d'arpra, agus ann rín múnfimid dóib cad é ir rinne ríreannac ann.

[Éirígeann ríad 7 gabair ábrán.]

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.

'Sí úna bán, na ghuaise buide,
An cúlfionn 'chad in mo lár mo éiríde,
Ir ire mo rún, 'r mo cumann go buan,
Ir cuma liom coirde bean áit í.

ÚNA.

A báir na rúile buide, ir tá
Ruair buair in fan ríogal a'r clú,
Goim do béal, a'r molaim tá féin,
Do cuir mo éiríde in mo cléib amúg.

a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

MAURYA.—That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. (*SHEAMUS goes from person to person whispering to them and some of them begin laughing. The piper has begun playing. Three or four couples rise up.*)

HANRAHAN (*after looking at them for a couple of minutes*).—Whisht! Let ye sit down! Do ye call such dragging as that dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not rather be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

ONE OF THE MEN GOING TO DANCE.—And for what would we leave the floor to you?

HANRAHAN.—The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phoenix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women, Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place where she rises up the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the fine Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Rise up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! (*OONA rises*).

HANRAHAN.—She is white Oona of the yellow hair,
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;
She is my secret love and my lasting affection,
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

OONA.—O bard of the black eye, it is you
Who have found victory in the world and fame;
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;
You have set my heart in my breast astray.

MAC UI N-ANN.

'Si ūna bān na ghuaisge óir,
Mo fearc, mo cumann, mo ghráð, mo rctor
Racairó pí féin le n-a báiró i gcéim;
Do loit pí a éiríde in a éleib go móru

ŪNA.

Níor b'fada oirde liom, ná lá,
As éirtead le do cōmhráð bheáð.
I' binne do béal ná reinn ná n-éan;
Óm' éiríde in mo éleib do fuair ghráð.

MAC UI N-ANN.

Do riúbail mé féin an dothan iomlán;
Sacraha, éire, an f'raic 'r an Spáin,
Ní facairó mé féin i mbaile ná 'gcéim
Don ainneir fa'n ngréin mar ūna bān.

ŪNA.

Do éualairó mipe an élaipreac binn
San trháiró rin corcais, as reinn linn,
I' binne go móru liom féin do glór,
I' binne go móru do béal 'ná rin.

MAC UI N-ANN.

Do bí mé féin mo cādan boct, trác,
Níor léir dam oirde car an lá,
Go b'facairó mé i, do goiró mo éiríde;
A' r do díbir díom mo b'ón 'r mo éiríde.

ŪNA.

Do bí mé féin ar maidin inóe
As riúbail coir coille le páinne an lae,
Bí eun ann rin as reinn go binn,
"Mo ghráð-ra an ghráð, a' r ac áluinn é!"

[Glaob agur topann agur b'ailcann Séamus O n-lapainn an
doirur arteaé.]

SÉAMUS.—Ob ob ū, oc ón i ó, go deó! Tá an cóirte móru
leagta as bun an énuic. Tá an mála a bhuil litreaca na tíre
ann pléargta, agur ní' l'pneang ná téaró ná rópa ná d'adairó aca
le na ceangailt a'ir. Tá ríad as glaobac amac anoir ar rugán
féin do déanam díob—cibé róir púro é rin—agur deir ríad go
mbéiró na litreaca 7 an cóirte cailte ar a buiró rugán féin
le n-a gceangailt.

MAC UI N-ANN.—Ná bí 's ar mboirugáó! Tá ar n-abrán
ráirde againn, agur anoir cámaoiró dul as dampra: Ní cāgann
an cóirte an bealac rin ar don cor.

HANRAHAN.—O fair Oona of the golden hair,
My desire, my affection, my love and my store
Herself will go with her bard afar;
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

OONA.—I would not think the night long nor the day,
Listening to your fine discourse;
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of birds
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

HANRAHAN.—I walked myself the entire world,
England, Ireland, France and Spain;
I never saw at home or afar
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

OONA.—I have heard the melodious harp
On the street of Cork playing to us;
More melodious by far did I think your voice,
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

HANRAHAN.—I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose,
The night was not plain to me more than the day
Until I beheld her, she is the love of my heart,
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

OONA.—I was myself on the morning of yesterday
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;
There was a bird there was singing sweetly
How I love love, and is it not beautiful.

(A shout and a noise, and SHEAMUS O'HERAN rushes in).

SHEAMUS.—Ububu! Ohone-y-o, do deo! The big coach is
overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the
letters of the country are is bursted, and there is neither tie
nor cord nor rope nor anything to bind it up. They are
calling out now for a hay sugaun, whatever kind of thing that
is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay
sugaun to bind them.

HANRAHAN.—Do not be bothering us; we have our poem
done and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this
way at all.

SÉAMUS.—Tagann pé an bealaó rin anoir—áct ir d'óigḡ sup rḡrainpéar tupa, aḡur naó bfuil eólar aḡaó air. Naó ttagann an cóirte tair an ḡenoc anoir a eómarpanna?

1AÓ uile.—Tagann, tagann ḡo cinnḡe.

MÁC UI h-ANH.—Ir cuma liom, a tḡaóct no ḡan a tḡaóct. Áct b'fearr liom ríde cóirte beít bhuirte ar an mbótar ná ḡo ḡcuirpḡa péarla an bhuillaiḡ báin ó d'amaḡa d'áinn. Abair leir an ḡcóirteóir rópa do cāpaó d'ó féin.

SÉAMUS.—O murḡer, ní tḡis leir, tḡa an oirḡeáó rin deḡ fuinneam aḡur de tḡear aḡur de rḡpḡeacaó aḡur de lút in rna caplaib aḡeanta rin ḡo ḡcairíó mo cóirteóir boóct bḡeít ar a ḡcinn. Ir ar éigin-báir ir féirḡir leir a ḡceapaó ná a ḡcongḡáil. Tá raitóir a dnam' air ḡo n-eirḡeócaíó ríao in a muillá, aḡur ḡo n-imḡeócaíó ríao uair de ruaiḡ. Tá ḡaó uile fḡeirḡeac arḡa, ní fācaíó tḡu ríam a leirḡeíó de caplaib ríaoáine!

MÁC UI h-ANH.—Má tá, tá d'aoime eile inḡ an ḡcóirte a d'eanḡar rópa má'r éigin do'n cóirteóir beít aḡ ceann na ḡcapall: fāḡ rin aḡur leḡ d'áinn d'amaḡa.

SÉAMUS.—Tá; tá tḡuáir eile ann, áct maiḡir le ceann aca, tá pé ar leat-lám, aḡur fear eile aca,—tá pé aḡ críó aḡur aḡ crātaó leir an rḡannḡaó fuaḡir pé, ní tḡis leir fearam ar a d'á cóir leir an eagla atá air; aḡur maiḡir leir an tḡríomáó fear ní'l duine ar bit rin tír do leḡḡḡeáó an fōcal rin “rópa” ar a beul in a fíaoḡuire, mar naó le rópa do críócaó a atair féin anuḡraiḡ, mar ḡeall ar éaoirḡis do ḡoio.

MÁC UI h-ANH.—Capaó fear aḡaib féin ruḡán d'ó, mar rin, aḡur fāḡaíó an t-uḡlár fúinn-ne. [Le ūna]'Noir, a rḡeilt na mban tairbeán d'óib mar imḡḡeann lúnó imearḡ na n'óite, no helen fá'r rḡḡuoraó an tḡraoi. Dar mo lám, ó d'éaḡ d'éirḡḡe, fá'r cuirḡeáó naoirḡe mac ūirḡis cum báir, ní'l a hoirḡe i n'éirḡinn inḡoí áct tḡu féin. Torócamaoio.

SÉAMUS.—Ná toraiḡ, ḡo mbéir an ruḡán aḡaínn. Ní tḡis linn-ne ruḡán cāpaó. Ní'l duine ar bit annḡo ar féirḡir leir rópa do d'eanam!

MÁC UI h-ANH.—Ní'l duine ar bit ann ro ar féirḡir leir rópa d'eanam!!

1AÓ uile.—ní'l.

SÍḡLE.—Aḡur ir fíor d'aoib rin: Ní d'earḡaíó duine ar bit inḡ an tír reo ruḡán féir ariam, ní mearaim ḡo bfuil duine in ran tḡis reo do connaic ceann aca, féin, áct mipe. Ir maiḡ cuimḡḡim-pe, nuair naó raiḡ ionnam áct ḡirḡeac beaḡ ḡo bḡacaíó mé ceann aca ar ḡabar do ruḡ mo fear-an-air leir ar Connaó.

SHEAMUS.—The coach does come this way now, but sure you're a stranger and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

ALL.—It does, it does, surely.

HANRAHAN.—I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, murder, he can't. There's that much vigor and fire and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

HANRAHAN.—Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

SHEAMUS.—There are three others in it, but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; it's not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing sheep.

HANRAHAN.—Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. [*To Oona*] Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise, son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

SHEAMUS.—Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

HANRAHAN.—There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

ALL.—Nobody at all.

SHEELA.—And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my

taib. Bíod na daoine uile ag fáth, “ara! cia ’n róirt nuid é rin éor ar bit?” agus dubhairt reirean sur rugán do bí ann, agus go gnuíir na daoine a leithéir rin fíor i gConnactaib. Dubhairt ré go fácaó fear aca ag congáil an féir agus fear eile o’a carad. Congbócaíó mire an féar anoir, má téirdeann tura o’a carad.

SÉAMUS.—Déanfaíó mire glac féir arteaó.

[Imtígeann ré amac.]

MAC UI N-ANN [ag gabáil].—

Déanfaíó mé cáinead cúige Mumhan;

Ní fásgann ríad an t-uilár fúinn;

Ní’l ionnta carad rugáin, féin!

Cúige Mumhan gan rnar gan reun!

Gráin go deó ar cúige Mumhan,

Nac brafsgann ríad an t-uilár fúinn;

Cúige Mumhan na mbailireóir mbreán,

Nac ucis leó carad rugáin, féin!

SÉAMUS [ar air].—Seó an féar anoir.

MAC UI N-ANN.—Tabair ’m ann ro é. Tairbeánfaíó mire daoib cad déanfar an Connactac deag-múinte dearlámac, an Connactac cóir clirte ciallmair, a bfuil lúe agus lán-rtuaim aise in a láim, agus ciall in a ceann, agus coráirte in a éiríde, aet sur feól mí-ad agus mórbuairdead an traozail é amearz leibidíní cúige Mumhan, atá gan doirde gan uairle, atá gan eólar ar an eala tar an laóain, no ar an ór tar an bprár, no ar an lile tar an bprotánán, no ar feult na mbán óz, agus ar péarla an brollaig bán, tar a gcuid rtraoille agus ziobac féin. Tabair ’m cipín!

[Sineann fear maíde dó, cuipeann ré rop féir timcioll air; toraigeann ré o’a carad, agus Sígle ag tabairt amac an féir do.]

MAC UI N-ANN [ag gabáil].—

Tá péarla mná ’tabairt rólair dúinn;

Ir í mo gráó, ir í mo rún,

’S í úna bán, an rug-bean éuinn,

’S ní tuisir na Muimnió leat a rtuaim:

Atá na Muimnió reo dalta ag Dia,

Ní aicnióir eala tar laó llat,

Aet tiucfaíó rí liom-ra, mo helen breag

Mar a molpar a pearra ’r a rseim go brát.

Ara! muire! muire! muire! Nac é reo an baile breag lágac, nac é reo an baile tar bárr, an baile a mbionn an oirdeó rin

grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: Aurah, what sort of thing is that at all? And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it, and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now, and you'll go twisting it.

SHEAMUS.—I'll bring in a lock of hay. [*He goes out.*]

HANRAHAN.—I will make a dispraising of the province of Munster :
They do not leave the floor to us,
It isn't in them to twist even a sugaun ;
The province of Munster without nicety, without
prosperity.
Disgust for ever on the province of Munster,
That they do not leave us the floor ;
The province of Munster of the foul clumsy people.
They cannot even twist a sugaun !

SHEAMUS (*coming back*).—Here's the hay now.

HANRAHAN.—Give it here to me ; I'll show ye what the well-learned, handy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, who has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart, but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidíns* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women and the pearl of the white breast beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. [*A man hands him a stick. He puts a wisp of hay round it, and begins twisting it, and SHEELA giving him out the hay.*]

HANRAHAN.—There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us ;
She is my love ; she is my desire ;
She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.
And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.
These Munstermen are blinded by God.
They do not recognise the swan beyond the grey duck,
But she will come with me, my fine Helen,
Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Arrah, wisha, wisha, wisha, isn't this the fine village, isn't this the exceeding village! the village where there be that

rógaire croícta ann nac mbíonn don earbúir rópa ar na daoimib,
leir an méad rópa fíorveann ríad ó'n gcroíaire Cráiríteacáin
atá ionnta. Tá na rópaib aca agus ní tógann ríad uata iad—
aéct go fíorveann ríad an Connactaé boét ag capaó rugáin dóib !
Níor éar ríad rugáin féir in ran mbaile reo ariam—agus an
méad rugáin cnáibe atá aca de bárr an croíaire !

Smíveann Connactaé ciallmair

Rópa dó féin,

Aéct fíorveann an Muimneac

Ó'n gcroíaire é !

Go bfeicib mé rópa

Breáí cnáibe go fóill

D'a fársad ar ríogáib

Sac doinne ann ro !

Mar gheall ar don mnaoi amáin o'imeigeadar na Breágaib, agus
níor ríopaídar agus níor móir-cóimnuigeadar no gur ríopaídar
an Traoi, agus mar gheall ar don mnaoi amáin bíod an baile reo
damanta go deo na ndéir agus go bfuinne an bráta, le Dia na
nspár, go ríorruide putáin, nuair nár cuigeadar gur ab i ūna
ní Ríogáin an dara Helen do rugad in a mears, agus go rug
rí bárr áille ar Helen agus ar Benuir, ar a dtáinig roimpi agus
ar otiuepar 'na diaib.

Aéct tiueparí rí liom mo péarla mná

Go cúige Connact na ndaoine breáí ;

Seobairí rí feara fion a' r feoil,

Rinnceanna árd, ríor a' r ceoil.

O ! múire ! múire ! nár éiríod an grian ar an mbaile reo, agus
nár lairíod réalta air, agus nár——

[Tá ré ran am ro amuig tar an doir. Éirígeann na rí uile
agus dúndar é o'don ruais amáin air. Tugann ūna léim cum
an doir, aéct beirid na mná uirí. Téirveann Séamus anonn
cuici.]

ŪNA.—O ! O ! O ! ná cuiríod amaé é. Leis ar air é. Sin
Tomár O h-Annapáin, ir fíle é, ir bárd é, ir fear iongantac
é : O leis ar air é, ná deán rin air !

SÉAMUS.—A ūna bán, agus a cuirle díleap, leis do. Tá
ré imtíge anoir agus a cúir pirtreós leir. Bíod ré imtíge
ar do ceann amárac, agus bíod tura imtíge ar a ceann-ran.
Nac bfuil fíor agat go maí go mb'fearr liom tu 'na céad míle
Déiríre, agus gur tura m'aon péarla mná amáin o'da bfuil in
ran doiman.

MAC UÍ h-ANN [amuis, ag bualad ar an doir].—Forsail !
forsail ! forsail ! Leisid arceac mé. O mo feact gcéad míle
mallaet oppaib,

many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes
A rope for himself;
But the Munsterman steals it
From the hangman;
That I may see a fine rope,
A rope of hemp yet
A stretching on the throats
Of every person here!

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned; go deo, na ndeór, and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlastingly, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her!

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,
To the province of Connacht of the fine people,
She will receive feast, wine and meat,
High dances, sport and music!

Oh wisha, wisha, that the sun may never rise upon this village, and that the stars may never shine on it, and that——. [*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door, and shut it. OONA runs towards the door, but the women seize her. SHEAMUS goes over to her.*]

OONA.—Oh, oh, oh, do not put him out, let him back, that is Tumaus Hanrahan; he is a poet, he is a bard, he is a wonderful man. Oh, let him back, do not do that to him.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, Oona bawn, acushla deelish, let him be, he is gone now, and his share of spells with him. He will be gone out of your head to-morrow, and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world.

HANRAHAN (*outside, beating on the door*).—Open, open, open, let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you, the curse of the weak and of the strong, the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you

[Buailteann ré an doimur ariur agus ariur eile:]

Mallaóct na lag oirraib 'r na láirib,
Mallaóct na ragaic agus na mbriácar,
Mallaóct na n-earball agus an pápa,
Mallaóct na mbaintreabac 'r na nsacla.
Forghail! forghail! forghail!

SÉAMUS.—Tá mé buirdeac díb a cómaranna, agus beiró ūna buirdeac díb amaraó. Buail leat, a rghairte! déan do damra leat féin amuig ann rin, anoir! Ní bfuigiró tú arteac ann ro! Óra, a cómaranna nac bneáí é, duine do beir ag éirteact leir an rtoirim taob amuig, agus é féin go rocair páirta com na teinead: Buail leat! Sreao leat. Cá 'uil Connaóct anoir?

and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you and the children! Open! [*He beats at the door again and again.*]

SHEAMUS.—I am thankful to ye, neighbors, and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there by yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, storm away! Where's Connacht now?



*EARLY IRISH AUTHORS, TRANSLATIONS OF
WHOSE WORKS OCCUR IN VOLUMES ONE
TO NINE OF IRISH LITERATURE.*

MAURICE DUGAN.

(About 1641.)

MAURICE DUGAN, or O'DUGAN, lived near Benburb, in County Tyrone, about the year 1641, and he wrote the song to the air of "The Coolin," which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music." He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the "Typography of Ancient Ireland," which was extensively used by the Four Masters in their "Annals." O'Reilly, in his "Irish Writers," mentions four other poems, the production of O'Dugan, namely, "Set your Fleet in Motion," "Owen was in a Rage," "Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse," "Fodhla (Ireland) is a Woman in Decay." The translation of "The Coolin" will be found among the works of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

MAURICE FITZGERALD.

(About 1612.)

MAURICE FITZGERALD lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. He was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and he seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste. Several of his works exist, but the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the "Ode on his Ship," though as Miss Brooke says in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. The translation of his "Ode on his Ship" will be found with the work of Miss Brooke.

THOMAS FLAVELL

Is the supposed author of "County Mayo" or "The Lament of Thomas Flavell," the English translation of which by George Fox will be found in its place under that author's name. He was a

native of Bophin, an island on the western coast of Ireland, and lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Hardiman says of the poem that "it is only remarkable for being combined with one of our sweetest native melodies—the very soul of Irish music."

GEOFFRY KEATING.

(1570—1650.)

"GEOFFRY KEATING, the Herodotus of Ireland," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "the Four Masters, and Duald MacFirbis were men of whom any age or country might be proud, men who, amid the war, rapine, and conflagration that rolled through the country at the heels of the English soldiers, still strove to save from the general wreck those records of their country which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditions, and history in the eyes of the scholars of Europe.

"Of these men, Keating, as a prose writer, was the greatest. He was a man of literature, a poet, professor, theologian, and historian, in one. He brought the art of writing limpid Irish to its highest perfection, and ever since the publication of his 'History of Ireland,' some two hundred and fifty years ago, the modern language may be said to have been stereotyped. . . . I consider him (Keating) the first Irish historian and trained scholar who . . . wrote for the masses, not the classes, and he had his reward in the thousands of copies of his popular history made and read throughout all Ireland."

He was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in County Tipperary, about the year 1570. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and he studied for twenty-three years in the College of Salamanca. On his return he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighboring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. Owing to his plain speaking in the pulpit, he was in danger of being arrested, and he fled for safety into the Galtee mountains.

Here he caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and here wrote his well-known and important "History of Ireland," ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, Keating was enabled to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and labored peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian:

"In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,
A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie;
All these and more than in one man could be
Concentrated was in famous Jeoffry."

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are "Thoughts on Innisfail," which D'Arcy Magee has translated; "A Farewell to Ireland," a poem addressed to his harper; "An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies," the "Three Shafts of Death," a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, we are told, have long held in admiration. He died about 1650.

TEIGE MACDAIRE.

(1570—1650.)

TEIGE MACDAIRE, son of Daire MacBrody, was born about 1570. He was principal poet to Donogh O'Brian, fourth Earl of Thomond, and held as his appanage the Castle of Dunogan, in Clare, with its lands. In accordance with the bardic usage, he wrote his elegant "Advice to a Prince" to his chief when the latter attained to the title. This is the most elaborate of his poems. Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland" tells us that his poetry is all written in elaborate and highly wrought classical meters, and that there are still extant some 3,400 lines.

We give among the selections from the work of Dr. Hyde a few of the verses translated by him into the exact equivalent of the meter in which they are written.

MacDaire was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell's army, who, as he treacherously flung the poet over a precipice, mocked him in Irish, crying: "Go, make your songs now, little man!" This was one of MacDaire's own countrymen.

JOHN MACDONNELL.

(1691—1754.)

JOHN MACDONNELL, "perhaps the finest poet of the first half of the eighteenth century," says Dr. Douglas Hyde, was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh, the name of the residence of his family. O'Halloran in his "History of Ireland" speaks of him as "a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet," and says that he "had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a 'History of Ireland,'" which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer's Iliad into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the "History of Ireland,"

was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754.

Hardiman ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the *Iliad* it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But, fortunately for his genius and fame, Pope was born on the right side of the Channel."

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and, poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards." We give a translation of one of his poems by an anonymous hand. Others, by D'Alton, will be found among the examples of his work.

GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.¹

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreathe;
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—
The azure eye, whose light could prove
The equal power in war or love.

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,
From Albion's queen in pity crave:
E'en name the rank of countess high,
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

"Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,
"A sov'reign, and an hero's bride
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
I'll honors give, but none receive.

"But grant to him—whose infant sleep
Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—
Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,
And honor'd soon the stranger child
With titles brave, to grace a name
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

¹This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the "*Anthologia Hibernica*" the visit is thus described: "The Queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long, uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Granu Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance. (See also the examples of the work of Cæsar Otway.)

DUALD MACFIRBIS.

(1585—1670.)

THIS famous scholar was born in County Sligo. He was the author of "The Branches of Relationship," or "Volumes of Pedigrees." The autograph copy of this vast compilation, generally known as "The Book of MacFirbis," is now in the library of the Earl of Roden. He assisted Sir James Ware by transcribing and translating from the Irish for him. His "Collection of Glossaries" has been published by Dr. Whitley Stokes. His autograph "Martyrology," or "Litany of the Saints" in verse, is preserved in the British Museum. The fragment of his Treatise on "Irish Authors" is in the Royal Irish Academy. His transcription of the "Chronicum Scotorum" was translated by the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and published in 1867. His "Annals of Ireland" has been translated and edited by O'Donovan, and published by the Irish Archæological Society. A transcript of his catalogue of "Extinct Irish Bishops," by Mr. Hennessy, is in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. In the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society may be found his English version of the "Registry of Clonmacnoise," compiled in the year 1216. Some extracts from his works translated by Professor O'Donovan will be found among the examples from that gentleman's work.

ANDREW MAGRATH.

(1723 —)

ANDREW MAGRATH was born in Limerick about 1723. He was one of the most gay, careless, and rollicking of the Jacobite poets, and one of the last who wrote in his native tongue. He wrote many songs and poems, of politics, of love, and of drinking. He was, like so many of his fellows, a wild liver; and his name survives yet among the peasantry of his native Munster, among whom he is remembered as the Mangaire Sugach, or Merry Monger. The date of his death is not known, but he is said to lie buried in Killmallock Churchyard.

We append anonymous translations of two of his poems. None of them have, however, been adequately rendered into the English language.

THE COMING OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me,
Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom;
Yet Hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—
The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home.
Save Doun¹ and his kindred, my sorrow had shaken
All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,
I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken,
The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

¹ The ruler of the Munster fairies.

He told how the heroes were fallen and degraded
 And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim ;
 But Phelim and Heber,¹ whose children betrayed it,
 The land shall relume with the light of their fame.
 The fleet is prepared, proud Charles² is commanding,
 And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,
 The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing,
 The Gael like a tempest shall burst on the foe.

The bards shall exult, and the harp-strings shall tremble,
 And love and devotion be poured in the strain ;
 Ere "Samhain"³ our chiefs shall in Temor⁴ assemble,
 The "Lion" protect our own pastors again.
 The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration,
 In song shall exhale our warm heart's adoration,
 Confusion shall light on the foe's usurpation,
 And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—
 Away ! to each heart the proud tidings to tell :
 Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you !
 The treaty they broke your deep vengeance shall swell.
 The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,
 Surround him ! sustain ! Shall the gorged goal descending
 Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending ?
 Rush on like a tempest and scatter the foe !

MY GRAND RECREATION.

I sell the best brandy and sherry,
 To make my good customers merry ;
 But at times their finances
 Run short, as it chanches,
 And then I feel very sad, very !

Here's brandy ! Come, fill up your tumbler ;
 Or ale, if your liking be humbler ;
 And, while you've a shilling,
 Keep filling and swilling—
 A fig for the growls of the grumbler !

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,
 Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure ;
 When Margery's bringing
 The glass, I like singing
 With bards—if they drink within measure.

Libation ! I pour a libation,
 I sing the past fame of our nation ;
 For valorous glory,
 For song and for story,
 This, this, is my grand recreation.

¹ Renegade Irish who joined the foe. ² The Pretender.

³ The 1st of November, the festival of Baal-Samen, so called by the Druids. ⁴ Tara.

GERALD NUGENT.

(About 1588.)

GERALD NUGENT was one of those Irishmen of English descent of whom it was complained that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the reign of King John the barony of Devlin in Meath was granted to Gilbert de Nugent. By the time of Elizabeth the Nugents had taken to the Irish language, like many other inhabitants of the Pale, and Gerald Nugent was a bard and harpist. He composed in Irish, and flinging aside his harp he joined with the Irish in their attempt to throw off the yoke of the conquerors. Of course the result was failure, and Nugent became an exile. In his grief at leaving the land of his birth, he composed the ode or lamentation, a translation of which by the Rev. W. H. Drummond is given under that gentleman's name. This is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. When and where Gerald Nugent died we have been unable to discover.

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

(1670—1738.)

TURLOUGH CAROLAN, or O'CAROLAN, commonly called the last of the bards, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-Nusah, or Newton, in the County Westmeath, and went to school at Cruise-town, County Longford. When about fifteen (some say eighteen and others twenty-two) he lost his sight through an attack of small-pox. While at school he made the acquaintance of Bridget Cruise, whose name he made famous in one of his songs.

Many years later Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in County Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and chancing to take hold of a lady's hand he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" So it was, but the fair one was still deaf to his suit.

Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe had him carefully instructed in Irish and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and, his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighboring gentry, to most of whom he was already known; and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

In about middle life he married Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady

of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in County Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733 she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained until the end. He did not survive his wife long. In 1738 he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died.

Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "He composed over two hundred airs, many of them very lively, and usually addressed to his patrons, chiefly to those of the old Irish families. He composed his own words to suit his music, and these have given him the reputation of a poet. They are full of curious turns and twists of meter to suit his airs, to which they are admirably wed, and very few are in regular stanzas. They are mostly of Pindaric nature, addressed to patrons or to fair ladies; there are some exceptions however, such as his celebrated ode to whisky, one of the finest bacchanalian songs in any language, and his much more famed but immeasurably inferior 'Receipt for Drinking.' Very many of his airs and nearly all his poetry with the exception of about thirty pieces are lost."

Examples of his poetry will be found in translations by John D'Alton, Arthur Dawson, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Furlong, and Dr. George Sigerson.

There is a well-known portrait of him by the Dutch painter, Vanderhagen, which bears some resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

MICHAEL O'CLERY.

(1580—1643.)

REFERRING to "The Annals of the Four Masters," Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "This mighty work is chiefly due to the herculean labors of the learned Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery," who was born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities. While yet young he retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own country and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from oblivion.

O'Clery then returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials "The Life of St. Ru-mold," "Irish Martyrology," and a treatise on the "Names of Ireland." John Colgan, also a native of Donegal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints, "Trias Thaumaturga" and "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ." Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of "The Annals of Donegal," then by the title of "The Ulster Annals," and is now known over the world as "The Annals of the Four Masters," as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilronan, were named. He had also some little help from the hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught, two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maolconerys.

The work states that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labors were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the Parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "Testimonials" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the "Annals" were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22d January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "Testimonials," which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, are subscribed the names of the Superior and two of the monks, together with the countersignature of O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the "Annals" O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a "Vocabulary of the Irish Language." This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life.

"The Annals of the Four Masters" begin at the earliest period of Irish history, about A.D. 1171, and end A.D. 1616, covering a period of 444 years. The "Annals" were published in Dublin by Bryan Geraghty in 1846.

Examples of the translations by Owen Connellan and O'Donovan will be found among the work of these writers, also a translation by O'Donovan from the "Annals."

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN.

(1740—1825.)

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN was born in Cork in 1740, and died in Modeligo, Waterford, in the first quarter of the present century. He was a tall, handsome farmer. He traveled to Cork to purchase wedding presents for his betrothed, but was met on his way home by the news that she had married a wealthy suitor. He flung

all his presents into the fire, and from the shock lost his reason, which he never recovered.

A translation of an Irish poem of his by Dr. Sigerson is given among the examples of the work of that gentleman.

JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

(1695 ?—1720 ?)

JOHN O'NEACHTAN was still alive in 1715. He was a native of County Meath, but beyond this little is known about him. "He was," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "one of the earliest writers of Jacobite poetry, and perhaps the most voluminous man of letters of his day among the native Irish. One of his early poems was written immediately after the battle of the Boyne, when the English soldiery stripped him of everything he possessed in the world, except one small Irish book. Between forty and fifty of his pieces are enumerated by O'Reilly, and I have seen others in a manuscript in private hands. These included a poem in imitation of those called 'Ossianic,' of 1,296 lines, and a tale written about 1717 in imitation of the so-called Fenian tales, an amusing allegoric story called the 'Adventures of Edmund O'Clery,' and a curious but extravagant tale called the 'Strong-armed Wrestler.'

"Hardiman had in his possession a closely written Irish treatise by C'Neachtan of five hundred pages on general geography, containing many interesting particulars concerning Ireland, and a volume of 'Annals of Ireland' from 1167 to 1700. He also translated a great many church hymns, and, I believe, prose books from Latin. His elegy on Mary D'Este, widow of James II., is one of the most musical pieces I have ever seen, even in Irish :

" " SLOW cause of my fear
NO pause to my tear,
The brightest and whitest
LOW lies on her bier.

FAIR Islets of green,
RARE sights to be seen,
Both highlands and Islands
THERE sigh for the Queen."

A translation by Thomas Furlong of O'Neachtan's famous song "Maggy Laidir" is given with the examples of the writings of that gentleman.

OSSIAN.

"SIDE by side with the numerous prose sagas which fall under the title of 'Fenian,'" says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "there exists an enormous mass of poems, chiefly

narrative, of a minor epic type, or else semi-dramatic *épopées*, usually introduced by a dialogue between St. Patrick and the poet Ossian.¹ Ossian was the son of Finn mac Cúmhail, vulgarly 'Cool,' and he was fabled to have lived in Tír na n-óg, the country of the ever-young, the Irish Elysium, for three hundred years, thus surviving all his Fenian contemporaries and living to hold colloquy with St. Patrick. The so-called Ossianic poems are extraordinarily numerous, and were they all collected would probably (between those preserved in Scotch-Gaelic and in Irish) amount to some 80,000 lines. . . . The most of them, in the form in which they have come down to us at the present day, seem to have been composed in rather loose metres . . . and they were even down to our fathers' time exceedingly popular, both in Ireland and in the Scotch Highlands, in which latter country Ian Campbell, the great folk-lorist, made the huge collection which he called *Leabhar na Féinne*, or the Book of the Fenians.

"Some of the Ossianic poems relate the exploits of the Fenians ; others describe conflicts between members of that body and worms, wild beasts, and dragons ; others fights with monsters and with strangers come from across the sea ; others detail how Finn and his companions suffered from the enchantments of wizards and the efforts made to release them ; one enumerates the Fenians who fell at Cnoc-an-áir ; another gives the names of about three hundred of the Fenian hounds ; another gives Ossian's account of his three hundred years in the Land of the Young and his return ; many more consist largely of semi-humorous dialogues between the saint and the old warrior ; another is called Ossian's madness ; another is Ossian's account of the battle of Gabhra, which made an end of the Fenians, and so on. . . .

"There is a considerable thread of narrative running through these poems and connecting them in a kind of series, so that several of them might be divided into the various books of a Gaelic epic of the *Odyssic* type, containing, instead of the wanderings and final restoration of Ulysses, the adventures and final destruction of the Fenians, except that the books would be rather more disjointed. There is, moreover, splendid material for an ample epic in the division between the Fenians of Munster and Connacht and the gradual estrangement of the High King, leading up to the fatal battle of Gabhra ; but the material for this last exists chiefly in prose texts, not in the Ossianic lays. . . .

"The Ossianic lays are almost the only narrative poems which exist in the language, for although lyrical, elegiac, and didactic poetry abounds, the Irish never produced, except in the case of the Ossianic *épopées*, anything of importance in a narrative and ballad form, anything, for instance, of the nature of the glorious ballad poetry of the Scotch Lowlands.

"The Ossianic meters, too, are the eminently epic ones of Ireland. . . .

"Of the authorship of the Ossianic poems nothing is known. In the Book of Leinster are three short pieces ascribed to Ossian

¹ In Irish *Oisín*, pronounced "Esheen," or "Ussheen."

himself, and five to Finn, and other old MSS. contain poems ascribed to Caoilte, Ossian's companion and fellow survivor, and to Fergus, another son of Finn ; but of the great mass of the many thousand lines which we have in seventeenth and eighteenth century MSS. there is not much which is placed in Ossian's mouth as first hand, the pieces, as I have said, generally beginning with a dialogue, from which Ossian proceeds to recount his tale. But this dramatic form of the lay shows that no pretense was kept up of Ossian's being the singer of his own exploits. From the paucity of the pieces attributed to him in the oldest MSS. it is probable that the Gaelic race only gradually singled him out as their typical pagan poet, instead of Fergus or Caoilte or any other of his alleged contemporaries, just as they singled out his father Finn as the typical pagan leader of their race ; and it is likely that a large part of our Ossianic lay and literature is post-Danish, while the great mass of the Red Branch saga is in its birth many centuries anterior to the Norsemen's invasion."

A. RAFTERY.

(1780?—1840?)

THE story of the discovery of the writings of Raftery by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory is one of the most curious and interesting in the annals of literature. We have not space for it in detail ; in brief it was on this wise : Some time in the seventies Dr. Hyde heard an old man singing a song at the door of his cottage. The old man, at his request, taught Dr. Hyde the song and the latter went away.

Twelve years after, when Dr. Hyde was working in the Royal Irish Academy, he came across some old manuscript containing a number of poems ascribed to a man named Raftery, and among them the very song that he had learned on that morning long ago.

Seven years more elapsed, and Dr. Hyde one day met an old blind man begging. He gave him a penny, and passed on, when it suddenly occurred to him that he should have spoken to him in Irish. He did so and conversed with him for an hour. Among other things they talked about was Raftery, and Dr. Hyde learned much about the poet from the old man.

This set him upon the track of the poet, and the final result was the recovery of most of his poems and considerable material for his biography, which would otherwise have been absolutely lost. Had it not been for the fact that the poems were so well known up and down the country, it would have been impossible to recover many of them.

Raftery was born about 1780 or 1790 at Cilleaden, County Mayo, of very poor parents. He was early in life deprived of his sight by smallpox, so that he never had any better occupation by which to make a living than that of a fiddler. Though he was absolutely destitute and practically dependent upon alms, no poet of the people

ever exercised so widespread an influence upon those among whom he lived. He was never taught either to read or to write; he had no access to books of any kind, or any form of literature, except what he was able to pick up through his ears as he traveled from cottage to cottage, with his bag over his shoulder, picking up his day's meals as he went.

Lady Gregory in her "*Poets and Dreamers*" deals very fully with his work, and from the examples which she gives we are justified in claiming for this, the last of Irish bards, the name of an inspired one. It is said that he spent the last years of his life in making prayers and religious songs, of which Lady Gregory gives some interesting examples, and of which "*The Confession*," printed in the present volume, is typical.

He died at an advanced age, about 1840, and is buried at Killeenan, County Mayo, where there is a stone over his grave, and where the people from all parts round about gather in August of every year to do honor to his memory.

RICHARD STANIHURST.

(1545—1618.)

RICHARD STANIHURST was born in Dublin, and in his eighteenth year went to University College, Oxford. He studied law at Furnival's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; and, returning to Ireland, married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell. About 1579 he took up his residence in Leyden, entered holy orders, and became chaplain to Albert, Archduke of Austria and Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. A great portion of his writings are in Latin. His first work, which was published in London in 1570, in folio, is entitled "*Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium*," and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student at St. John's College, Oxford. His other works are "*De rebus in Hibernia gestis*" (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); "*Descriptio Hiberniæ*," which is to be found in "*Holinshed's Chronicle*," of which it formed a part of the second volume; "*De Vita S. Patricii*" (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); "*Hebdomada Mariana*" (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); "*Hebdomada Eucharistica*" (Douay, 1614, 8vo); "*Brevis premonitio pro futura commentatione cum Jacobo Usserio*" (Douay, 1615, 8vo); "*The Principles of the Catholic Religion*"; "*The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneid in English Hexameters*" (1583, small 8vo, black letter); with which are printed the four first Psalms, "*certaine poetical conceites*" in Latin and English, and some epitaphs.

OWEN WARD.

(About 1600 or 1610.)

LITTLE is known of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and

accompanied the princes of Tyrconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The "Lament," translated by J. Clarence Mangan, will be found among that author's contributions to this work; it is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the Prince of Tyrconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.

MODERN IRISH AUTHORS, WHOSE WORK, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED, APPEARS IN
VOLUME TEN OF IRISH LITERATURE.

FATHER DINNEEN.

FATHER DINNEEN is a native of the district adjoining Killarney, in East Kerry, a district that has produced a crop of distinguished poets such as Egan O'Rahilly, Geoffrey O'Donoghue, Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Finneen O'Scannell. He drank in the traditional lore of this region during his boyhood, and always held the Irish language in special veneration. University and ecclesiastical studies, however, engrossed the best years of his youth and early manhood, and it was only when the enemies of Ireland's honor came forward at the Intermediate Education Commission, held in Dublin a few years ago, and sought to vilify Irish literature, to show that whatever little of it survived was either "silly" or "indecent," that he set seriously to work to lay before the world the collected works of several modern Irish poets, including those named above.

Besides collecting from manuscripts and editing for the first time the works of some six distinguished poets, Father Dinneen has in three or four years written several prose works in Irish, including an historical novel, "Cormac Va Conaill," a description of Killarney, and several plays. He has also finished a dictionary of the modern Irish language, with explanations in English. He is perhaps the most earnest writer of the Gaelic movement, and his *editiones principes* of the Munster poets are of the greatest value.

JAMES J. DOYLE.

MR. JAMES J. DOYLE, the most unwearying worker and, with the single exception, perhaps, of Father O'Leary, the raciest writer of Irish dialogue living, was born at Cooleenig, Tuogh, County Kerry, forty-five years ago. The son of a well-connected, well-disposed, well-to-do farmer, he had the advantage of spending his boyhood in a singularly bilingual atmosphere; but it was only on leaving the local National school to enter the Revenue Service at the age of nineteen that he commenced to study the literature of his race. To Mr. David Connyn he attributes much of his earlier interest in Ireland's hallowed literature, an interest which has been steadily deepening for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Owing to circumstances with which our readers are unhappily only too familiar, Mr. Doyle remained unknown as a writer until the Oireachtas of 1898. On this occasion, however, he leisurely carried off a prize for three humorous Irish stories, and again at the

Oireachtas of 1900 he won the "Independent" prize for a story of modern Irish life. Still later, at the "Feis Uladh," he received first prize for a paper on "Ulster Local Names." This latter is one of his pet subjects, and has constituted the theme of many a lecture delivered in the interest of the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle also won first prize in the "Irish Phrase-Book Competition" at the recent Oireachtas, 1901, and though not a teacher was fourth in the competition (open to all Ireland) for Archbishop Walsh's prize of £25 (\$125) for a bilingual school programme.

In 1881 he married Miss Mary A. Joyce, sister to Dr. King Joyce, of Dublin. She, like her devoted husband, is also bilingual, and it is not to be wondered at that they are, as the *Claidheamh* is wont to say, "bringing up seven sturdy, enthusiastic young bilingualists."

His numerous relatives and friends in the United States will share his own manifest gratification at the fact that his parents are still hale and hearty, and, as he himself is practically in the prime of life just now, there seems every hope that the readers of *An Claidheamh*—and probably of other Irish journals—will have access to his inimitable contributions for many a year to come.

As in the case of several of the most active members of the Gaelic League, his position of Supervisor in the Inland Revenue does not prevent him from rendering very efficient, if undemonstrative, service to his country. He resides at present in Derry, and is possibly the most energetic organizer in all Ulster. His assistance to Mr. Concannon has been simply invaluable.

"Cathair Conroi," children's stories, won the first prize at 1902 Oireachtas.

He was one of the original founders of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in 1876, and subsequently of the Gaelic Union, which founded the *Gaelic Journal* in 1882, and which might be said to have paved the way for the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle is the author of the following books, published by the Gaelic League: "Beert Fhear o' n-Tuaith," or "Two Men from the Country," a series of snapshots of Irish rural life in the form of dialogue; "Taahg Gabha," "Tim the Smith," a racy story of Kerry life; "Cathair Conroi," and other stories suitable for children; an "Irish-English Phrase Book."

AGNES O'FARRELLY.

MISS AGNES O'FARRELLY, or in Irish *Una ni Thearghaille*, comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in the County Cavan. She was born at Kiffenny House, East Breffin. She was the first lady candidate to take up Irish as subject for the M.A. examination in the Royal University, which she passed with the highest honors. She has spent much time in the Arran Islands learning to speak the language colloquially, and in 1899 she attended a course of lectures in Old Irish by Monsieur de Jubainville in Paris at the Collège de France. She has been for years one of the most prom-

inent members of the Coisde Griotha, or Executive of the Gaelic League. She is chief examiner in Celtic to the Board of Intermediate Education. Her principal writings are a propagandist tract in English called "The Reign of Humbug," and two stories in Irish, one called "Grádh agus Crádh," the other an Arran story called "The Cneamhaire," from which we give an extract, and, lastly, the splendid "Life of Father O'Growney," which has just been published and which is full of interest and information about the rise of the Irish Revival. She has nearly completed the collecting and editing of the text of John O'Neachtan's poems, and the editing of a very difficult text from the library of the Franciscans, containing an account of the wanderings of O'Neill and O'Donnell in Spain. She is an indefatigable worker in the cause of Irish Ireland.

THOMAS HAYES.

THOMAS HAYES was born in Miltown Malbay on Nov. 2, 1866, where his father was a master cooper in comfortable circumstances.

He was educated in the National school. Both his parents were very good Irish speakers, and his home language was Irish. His house was always a great rendezvous for the neighbors, who used to meet there to tell stories, and the boy with mouth, and eyes, and ears open drank in a great many of the local tales and legends. Indeed, the house during this period was more like a branch of the Gaelic League than anything else.

His father was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and his mother was intensely Irish.

In 1886 he was appointed as assistant teacher in Harold's Cross National School, Dublin. He went through a course in St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, in 1891-92, and in 1895 was appointed principal of St. Gabriel's Boys' School, Aughrim Street.

He is a good amateur musician, and carried off two first prizes at the R. I. A. M. School Choirs competitions in 1898 and 1901; the Oireachtas Gold Medal for singing, and also the prize for the best original air to "Caoinead An Guinn" at the Oireachtas, besides several second prizes at the R. I. A. M. Oireachtas and Leinster Feis.

In 1893 he joined the Gaelic League, and was soon after co-opted on the Executive Committee, of which he has since remained a member. He threw himself enthusiastically into the work of the League, and devoted a considerable portion of his spare time for several years to teaching Irish and singing in different branches of the League. He was the first teacher in Ireland to apply the Tonic Sol-Fa system to the teaching of Irish songs. His first attempt at Irish prose composition was published in the *Gaelic Journal* in 1894, and since then he has been in evidence more or less over his own name; but much of his work in Irish in the shape of articles, etc., has been unsigned.

PATRICK O'LEARY.

PATRICK O'LEARY, like his friend, Donnchallh Pleinnionn of Cork, was one of the first martyrs of the Irish Revival. He died early, to the great loss of the movement, chiefly from overwork connected with it. His principal effort was the collection of Munster folk tales, called *Sgeuliugheacht Chirige Mumham*, chiefly from his native place near Eyeries, in the extreme south of Ireland. He was the first to collect the folk tales of Munster, having been incited thereto, as he says in his preface, by the Connaught collections of the "Craoibhin." He published many excellent things in the *Gaelic Journal*, and possibly elsewhere. He was a complete master of the language, and if he had lived would have undoubtedly become one of our ablest writers.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY was born in the year 1840, in the middle of a wild and mountainous district, about midway between Millstreet and Macroom, in the County Cork. Irish was at that time the language of that district. The people spoke scarcely any English. In that way it happened that Father O'Leary's childhood and youth were impregnated with Irish. He was fortunate in another way also. His mother was a highly educated woman, as well as a very talented one. When she spoke English to her children it was the best and the most correct English, and when she spoke Irish to them it was the best and the purest and the most correct Irish. His father had not received an English education, but the mastery which he had of the Irish language and the force and power with which he could use it were exceptional, even in a district where the language was, at that time, very copious and very powerful.

It is not to be wondered at that a person whose childhood and early youth were passed in the midst of such opportunities should have now the knowledge of the Irish language which Father O'Leary has. During that childhood and early youth he often passed considerable periods of time without ever speaking an English word.

The chief part of his English education was obtained at home from his mother. Having gone to a classical school in Macroom and learned some Latin and Greek, he went to the newly established College of St. Colman in Fermoy. Then he went on to Maynooth, and was ordained in 1867.

He never thought there was the remotest danger of the death of the Irish language until he went into Maynooth. When he got among the students in Maynooth he was astonished to find that there were many of them who could not speak a word of Irish. Not only that, but that there were large districts of the country where no word of Irish was spoken, and that such districts were growing larger each year, while those districts where Irish was

spoken were growing each year smaller. It was easy to see where that would end, and that the end was not very far off.

He then turned his attention to the study of Irish, determined to keep alive at least one man's share of the national speech.

Having been ordained and sent on the mission, he made it a point to preach in Irish and to speak Irish to the people whenever and wherever it was possible to do so.

But the Irish-speaking districts continued to grow small, and the English-speaking districts continued to expand, and the case continued to grow more and more hopeless every day and every hour.

At last the Gaelic League made its appearance. The moment it did Father O'Leary went into the work, determined to do at least one man's share. He has continued to do so.

Father Peter is the "good old man" of the Munster Revival. His influence in that province is unbounded. Two of his plays, the "Ghost" and "Tadhg Saor," are constantly acted in Munster, and his writings, of which "Seadhna" is perhaps the best known, are acknowledged to be the most idiomatic of those of any Irish writer. He is very prolific, and every week sees something new from his pen, either in the Cork papers or in the Dublin *Leader*. He is one of the two vice-presidents of the Gaelic League.

P. J. O'SHEA.

MR. P. J. O'SHEA is a Kerry man, from the parish of An Team-pole Nuadh. He worked for many years as a Custom House officer in Belfast, and is at present in England. Over the signature of "Conán Maol," he has contributed an immense quantity of fine idiomatic Irish to the *Claidheamh Solnis* and other papers. He is of splendid physique and immense personal strength, and is descended from a race famous for their prowess and bravery in old times. His sketch of O'Neill in this library is a fair specimen of his style.

GLOSSARY.

A BOCHAL (<i>A bhuachaill</i>)	Boy, my boy.
ABOO, ABÚ	To victory! Hurrah!
A CHARA, A CHORRA	Friend, my friend.
A COOLIN BAWN (<i>a chuilín ban</i>)	her fair-colored flowing hair.
ACUSHLA (<i>a chuisle</i>) vein—ACUSHLA MACHREE	Pulse of my heart.
A CUSHLA AGUS ASTHORE MACHREE (<i>a chuisle agus a stoir mo chroidhe</i>)	O pulse and treasure of my heart!
A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE (<i>a chuisle geal mo chroidhe</i>)	O bright pulse of my heart.
AGRA, AGRADH (<i>a ghradh</i>)	Love, my love.
A-HAGUR (<i>a theagair</i>)	O dear friend! Comforter.
AILEEN AROON (<i>Eibhlín a ruín</i>)	Ellen, dear.
ALANNA (<i>a leinbh</i>)	child.
ALAUN	a lout.
ALPEEN (<i>alpin</i>)	a stick.
AN CHAITEOG	The Winnowing Sheet (name of Irish air).
ANCHUIL-FHIONN (<i>an chuileann</i>)	the white or fair-haired maiden.
ANGASHORE (<i>aindiscoir</i>)	a stingy person, a miser.
AN SMACHTAOIN CRON	the copper-colored stick of tobacco.
AN SPAILPIN FANACH	wandering laborer, a strapping fellow.
A'RA GAL (<i>a ghradh geal</i>)	O bright love!
ARON (<i>a ruín</i>)	O secret love! beloved, sweet-heart.
ARRAH (<i>ar' eadh</i>)	(literally, Was it?) Indeed!
ARTH-LOOGHRA (<i>arc luachra</i> or <i>arc-sleibhe</i>)	a lizard.
ASTHORE (<i>a stoir</i>)	Treasure.
A-STOIR MO CHROIDHE (<i>a stoir mo chroidhe</i>)	Treasure of my heart.
ASTOR GRA GEAL MACHREE (<i>a stoir gradh geal mo chroidhe</i>)	Treasure, bright love of my heart.
A SUILISH MACHREE (<i>a sholais mo chroidhe</i>)	Light of my heart.
A THAISGE	Treasure, my darling, my comfort.
AULAGONE (<i>ullagon</i>). See HULLAGONE.	
AVIC (<i>a mhic</i>)	Son, my son.
AVOURNEEN (<i>a mhuirín</i>)	Darling.
BAITHERSHIN (<i>b'fheidir sin</i>)	That is possible! Likely, indeed! Perhaps.
BALLYRAGGIN	scolding, defaming.
BAN-A-T'GEE (<i>bean-an-tighe</i>)	woman of the house.
BANSHEE (<i>bean-sídhe</i>) (literally, fairy-woman)	the death-warning spirit of the old Irish families.

- BANSHEE** (*bean sídhe*)..... fairy woman.
BAUMASH, raimeis..... nonsense.
BAWN (*ban*)..... fair, white, bright, a park.
BAWN, BADEUN..... cattle-yard or cow-fortress.
BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUID (*beal an atha buidhe*)..... Mouth of the Yellow Ford.
BEAN AN FHIR RUADH..... the red-haired man's wife.
BEANNACT DE LA T'ANAM (*beanacht De le d'anam*)..... The blessing of God on your soul!
BEAN SHEE (*bean sídhe*). See **BANSHEE**.
BEINNSIN LAUCHRA..... little bunch of rushes (Irish air).
B'EDER SIN (*B'fheidir sin*). See **BAITHERSHIN**.
BIREDH (*bairéadh*)..... a cap.
BLADDHERANG—BLATHERING (from *bladder*)..... flattering.
BLASTHOGUE (*blastóg*)..... persuasive speech, a sweet-mouthed woman.
BOCCAGH (*bacach*)..... a cripple, a beggar.
BOCCATY (*bacaide*)..... anything lame.
BODACH (*bodagh*)..... a churl; also a well-to-do man.
BOLIAUN BWEE (*buachallan bhuidhe*)..... ragwort.
BOLIAUN DHAS (*buachallan deas*)..... the ox-eye daisy.
BOLLHOUS..... rumpus.
BONNOCHT (*buánadh*)..... a billeted soldier.
BOREEN (*boithrin*)..... a little road, a lane (a diminutive of *bothar*, a road).
BOSTHOON (*bastamhan*)..... a blockhead; also a stick made of rushes.
BOTHERED (*bodhar*)..... deaf, bothered.
BOUCHAL (*buachaill*)..... a boy.
BOUCHELLEN BAWN (*buachaillin ban*)..... white (haired) little boy.
BREHONS (*breitheamhain*)..... the hereditary judges of the Irish Septs.
BRIGHDIN BAN MO STORE (*brighidin ban mo stor*)..... White (haired) Bridget, my treasure.
BRISHE (*brisheadh*)..... breaking; a battle.
BROCHANS (*brochan*)..... gruel, porridge.
BROGUE (*brog*)..... a shoe.
BRUGAID (*brughaidh*)..... a keeper of a house of public hospitality.
BRUIGHEAN..... a fair mansion, a pavilion, a court.
BRUSHNA (*brosna*)..... broken sticks for firewood.
BUNNAUN (*buinnean*)..... a stick, a sapling.
CAILIN DEAS..... a pretty girl.
CAILIN DEAS CRUIDHE NA MBO (*cailin deas cruídhte na m-bo*)..... the pretty milkmaid.
CAILIN OG..... a young girl.
CAILIN RUADH..... a red (haired) girl.
CAIRDERGA (*caoire dearga*)..... a red berry, the rowan berry.
CAISH (*ceis*)..... a young female pig.
CAISTLA-NA-KIRKA..... Castlekerke.
CALLIAGH (*cailleach*)..... a hag, a witch.
CANATS..... a term of supreme contempt.
CANNAWAUN (*ceanna-bhan*)..... bog cotton.
CAOCH..... blind, blind of one eye.
CAOINE (*caoineadh*)..... a keen, a wail, a lament.

CAPPAIN D'YARRAG (<i>caipin dearg</i>).....	a red cap.
CASADH AN TSUGAIN.....	the twisting of the straw rope.
CAUBEEN (<i>caibin</i>).....	a hat, literally "little cap," the diminutive of <i>caib</i> , a cape, cope, or hood.
CEAD MILE FAILTE.....	A hundred thousand welcomes!
CEANBHAN (<i>ceanna-bhan</i>).....	bog cotton. See <i>Cannawaun</i> .
CEAN DUBH DEELISH (<i>acheann dubh dhilis</i>)..	Faithful black head, dear dark-haired girl.
CLAIRSEACH.....	harp.
CLEAVE (<i>cliabh</i>).....	a basket, a creel.
CLOCHAUN (<i>clochan</i>).....	a stone-built cell, stepping-stones.
COATAMORE (<i>cota mor</i>).....	a great coat, an overcoat.
CODHLADH AN TSIONNAIGH.....	The Fox's Sleep (name of Irish air). Pretending death.
COLLAUNEEN (<i>coileainin</i>).....	a little pup.
COLLEAGH CUSHMOR (<i>cailleach cos-mor</i>)....	a big-footed hag.
COLLEEN BAWN (<i>cailin ban</i>).....	a fair-haired girl.
COLLEEN DHAS (<i>cailin deas</i>).....	pretty girl.
COLLEEN DHAS CROOHA NABO (<i>cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo</i>).....	the pretty milkmaid.
COLLEEN DHOWN.....	a brown-haired girl. "Dhown" is the Munster pronunciation of <i>down</i> , brown.
COLLEEN RUE (<i>cailin ruadh</i>).....	a red-haired girl.
COLLIOCH (<i>cailleach</i>).....	an old hag, a witch.
COLLOGUE.....	collogue, whispering; probably from colloquy.
COLLOQUIN.....	talking together, colloquy.
COLUM CUIL (<i>St. Columcille</i>).....	St. Columba of the cells. The dove of the cell.
COMEDHER (<i>comether</i>).....	Come hither.
CONN CEAD CATHA.....	Conn of the hundred battles, King of Ireland in the second century.
COOLIN (<i>cuilin</i>).....	flowing tresses, or back hair. From <i>cul</i> , back.
COOM (<i>cum</i>).....	hollow, valley.
COTAMORE. See COATAMORE.	
COULAAN (<i>cuileann</i>).....	a head of hair.
CREEPIE.....	a three-legged stool, a form or bench.
CREEVEEN EEEVEN (<i>Chraoibhin aoibhinn</i>)..	Delightful Little Branch.
CROMMEAL (<i>croimbheal</i>).....	a mustache.
CRONAN.....	the bass in music, a deep note, a humming.
CROOSHEENIN.....	whispering.
CROPPIES.....	the democratic party—alluding to their short hair, or round heads.
CROSSANS (<i>crosan</i>).....	gleeman, gleemen.
CROUBS (<i>crub</i>).....	a paw, clumsy fingers.
CRUACH.....	a conical-topped mountain, a stack.
CRUACHAN NA FEINNE.....	Croghan of the Fena of Erin.
CRUADABHILL.....	Dabhilla's rock, a lookout on the coast of Dublin.

- CRUISKEEN (*cruiscin*).....a flask, a little jar, a cruet.
 CRUISTIN.....throwing.
 CRUIT.....a harp.
 CUBRETON (*cu-Breatan*).....a man's name, the hero of Britain.
 CUR CODDOIGH.....comfortable.
 CURP AN DUOL (*corp o'n diabhal*).....Body to the devil!
 CUSHLA MACHREE (*a chuisle mo chroidhe*).....Pulse of my heart.
 CUSSAMUCK (*cusamuc*).....leavings, rubbish, remains.
 DALTHEEN (*dailtin*).....a foster child; also a puppy.
 DAR-A-CHREESTH (*Dar Criost*).....By Christ!
 DAUNY (*dona*).....puny, weak.
 DAWNSHEE (*from damhainsi*).....acuteness.
 DEESHY.....small, delicate.
 DEOCH AN DORAIS.....the parting drink, the stirrup-cup.
 DEOCH SHLAINTÉ AN RÍOGH.....Health to the King!
 DHUDEEN (*duidin*).....a short pipe, what the French call *brûle-gueule*.
 DHURAGH (*duthracht*).....a generous spirit, something extra.
 DILSK, DULSE (*duilease*).....sea-grass, dulse.
 DINA MAGH (*Daoine maithe*).....the good people, the fairies.
 DOONY. See DAUNY.
 DRAHERIN O MACHREE (*Dreabhraithrin o! mo chroidhe*).....O little brother of my heart.
 DRIMIN DON DILIS (*Dhruimeann donn dhileas*).....Dear brown cow.
 DRIMMIN (*dhruimeann*).....a white-backed cow.
 DRIMMIN DHU DHEELISH (literally, the dear cow with the white back, but used figuratively in Ireland).....name of a famous Irish air.
 DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH (*Dhruimeann dubh dhileas*).....white-back cow.
 DRINAWN DHUNN (*droighnean donn*).....brown blackthorn.
 DROLEEN (*dreoilin*).....the wren.
 DROOTH.....thirst (*cf.* "drought").
 EIBHLIN A RUIN.....Dear Ellen.
 EIBHUL (*uibéal*).....clew.
 ERENACH (*airchinneach*).....a steward of church lands, a caretaker.
 ERIC (*eiric*).....a compensation or fine, a ransom.
 ERIN SLANGTHAGAL GO BRAGH (*Eire Sláinte geal go brath*).....Erin, a bright health forever.
 FADH (*fada*).....tall, long.
 FAG-A-BEALACH (*Fag an Bealach*).....Clear the way! Sometimes *Faugh a Ballagh!*
 FAUGHED.....despised.
 FAYSH (*feis*).....a festival.
 FEADAIM MA'S AIL LIOM.....I Can if I Please (name of Irish air).
 FEASCOR (*feascar*).....evening.
 FEURGORTACH (*fear gortach*).....hungry-grass; a species of mountain grass, supposed to cause fainting if trod upon.
 FLAUGHLOCH (*flaitheamlach*).....princely, liberal.

- FOOSTHER.....fumbling.
 FOOTY.....small, mean, insignificant.
 FOSGAIL AN DORUS.....Open the Door (name of Irish air).
 FRECHANS (*fraochan*).....a mountain berry; huckleberries.
 FUILLELUAH (*fuil a liugh*).....an exclamation.
 FUIRSEoir.....a juggler, buffoon.
- GAD.....withe, etc., for attaching cows.
 GANCANERS. See GEAN-CANACH.
 GARNAVILLA (*Gardha an bhile*).....The Garden of the Tree; a place near Caher.
 GARRAN MORE (*gearran mor*).....Garran, a hack horse, a gelding; more, "big."
 GARRON (*gearan*).....hack or gelding, a horse.
 GEALL.....a pledge, a hostage.
 GEAN-CANACH.....a love talker; a kind of fairy appearing in lonesome valleys.
 GEASA.....an obligation, vow, bond.
 GEERSHA (*girseach*).....a little girl.
 GEACACH.....a gluttonous stroller.
 GILLY (*giolla*).....servant; hence the names Gilchrist, Gilpatrick, Kilpatrick, Gilbride, Kilbride, etc. (*Giolla-Chriosda*, servant of Christ; *giolla-Phaidrig*, servant of Patrick, etc.).
- GIRSHA. See GEERSHA.
 GO-DE-THU, MAVOURNEEN SLAUN (*Go dteith tu mo mhuirnin slan*).....May you go safe, my darling; i.e. Farewell.
 GO LEOR.....plenty, a sufficiency, enough.
 GOLLAM (*Golamh*).....a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish Milesians.
 GOMERAL.....a fool, an oaf.
 GOMMOCH (*gamach*).....a stupid fellow.
 GOMSH.....otherwise "gumption"—sense, acuteness.
 GORSOON, GOSsoon (*garsun*).....a boy; an attendant (*cf.* French *garçon*).
 GOSTHER (*gastuir*).....prate, foolish talk.
 GOULOGUE (*gabhalog*).....a forked stick.
 GRACIE OG MO CHROIDHE.....Young Gracie of my heart.
 GRAH (*gradh*).....love.
 GRAMACHREE (*gradh mo chroidhe*).....Love of my heart.
 GRAMACHREE MA COLLEEN OGE, MOLLY ASTHORE (*gradh mo chroidhe mo cailin og, Molly a stoir*).....Love of my heart is my young girl, Molly, my treasure.
 GRAMACHREE MA CRUISKEEN (*gradh mo chroidhe*, etc.).....Love of my heart my little jug.
 GRAWLS.....children.
 GREENAN (*grianan*).....a summer house, a veranda, a sunny parlor.
 GUSHAS. See GEERSHA.

HULLAGONE (<i>Uaill a chan</i>).....	an Irish wail, grief, woe.
IAR CONNAUGHT.....	Western Connaught.
INAGH (<i>An-eadh</i>).....	Is it? Indeed.
INCH (<i>inse</i>).....	an island.
IRISHIAN.....	(English word) one skilled in the Irish language.
JACKEEN.....	a fop, a cad, a trickster.
KATHALEEN BAWN (<i>Caitlin ban</i>).....	Fair-haired Kathleen.
KEAD MILE FAULTE (<i>cead mile failte</i>).....	A hundred thousand welcomes!
KEEN. See CAOINE.....	the death-cry or lament over the dead.
KIERAWAUN ABOO.....	Kirwan forever! Hurrah for Kirwan!
KIMMEENS.....	sly tricks.
KINKORA (<i>Cionn Coradh</i>).....	"The Head of the Weir," the royal residence of Brian Boru.
KIPEEN (<i>cipin</i>).....	a bit of a stick.
KISH (<i>ceis</i>).....	a large wicker basket.
KISHOGUE (<i>cuisiog</i>).....	a wisp of straw, a stem of corn, a blade of grass.
KITCHEN.....	anything eaten with food, a condiment.
KITHOGUE (<i>ciotog</i>).....	the left hand.
KNOCKAWN (<i>cnocan</i>).....	a hillock.
KNOCK CUHTE (<i>cnoc coise</i>).....	the mountain-like foot.
LAN.....	full.
LANNA.....	i.e. <i>alanna</i> , child (which see).
LAUNAH WALLAH (<i>Lan an Mhala</i>).....	the full of the bag.
LEANAN SIDHE.....	Fairy sweetheart.
LEIBHIONNA.....	a platform or deck.
LEAUN (<i>leanan</i>).....	a sweetheart, or a fairy lover.
LEPRECHAUN.....	a mischievous elf or fairy. ¹
LONNEYS.....	expression of surprise.
LULLALO (<i>Liúigh liúigh leo</i>).....	Scream, scream with them! (Burthen-words in lullaby.)
LUSMORES (<i>lus mor</i>).....	a foxglove, fairy-finger plant.
MA BOUCHAL (<i>Mo bhuachaill</i>).....	My boy.
MACHREE (<i>mo chroidhe</i>).....	My heart.
MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEEN NA MBHO.....	"The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," a famous Irish air.
MAGHA BRAGH (<i>amach go bragh</i>).....	out for ever.
MAHURP ON DUOUL (<i>Mo chorp on deabhal</i>).....	My body to the devil!
MALAVOGUE.....	to trounce, to maul.
MAVOURNEEN (<i>Mo mhuirnin</i>).....	My darling.
MERIN (<i>meirín</i>).....	a boundary, a mark.
MILLE MURDER (<i>míle murder</i>).....	A thousand murders!
MILLIA MURTER.....	A thousand murders (a common ejaculation).
MO BHRON.....	My sorrow.
MO BHUAICHAILIN BUIDHE.....	My yellow-haired little boy.
MO BOUCHAL (<i>Mo bhuachaill</i>).....	My boy.
MO CRAOIBHEAN CNO (<i>Mo chraoibhin cno</i>) ..	My little branch of nuts.

¹ The popular idea in Ireland is that if you catch one working at his usual occupation (behind a hedge) of shoemaking, and do not take your eyes off him, which he endeavors to induce his captor by various ruses to do, he will discover where treasure is hidden.

- MO CROIDHE (*Mo chroidhe*).....My heart.
 MOIDHERED.....same as "bothered."
 MO LEUN (*Mo lean*).....My sorrow.
 MO MHUIRNIN.....My darling.
 MONADAUN (*monadan*).....a bog berry.
 MONONIA (MUNSTER).....Latinized form of Irish *Mumhan*, pronounced "Moo-an."
 MOREEN (*morrin*).....the diminutive of *Mor*, a woman's name, now obsolete. Grandmother.
 MORYAH (*mar 'dh eadh*).....but for.
 MOY MELL (*Magh meall*).....The Plain of Knolls—a druidic paradise.
 MULVATHERED.....worried.
 MUSHA (*Ma is eadh*).....well (in such phrases as "Well, how are you?" "Well, how are all?" "Also, If it is! Well indeed!")
 NACH MBAINEANN SIN DO.....(him) whom that does not concern (Irish air).
 NEIL DHUV (*Niall Dubh*).....black-haired Neil.
 NHARROUGH (*narrach*).....cross, ill-tempered.
 NIGI (*naoi*).....nine.
 NÍ MHEALLFAR ME ARIS.....I shall not be deceived again.
 NORA CREINA (*Nora chriona*).....Wise Norah (an Irish air).
 OCH HONE.....exclamation expressing grief.
 OCHONE MACHREE (*Ochon mo chroidhe*).....Alas, my heart!
 OGE (*og*).....young.
 OH, MAGRA HU, MA GRIENCHREE HU (*O mo ghradh thu! Mo ghraidhin croidhe thu!*).....O my love thou art! My heart's loving pity thou art!
 OLLAVES (*ollamh*).....a doctor of learning, professor.
 OMADHAUN (*amadan*).....a fool, a simpleton.
 ORO.....an exclamation.
 OWNA BWEE (*Amain bhuidhe*).....Yellow river.
 OWNY NA COPPAL (*Eoghan na capall*).....Owen of the horses.
 PADHEREENS (*paidrin*, from *paidir*, the pater).....the Rosary beads.
 PASTHEEN FINN (*paistin fionn*).....little fair-haired child.
 PATTERN.....(English word) a gathering at a saint's shrine, well, etc.; festival of a patron saint.
 PAUDAREENS. See PADHEREENS.
 PAUGH.....flutter, panting.
 PEARLA AN BHROLLAIGH BHAIN.....Pearl of White Breast (Irish air).
 PHAIDRIG NA PIB (*Padraig na bpiop*).....Patrick of the pipes; Paddy the piper.
 PHILLALEW (*fuil el-luadh*).....a ruction, hullabaloo.
 PINCIN. See PINKEEN.
 PINKEEN (*pincin*).....a very small fish, a stickleback.
 PLANXTY (*plaingstigh*).....Irish dance measure.
 POGUE (*pog*).....a kiss.
 POLSHEE.....diminutive of Polly.
 POLTHOGE (*palltog*).....a thump or blow.
 POREENS (*poirin*, a small stone).....small, applied to small potatoes.

- POTEEEN (*poitin*).....(literally, a little pot) a still;
hence illicit whisky.
- RANNa verse, a saying, a rhyme.
- RATHa circular earthen mound or
fort, very common in Ire-
land, and popularly believed
to be inhabited by fairies.
- REE SHAMUS (*Rígh Seamus*).....King James.
- RHUA (*ruadh*).....red or red-haired.
- ROISIN DUBH.....Black Little Rose.
- ROSE GALB (*Roise Geal*).....Fair Rose.
- RORY OGE (*Ruaidhrí og*).....young Rory.
- SALACHS (*salach*)dirty, untidy people.
- SALLIES (*saileog*).....a willow, willows.
- SAVOURNEEN DHEELISH (*'S amhuirín dhílis*)And my faithful darling.
- SCALPEEN (from *scalp*).....a fissure, a cleft.
- SCUT (*scud*).....a thing of little worth.
- SEAN VON VOCHT (*sean bhean bhocht*)....poor old woman.
- SHAMOUS (*Seamus*) .. James.
- SHAN DHU.....dark John.
- SHAN MORE.....big John.
- SHANE RUADH.....red-haired John.
- SHAN VAN VOGH (*an Tsean Bhean Bhocht*) Poor Old Woman.
- SHAROOSE (*Searbhas*)bitterness.
- SHEBEEN (*sibín*).....a place for sale of liquor, gen-
erally illicit.
- SHEEINyoung pollack, or of any fish.
- SHEELAH (*Sighle*).....Celia.
- SHEE MOLLY MO STORE (*Si Molly mo stor*)..It's Molly is my treasure.
- SHEILA NI GARA (*Sighle ní Ghadhra*).....Celia O'Gara (an allegorical
name of Ireland).
- SHEMUS RUA (*Seamus Ruadh*).....red (haired) James.
- SHILLALY, SHILLELAH.....an oak stick, a cudgel. From
the wood of Shillelagh in
County Wicklow.
- SHILLOO.....a shout.
- SHOHEEN HO, SHOHEEN SHO (*Seoithín seoidh*)Burthen words of lullaby.
Hush-a-by.
- SHOOLING.....strolling, wandering. From the
word *siubhal*, tramping.
- SHOUGH (*seach*).....a turn, a blast or draw of a
pipe.
- SHUGUDHEIN (*'Seadh go deimhin*).....Yes, indeed!
- SHULE AGRA (*Siubhail a ghradh*)... Walk, love; i.e. Come, my love.
- SHULERS (*siubhalóir*, a walker).....tramps.
- SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM.....Up with me and down with me.
- SLAINTE GEAL, MAVOURNEENBright health, my darling.
- SLAINTE GO BRAGH (*Slainte go bhrath*)....Health forever!
- SLAN LEAT!.....Adieu! Farewell!
- SLEEVEEN.....a sly, cunning fellow. From
slíobh, sly.
- SLEWSTHERING.....flattering.
- SLIABH NA M-BAN.....The Mountain of the Women.
- SMADDHER.....to break. From *smíot*, a frag-
ment.
- SMIDDEREENS.....small fragments. Probably
from *smíot*, as above.

SMULLUCK (*smullog*) a fillip.
SOGGARTH AROON (*Shagairt a ruin*) Dear Priest !
SONSY happy, pleasant. Probably
from *sonas*, happiness.
SOOTHER to wheedle. From the English.
SOWKINS soul.
SPAEMAN fortune-teller.
SPALPEEN (*spailpin*) a common laborer ; also a con-
ceited fellow with nothing
in him.
SPARTH (*spairt*) wet turf.
SPIDHOGUE (*spideog*) a puny thing or person.
SPRAHAUNS (*spreasan*) .. an insignificant fellow.
STHREEL (*straoileadh*) a slut, a sloven.
STOOKAWN (*stuacan*) a lazy, idle fellow.
STRAVAIGING rambling.
STRONSHUCK (*stroinse*) a big lazy woman.
SUANTRAIGHE a sleeping or cradle song.
SUGGAWN (*tsugan*) a rope of hay or straw.

TARBH bull.
TH' ANAM AN DHIA (*D'anam do Dhia*) My soul to God !
THE CRUISKEEN LAWN (*Cruisgin lan*) Full little flask or jar.
THRANEEN, TRANEEN (*traithnin*) a little ; a trifle ; a stem of grass.
THUCKEENS (*tuicin*) an ill-mannered little girl.
TILLOCH (*tulach*) small plot of land, a hillock.
TIR FA TONN (*Tir fa Tonn*) Land under the wave—Hol-
land.
TIR-NA-MBOO (*Tir na m-beo*) Land of the live (beings).
TIRNANOGE (*Tir nan og*) Land of the young.
TRUMAUNS (*troman*) a reel on a spindle.
TUG the middleband of a flail.

UCHLUAIM the breast or front hem of a
sail.

ULICAN. See HULLAGONE.
ULLAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.
USHA. See MUSHA (*mhuise*).

VO Alas ! Oine, ay dé mi !

WEENOCK (*'mhaoineach*) O treasure.
WEESHEE (*weeshy*) little. From *wee*.
WEIRA, WIRRA. See WURRA.
WHAT *Hollg* IS ON YOU ? What are you about ?
WIRRASTRUE (*O Mhuire is truagh*) O Mary, it is sad ! (an ejacula-
tion to the Virgin).
WIRRASTRUE (*'Mhuire is truagh*) Mary ! 't is a pity !
WISHA. See MUSHA.
WOMMASIN strolling.
WURRA (*A Mhuire*) O Mary ! (*i.e.* the Blessed Vir-
gin).
YEOS (English word) yeomen.

GENERAL INDEX.

THIS consists of an Index of Authors, books quoted from, titles of stories, essays, poems, subjects dealt with, of which the library consists, and first lines of the poetry. And these are each indicated by different kinds of type as set forth below.

As 'IRISH LITERATURE' touches upon Irish life at every point, the index has been made as full as practicable without overweighting it, and the entries are cross-referenced as fully as may be needed by those interested in any phase of it.

As the arrangement of the library is according to the authors' names, and as the biographies contain a full bibliography of each author, we have not indexed the whole of their works, but only those represented in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

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